PHOTOPLAY

N.S.R.

APRIL

25 CENTS

What Hollywood Did To Einstein

$2000.00 For Your Picture Idea

The Inside Story of Gaynor and Farrell

BECAUSE THEY ARE

WELL-GROOMED

IN ALL THINGS

Because they are fastidious in all phases of enjoyment . . . it is only natural that these charming people were the first to take up Spud. In Spud, they found not only the sudden new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment . . . but also that well-groomed, welcome sensation of being continually "mouth-happy." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CAN.)

You watch me, Mother,

I'll never get "pink tooth brush"!

SON: Now *watch*, mother! Watch me!

MOTHER: *What* are *you up to, son?*

SON: I'm showing Jackie how to massage his gums—so he won't ever get "pink tooth brush"!

MOTHER: *Who on earth told you about "pink tooth brush"?*

SON: Why, the teacher! She told us all about it. The way our gums get lazy, because we won't eat food unless it just melts in our mouths. And so you got to massage your gums, to keep 'em hard and healthy. If you don't, they begin to bleed. And that's just too darn bad.

MOTHER: *Serious, you mean?*

SON: Sure it's serious! Why, mother, you ought to know that, as old as *you* are. Why, if you have "pink tooth brush" you're liable to get something—a disease that's spelled g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. Or you might get Vincent's Disease. Or you *might* even get py—*py*-something.

MOTHER: *Pyorrhea?*

SON: That's it. And that's not all. If Jackie doesn't massage his gums, he'll probably have false teeth when he gets about 20 or 30. Because if the roots of your teeth ever get 'fected—

MOTHER: *In-fected.*

SON: Well, anyway, if they do, off to the dentist you go. And have a heck of a time getting a lot of teeth pulled. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you have "pink tooth brush" *yourself*, mother.

MOTHER: *No, as a matter of fact, I haven't. Because I use Ipana Tooth Paste just as you do. And it has ziratol in it—which is what the dentist uses to stimulate the gums and keep them firm and healthy.*

SON: Yeah. I know all about ziratol. But the best way to *really* keep your gums in great shape is to put some *more* Ipana on your brush after you've cleaned your teeth. And rub it in your gums. Like this. See? Look, mother, don't my gums look hard—and *healthy?* So will Jackie's—if he'll massage *his* gums with Ipana every single day—twice a day. Just the way my teacher said.

CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" WITH **IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-41
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

THE MOTION PICTURE SENSATION OF 1931

RANGO

JESSE L. LASKY

IN the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

Jesse L. Lasky

First Vice-Pres.
Paramount Publix Corp.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 5 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | April, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMORESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets 6
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems 16
Hollywood Menus 89
Questions and Answers 94
These New Faces 86
Addresses of the Stars 102
Casts of Current Photoplays . . 144

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots . . . . . JAMES R. QUIRK 25
Dietrich—How She Happened . . . . . OTTO TOLISCHUS 28
How "Trader Horn" Was Made 30
Einstein in Hollywood . . . . . HARRY LANG 36
The Most Romantic Love Story in Film History 38
Love, Marriage and Divorce in Hollywood—This Month. . . . 40
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood 42
"Hello Mary" . . . . . EDWIN MORTON 55
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY's Style Authority. 59
$2,000 for Your Picture Idea 66
A Pictorial Visit to Ramon Novarro's Set During the Making of "Daybreak" 68
Exploding the Garbo Myth . . . . . KATHERINE ALBERT 70
Reeling Around . . . . . LEONARD HALL 72
A Twelve-Year Miracle in Hollywood!. 76
Cover Design Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor . BY EARL CHRISTY

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 8
The Shadow Stage 48
Short Subjects of the Month 96

Personalities

"Ready on the Set!" 27
"You Should See My Kid Sister". 31
Irene's Secret Marriage . . . . . RUTH BIERY 35
Bebe and Ben and Their Little 25-Room Hovel at Santa Monica . 52
Money Is No Joke . . . . . HARRY LANG 54
What? No Guns?. . . . . LEONARD HALL 56
"I Want to Live Happily Ever After" . . . . . RUTH BIERY 65
Now It's Bobby Coogan 71
The Greatest Actress 146

Short Stories

Love Is Expensive . . . . . DIXIE WILLSON 32
Swindle, Swindle Little Star . . . . . CHARLES FRANCIS COE 46

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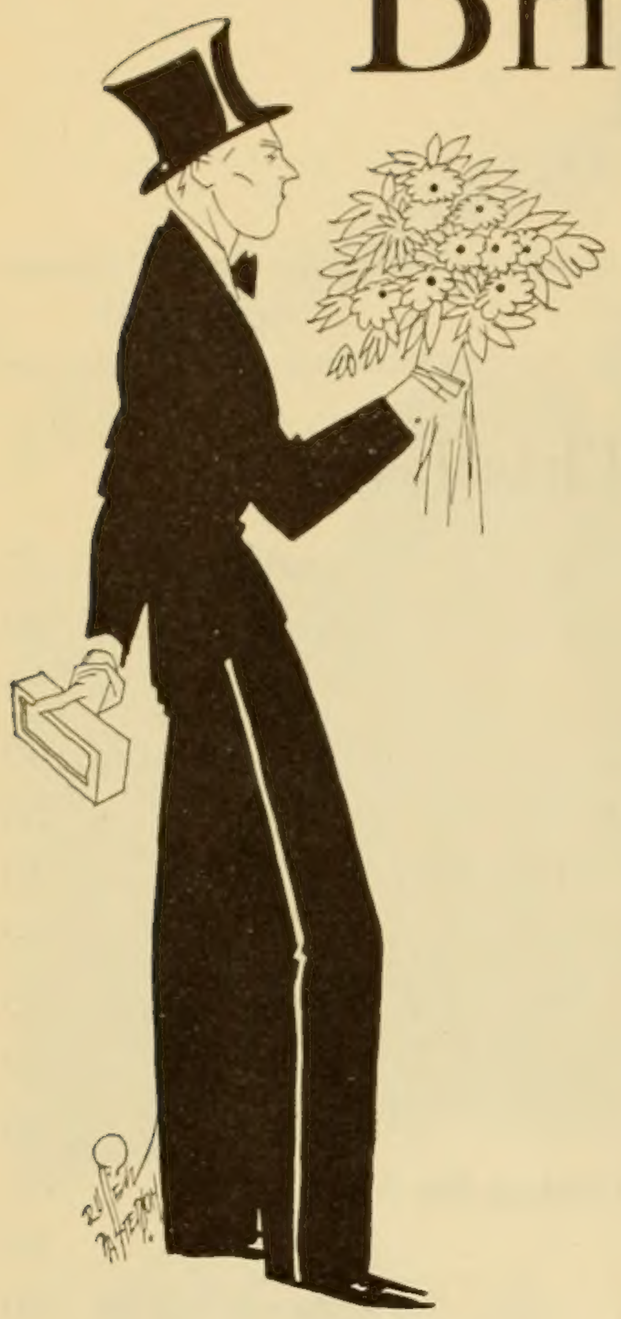
Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The $25 Letter

HERE is my prescription for the perfect movie actress:
Jeanette MacDonald's voice.
Clara Bow's S. A.
Constance Bennett's languorous charm.
Joan Crawford's figure.
Greta Garbo's poise.
Jean Harlow's golden hair.
Loretta Young's smile.
Lillian Roth's dimples.
Lupe Velez' vivaciousness.
Gloria Swanson's ability to wear clothes.
Marlene Dietrich's legs.
Kay Johnson's naturalness.
Norma Talmadge's eyes.
Ruth Chatterton's dramatic ability.

LOUISE SMITH,
New York City

The $10 Letter

THE talkies are a School for Charm and I, for one, am an eager pupil. I get ideas on every feminine subject. Ideas on dressing chicly; on a thousand and one ways to wear a bob; on the use and abuse of make-up; on matters of etiquette; on how to say inane things interestingly; on the sort of note to leave your husband when you run away with his best friend; on how to commit murder gracefully; on the gentle art of sipping tea; how to walk, sit, stand; how to cry effectively; how to radiate "It." And, as a finishing touch, the talkies are making me voice-conscious.

Could I ask for anything more?

GLADYS CHARNAS,
Miami Beach, Fla.

The $5 Letter

WHEN the people who write the movie ads describe a zero show as being "magnificent, marvelous, thrilling, outstanding, tremendous, never-to-be-forgotten, spectacular" how can they do justice to a 100 per cent show? They're already run out of adjectives on the punks.

CHARLIE J. WEBB,
Greenville, Texas

CLARA BOW—the name has fairly shrieked through the mails since the mess started. And the fans are for Clara, body and even soul. Eight hundred and fifty-two letters about her were written to PHOTOPLAY and not one letter that is not sympathetic. Abuse is heaped on the unfortunate Miss DeVoe's head by loyal sympathizers who feel that the little Brooklyn girl's private life is her own and they want to see her in bigger and better stories. Give her a break!—say the fans.

The Garbo versus Dietrich controversy still continues to be a headliner. The Dietrich followers are growing, but many of those who have seen Garbo in "Inspiration" say she is just too breath-taking. "The Blue Angel" comes in for heavy criticism.

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell get an enthusiastic welcome on their return together in "The Man Who Came Back," but opinions on the picture differ. The fans agree, however, that they should never be parted again.

"Reducing" brings out the fact that Marie Dressler is the "screen" favorite. How the fans love her! Complaints galore, however, that the crash of laughter following a gag drowns out the ensuing dialogue. The producers will have to figure out something to remedy this.

Everybody went strong for "Cimarron," and bouquets are heaped on Richard Dix and Irene Dunne for their fine performances. All the Will Rogers fans say he is great in "Lightnin'," and Barbara Stanwyck won a lot of friends for her work in "Illicit."

"Give us better picture titles!" wail the fans, who resent misleading catch words and phrases, which producers use to lure them into the theater. "The Call of the Flesh" and "A Lady's Morals" are two examples. Why, they ask, all the titles about SIN, HELL and DEVIL?

Clara Bow

Why should pathetic, misguided little Clara Bow be made the recipient of all this petty publicity because of Miss DeVoe's dishonesty?

To be frank, I have never admired Miss Bow's type, but my sense of fair play forces me to protest the injustice done her and I most sincerely hope that her public will not be affected by the small, mean statements of an ungrateful parasite.

MRS. C. A. TEMPLETON,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Clara Bow had a chance to live down this murky newspaper publicity in her next picture, "City Streets," and now, through the unfortunate lawsuit with her double-crossing secretary, the picture is to be made with a Broadway star.

The public wants their own movie stars in the talkies, so long as their voices measure up to their acting ability.

ALICE SIEBER,
Tulsa, Okla.

Come on! Give Clara Bow a break! She's a wonderful kid, and what a personality!

Give her a *real* story, instead of the wild, cheap pictures she's been playing in, and see what happens!

BETTY LEWIS,
Atlanta, Ga.

Garbo vs. Dietrich

WE must admit that Dietrich is a great actress.

Certainly everyone who has seen both "Romance" and "Morocco" will agree that Dietrich surpasses Garbo in beauty and personality.

And those eyes!

MARGUERITTE AMOS,
Kingston, N. C.

Why bring in a terrible foreign production like "Blue Angel" with Marlene Dietrich? We shout loud and fierce, "Send her back!"

HAROLD MURRAY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

The $7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen
—and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine? To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps— but especially to find out just what it is that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong about! Here's your chance to learn the secrets of *la vie Parisien* without crossing the ocean and getting your feet wet. » » » »

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and Eddie Welch
Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON

CLAUDIA DELL — WILLIAM GAXTON

★

HELEN BRODERICK — JOHN HALLIDAY

OLSEN AND JOHNSON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

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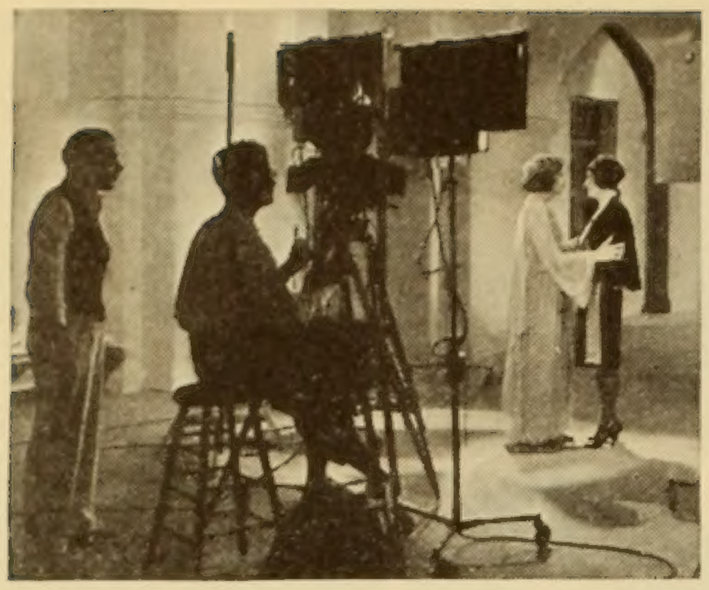

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln.* (*Oct.*)

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (*Dec.*)

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (*March.*)

ALOHA—Rogell Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (*March.*)

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (*Dec.*)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (*Oct.*)

ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia.—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (*Feb.*)

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (*Oct.*)

ARE YOU THERE? — Fox. — Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (*Nov.*)

ATLANTIC—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (*Dec.*)

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (*Feb.*)

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (*Jan.*)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (*Feb.*)

BIG MONEY—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convulse you. (*Jan.*)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (*Nov.*)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (*Dec.*)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (*Feb.*)

BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (*Dec.*)

BROTHERS—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (*Jan.*)

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (*Nov.*)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (*Nov.*)

CAT CREEPS, THE—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (*Dec.*)

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (*March.*)

If You Want a Job in Hollywood—

It would be well to read the article in next month's PHOTOPLAY which tells the amazing variety of positions in motion picture studios, and what these positions pay.

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (*Jan.*)

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the Fresh Air Taxi! Dis am entertainment! (*Dec.*)

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (*Feb.*)

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (*Feb.*)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (*March.*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (*Jan.*)

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (*Nov.*)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (*Feb.*)

CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (*Jan.*)

COSTELLO CASE,—Sono Art—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (*Jan.*)

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (*Feb.*)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (*March.*)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (*March.*)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (*Feb.*)

DANGER LIGHTS—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (*Oct.*)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (*Feb.*)

DERELICT—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (*Dec.*)

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists-Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (*Feb.*)

DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)—AAFA-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (*Jan.*)

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS.—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (*Dec.*)

DOORWAY TO HELL, THE—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (*Nov.*)

DOUGHBOYS—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (*Oct.*)

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (*March.*)

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (*Nov.*)

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (*March.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

PASSIONATELY YEARNING FOR LOVE...

She fled from marriage to the softer shoulder of romance...

Here are the heart throbs of a hundred pictures, fused into one superb emotional triumph ... a woman's love-life laid bare, from ecstatic happiness to reckless abandon; from joys of wifehood, motherhood, to depths of man-made despair; poignant with passion; powerful with an appeal that has moved millions to tears; Ann Harding, living the essence of every woman's life, in a magnificent performance of a marvelous role... An unforgettable picture!

SETTINGS BY
JOSEPH URBAN

FRANK LLOYD
PRODUCTION

ANN HARDING
in the NEW
EAST LYNNE
with
CLIVE BROOK
CONRAD NAGEL
CECILIA LOFTUS
BERYL MERCER

Tears, Thrills and Heart Throbs woven into one of the most glorious screen romances of all time

FOX

ASK YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Greta Garbo comes through with a superb performance in "Inspiration." It is a rendition which lacks the dramatic power of *Anna Christie* and has not the poignant beauty of *Rita Cavallini*, but withal, Greta was never more perfect, never conceived her part so humanly and tenderly, and never carried her work to such a high point of histrionic perfection.

RICHARD E. PASSMORE,
Media, Penna.

I was disappointed after seeing Miss Garbo in "Inspiration." She seems somehow to have lost her old enthusiasm and does her part mechanically without much real emotion.

M. L. GIMLICH,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Garbo reminds me of dawn—cold and aloof. Dietrich is a flaming sunset.

MARY LOU BROWN,
Allentown, Penna.

Gaynor and Farrell

In "The Man Who Came Back" Janet had the greatest rôle since "7th Heaven," and she played it right up to the hilt.

Incidentally, Charles Farrell acted better than he has in any recent picture. The whole picture was beautiful, tender, great!

F. MERRICK,
Denver, Colo.

There is a general feeling that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell couldn't handle their parts in "The Man Who Came Back." Lighter type of entertainment is their meat.

RUBY E. LORENTZEN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Random Opinions

Now that we have an honest-to-goodness vocal artist like Tibbett, we need not fear for the future of singing pictures.

FRED STEPHENS,
Quapaw, Okla.

Joan Crawford should remember that lifting her brows won't make her a dramatic actress.

MARMA LA VERNE,
Oakland, Calif.

The silver-throated Grace Moore is truly lovely. Her voice by far surpasses every other singing voice we have heard via the talkies.

MRS. RAY M. ARMSTRONG,
Berkeley, Calif.

Why place an actor like Conrad Nagel in a picture like "Free Love"?

OLLIE MAE BURCH,
Dallas, Texas

Evelyn Laye is lovely—but for goodness sake, give her a decent picture. "One Heavenly Night" was terrible.

MARION FOSTER,
Portsmouth, Va.

Buddy Rogers as a man—as a lover! Don't make me laugh. He is a wonderful tailor's dummy.

MRS. L. C. HALL,
Malden, Mass.

Mary Pickford should stop being "synthetic" and give us the "real" Mary again.

MARY GRACE STREET,
Oakland, Calif.

Paramount should let the Chatterton-Brook team continue. These two stars were at their best when playing together.

BETTY DOWD,
Springfield, Mass.

Want to Look Lovely?

Learn from Loretta

—Seymour

Whenever we see a picture of Mrs. Young's daughter, Loretta, even we find it hard to think about clothes. She's a good-looking gal—no foolin'. Now that the heartbeat is down to normal, let's look at the dress.

First, it's white satin—or rather eggshell—an off shade of white. Good. Second, its fur is fox. Also good.

It's simple. Like an old Greek costume, it's long and flowy. The flowers are a feminine touch.

The dress is low in the back. That's why the little jacket is worn—to cover her lovely back.

A wonderful girl. A slick dress. Too bad it (the dress) is spoiled by being too long. It should miss the floor. Leave the floor sweeping to those who get paid for it, Loretta!

Chatterton's only rival on the silver sheet is La Swanson, and I consider them the only two magnificent stars of today.

C. JACK THORNTON,
Queensland, Australia

Here's hoping there will be fewer Lessons in Crime and many more pictures like "Just Imagine."

JANE A. WOODEN,
Washington, D. C.

Mickey Mouse Cartoons are different and silly enough to provoke laughter, but I wish they knew where comedy left off and vulgarity began.

AUNT "FAN,"
Wichita, Kans.

Richard Dix in "Cimarron" made *Yancey Cravat* come to life. Bushels of bouquets to Richard, and what a picture! I saw it twice.

ANNA MILLER,
New York City, N. Y.

My highest praise goes to Charles Bickford when he plays a miner or a sailor, but as a lover he's impossible. He spoiled "The Passion Flower."

MRS. ANNIE ERDMAN,
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Give us a thrill by casting Gary Cooper in a "white collar" part for a change. As a rich man-about-town with lots of love-making he would be a knockout.

DORIS H. COZZENS,
Scarsdale, N. Y.

Why feed the American Public such tripe as Clara Bow in "No Limit"? I'm not the snobbish intelligentsia, but these sort of pictures will never draw us away from our bridge tables.

ANN BISHOP ROBERTS,
Stamford, Conn.

I don't think Marlene needs Greta, or anyone else, as a model. She has qualities that Garbo never knew existed.

H. A.,
Ogden, Utah

Why cast the immature Bob Montgomery opposite Garbo in "Inspiration"? He lacked charm and took himself far too seriously, which made Garbo's great love for him a little ridiculous and the whole story unconvincing.

BERNICE ANDRE,
Louisville, Ky.

Heaven deliver us from the sound of weeping in the talkies.

JOHN LEHTO,
San Pedro, Calif.

Chevalier

I always feel I've been somewhere and had a grand good time whenever I see and hear Maurice Chevalier on the screen—whether I like the story or not. He is bubbling over with life, and the love of life.

ETHEL E. SMALLEY,
Oak Park, Ill.

Chevalier? I'm tired of that same old song, sung in that same old way.

Can't he do anything about that overhanging under lip?

D. PARKS,
Pasadena, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.

FATHER'S SON

LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies

From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington.
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE

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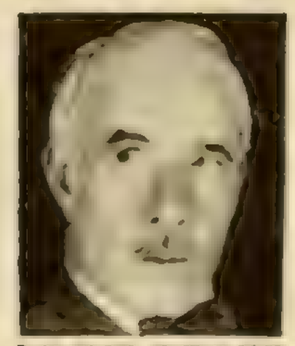
VITAPHONE Picture



LEWIS STONE

IF you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .

If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

IRENE RICH

If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother . . .

If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!

"Let's all go to the movies."

"I know what I wanna see." "Hey, get a move on, Fatty!" "Where you all a-goin' so fast?" "We're all gonna see *Father's Son!*"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EAST IS WEST—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (*Dec.*)

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (*Jan.*)

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (*Jan.*)

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (*Dec.*)

EYES OF THE WORLD—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (*Oct.*)

FAIR WARNING—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (*Jan.*)

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (*Feb.*)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (*Dec.*)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (*Dec.*)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (*March.*)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (*Feb.*)

FIGHTING THRU — Tiffany Productions. — Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (*March.*)

FLAME OF LOVE, THE—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (*Jan.*)

FLIRTING WIDOW, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (*Oct.*)

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (*Dec.*)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (*Feb.*)

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (*Dec.*)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (*Feb.*)

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE** — Paramount. — Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (*March.*)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE** — M-G-M. — This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (*March.*)

GOING WILD — First National. — Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (*Oct.*)

GORILLA, THE—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (*Nov.*)

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (*Feb.*)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (*Nov.*)

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (*Feb.*)

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a coupla guns. A sizzling hot Western. (*Jan.*)

HEADS UP—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (*Dec.*)

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (*Oct.*)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—*Frankie* and her erring *Johnnie* further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (*Nov.*)

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (*Dec.*)

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (*Feb.*)

HOT HEIRESS, THE—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (*Dec.*)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (*March.*)

★ **ILLICIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A daring film, strong and moving. (*Jan.*)

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (*Feb.*)

JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (*Dec.*)

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (*March.*)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (*Dec.*)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (*Feb.*)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (*Oct.*)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (*Dec.*)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (*Dec.*)

LADY SURRENDERS, A—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (*Dec.*)

LADY WHO DARED, THE—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (*Oct.*)

LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard ridin', and that's all there is to it. (*Jan.*)

LASH, THE—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (*Dec.*)

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical *Saxonia*. (*Jan.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

	Page		Page		Page
Among the Married—M-G-M	51	East Lynne—Fox	49	Lady Refuses, The—Radio Pictures	134
Behind Office Doors—Radio Pictures	50	Finn and Hattie—Paramount	51	Little Cafe, The—Paramount	134
Body and Soul—Fox	51	Fires of Youth—Universal	50	Lonely Wives—Pathe	49
By Rocket to the Moon—UFA	134	Girl from the Reeperbahn, The—Sonor Prod	133	Love Habit, The—British International	134
Charlie Chan Carries On—Fox	134	Girls Demand Excitement—Fox	133	Midnight Special, The — Chesterfield Production	135
Children of Dreams—Warners	51	Hell Bound — Cruze-Tiffany Productions	133	Mother's Millions—Liberty Productions	49
Connecticut Yankee, A—Fox	48	Hole in the Wall, The—Paramount	134	Not Exactly Gentlemen—Fox	134
Conquering Horde, The—Paramount	133	It Pays to Advertise—Paramount	51	Parlor, Bedroom and Bath—M-G-M	48
Cracked Nuts—Radio Pictures	133	June Moon—Paramount	50	Ridin' Fool, The—Tiffany Productions	134
Doctors' Wives—Fox	133	Kept Husbands—Radio Pictures	50	Single Sin, The—Tiffany Productions	133
Don't Bet on Women—Fox	50	Kiki—United Artists	48	Stolen Heaven—Paramount	51
Drums of Jeopardy, The—Tiffany Productions	135			3 Girls Lost—Fox	50

[**Short Subjects of the Month.....96**]

New discovery! Pepsodent Mouth Wash 3 to 11* times more powerful than other leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!

"THIS phenomenal discovery opens a new era in the fight against germs — also the social evil of bad breath."

That is the emphatic statement of the eminent university professor whose discovery led to Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash. His opinion is confirmed by two of America's leading bacteriological laboratories, who have made extensive tests. Likewise, by independent scientists who have examined critically science's latest contribution.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in 10 seconds—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in 10 seconds germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (*Dec.*)

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (*Oct.*)

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES — Paramount. — The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (*Nov.*)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (*Jan.*)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for it's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (*Jan.*)

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen début of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Liliom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (*Nov.*)

LION AND THE LAMB, THE—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (*Jan.*)

LITTLE CAESAR—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (*Dec.*)

LONESOME TRAIL, THE—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (*Nov.*)

LOOSE ENDS—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (*Jan.*)

LOTTERY BRIDE, THE—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (*Oct.*)

LOVE IN THE RING—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (*Oct.*)

LOVE IN THE ROUGH—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (*Oct.*)

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (*March.*)

LOVE RACKET, THE—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (*Oct.*)

LOVE TRADER, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (*Dec.*)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (*Oct.*)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (*Feb.*)

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (*March.*)

MAN TO MAN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (*Dec.*)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (*March.*)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (*March.*)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (*Oct.*)

MEN OF THE NORTH—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (*Oct.*)

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (*March.*)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish *locale* and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (*Feb.*)

MILLIE — Radio Pictures. — Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (*March.*)

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (*Dec.*)

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (*Nov.*)

—Seymour

He represents the very acme of knowledge and authority on style and fashion.

It is unnecessary to praise him. Meet him on pages 59 to 62 of this issue. He writes only for

PHOTOPLAY

★ **MOBY DICK** — Warners. —*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **MONTE CARLO** — Paramount. — Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (*Oct.*)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (*Dec.*)

MOTHERS CRY—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (*Dec.*)

MURDER—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (*Jan.*)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (*Feb.*)

NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (*Oct.*)

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music of the drama first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (*Jan.*)

NIGHT BIRDS — British International. — Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (*March.*)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (*March.*)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE** — Warners. — Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (*Oct.*)

OH, FOR A MAN!—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (*Jan.*)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (*March.*)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (*Dec.*)

ONE MAD KISS—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (*Oct.*)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (*Feb.*)

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway".) Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (*Dec.*)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (*Oct.*)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (*Nov.*)

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law.")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (*Jan.*)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (*March.*)

PART TIME WIFE—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (*Jan.*)

PASSION FLOWER—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (*Jan.*)

PAY OFF, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (*Feb.*)

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (*Jan.*)

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (*Nov.*)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (*Feb.*)

RAIN OR SHINE—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie début. A circus story with a punch finish. (*Oct.*)

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (*Feb.*)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (*Feb.*)

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 139]

Another invitation lost

...all because of 'B.O.'
(*Body Odor*)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*.... At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't *tell* us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy *free*. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 474, Cambridge, Mass.

It's New!

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. *At your druggist's*

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

Anita Page believes in two types of beautifiers—dining-table and dressing-table. If you want a clear skin, sparkling eyes, healthy hair, and the poise that comes only from a general feeling of well-being, watch your diet!

The Beginning *of* Beauty

"YES, she's pretty, but it's only skin deep," said the girl in the green sports suit to the girl in the leopard jacket. It sounded like an interesting conversation. And, crowded as we all were in a New York subway train, I was forced to listen, even had I been unwilling.

But I wasn't unwilling. I was eager to hear the other girl's answer. I could see her face. The sort that's usually described as "intellectual." Good features—clear eyes, a straight but rather long nose, a large but well-shaped mouth, nice skin. Not beautiful, not what we call pretty, but "interesting looking," and—that's it—"intellectual looking." And very attractive.

So I wasn't surprised at the answer she gave. Of course, I can't repeat the conversation exactly. I couldn't very well take out paper and pencil and make stenographic notes. But it went pretty much like this.

She said: "Oh, well, Marge, it's all right to *say* Polly's beauty is only skin deep and try to let it go at that, but if you stop to analyze it you'll find that most of it comes from the inside out."

"What do you mean?" came the indignant retort from the green-suited girl, whose face was turned away from me. "Isn't Polly pretty because she has natural blonde hair, big blue eyes, good features, a grand complexion and a nice, slim figure? What's that got to do with the 'inside'? And, anyhow, where did you get this 'inside' information?"

"You forget that I went all through high school and college with Polly," answered Miss Intellectual. "No, we weren't really chums," she hastened to add as the other girl started to break in. "But I saw her practically every day for eight years, except during vacations, and I feel I know her fairly well.

"And I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you. When Polly was seventeen, during her third year in high school she was the fattest, most unstylish, most unattractive girl in the class! You know how the other girls envy her now that 'clean, blonde look,' as they call it. How she always looks as though she had come straight from a bathtub and a beauty *salon*. Well, her hair was even blonder in those days, her skin just as fair, and yet she was so untidy that she never looked as though she had had a good soap and water scrubbing.

"AND then, suddenly, she began to be troubled by a bothersome skin eruption. Not bad enough to be disfiguring, but noticeable enough so that during vacation her mother sent her to a famous skin specialist. And when Polly came back to school as a senior, not only had her face cleared up almost entirely, but she was a different girl.

"She had lost some of that excess weight, and she kept right on 'slimming out' gradually. No more ice cream sodas after last class. Mighty few fudge parties. But she ate her vegetables, which she had always side-tracked, like a well-trained infant.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

WANT to be slim? Or, at least, slimmer? Want to stop worrying about blackheads? Want to improve your complexion generally?

A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Or my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. Or you can have both, simply by asking for them.

But *don't* forget to enclose the envelope and be sure to address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. If you want other personal advice—about your hair, the correct colors for your type, the right shades in cosmetics—I'll be glad to mail back a personal letter of advice in the envelope you send me.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

ANDRE DUBENCEAU JACK HOLDEN F. J. VAN HALLE MAX FACTOR LOUISE WAGNER

A *Screen Test for* MAKE-UP
Color Harmony

BERNICE CLAIRE and WALTER PIDGEON, in a scene of the Motion Picture production, "Kiss Me Again." Photographed on the set at Technicolor Studios, Hollywood.

Max Factor and Technicolor's Color Control Staff, studying and supervising the ravishing beauty of Bernice Claire, emphasized by Max Factor make-up of correct color harmony for Technicolor. Its effect is like an artist's masterpiece—the color make-up for the scene is created in the dressing room. Now you may have the secret.

LILA LEE, First National star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using cosmetics to emphasize the depth and lustre of her eyes.

MAKE-UP *in* Color Harmony

THE MAGIC BEAUTIFIER . . . Created to Living Screen Star Types by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-up Genius . . . NOW RELEASED TO YOU

No other cosmetics in the world created in this amazing way . . . and no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty. Mail coupon for priceless beauty gift.

WHAT color face powder? What color rouge? What color lipstick? And what color eye-shadow . . . and how will they look together in the make-up ensemble? Will they clash in color or will they harmonize? Will they blend with my complexion colorings or will they not? Will they be of such exquisite fineness and softness as to become a very part of skin tone and texture? Will they detract from my natural beauty or will they add the glamour and allure of a new charm? Why trust such questions so important to beauty to chance or guess? . . . when make-up can really be a magic beautifier.

Within your reach . . . just for the asking . . . you may have the personal advice of Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, creator of cosmetics for the screen stars and studios.

Just as though you were a screen star . . . Max Factor will chart your color harmony in make-up . . . create for you an ensemble in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and the daily requisites of Society Make-Up which will bring out the hidden fascination of your natural beauty . . . and emphasize the alluring magnetism of your personality.

Each cosmetic produced by Max Factor . . each glorious color tone . . . is like the masterpiece of an artist. Created to some living screen star type of unrivaled beauty, you can well imagine the magic power it holds. And the complete make-up ensemble is perfect in color harmony balance . . for Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony revolutionized make-up in Hollywood.

So whatever your complexion colorings, whatever your variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette . . . discover the one way to double your beauty, discover Hollywood's make-up secret.

And remember that no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty . . . for only Max Factor's is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios, by Technicolor, and by Hollywood's stars. Mail the coupon immediately.

LILA LEE, says: "Whether for screen or street wear, I always find greater satisfaction in Max Factor's Make-Up."

BERNICE CLAIRE, writes: "Make-Up today is an art, and your Society Make-Up in color harmony proves that you are a master of the art."

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

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MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-4-32

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose ten cents or stamps to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Answer with Check Mark

Scalp troubles? Loose DANDRUFF?

Read letters below—

they tell much better than we could the amazing results accomplished by Listerine in treating scalp disorders.

MEN and women are constantly writing us of the beneficial effects of using full strength Listerine on the scalp and hair, either as a part of the usual shampoo or independent of it. In many cases they report that Listerine brought relief from scalp troubles after other methods of treatment had failed.

The letters below, selected from many hundreds, show a number of uses to which Listerine has successfully been put. The value of this safe antiseptic lies primarily in its ability to destroy germs almost instantly, and therefore combat infection. At the same time it is soothing and healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Relieved Itching Scalp

My husband and I can't find praise enough for Listerine. It sure is wonderful. For months he was troubled with dandruff and his scalp itched him terribly. He'd come home from work so grouchy, that you could hardly speak to him and he'd always say "How can I help it? My scalp itches so badly, that it nearly drives me crazy, and I have so much dandruff that I'm ashamed to be seen anywhere."

One of our friends advised him to try Listerine. At first he laughed, but I finally persuaded him to try it. He did and with such wonderful results the first time that he went right to the druggist's and purchased a large bottle. He has been using it regularly once a week and I can truthfully say that he hasn't a bit of dandruff, or noticed any itching of the scalp since he's been using it.

Yours truly,
MRS. VIRGIL HELBIG
Newport, Kentucky

Ended Baby's "Milk Crust"

When my infant daughter reached the age of four months, a fine film of "milk crust" commonly known as "cradle cap" formed on her scalp. I attempted to soften this film with olive oil, hoping thereby, to release it from the scalp but soon discovered that this treatment was ineffective as the "cap" had thoroughly imbedded itself in the scalp. Combing with a fine tooth comb helped somewhat but was not recommended as it tended to irritate the sensitive scalp and one had to be extremely careful of the soft opening at the top of the head. The scalp not only was unsightly but refused to respond to treatment.

Finally my husband suggested Listerine, two parts of Listerine to one part of warm water, and rinsing the baby's head with this solution.

Skeptical, I gave it a trial for a week, soaking baby's head thoroughly once daily with the diluted Listerine. At the end of the week I noticed that the "crust" had almost disappeared and that the remaining flakes were quite loose and could be combed out with gentle movements. I continued using the diluted Listerine for the two successive weeks and at the end of that time baby's scalp was clean. I noticed no irritation or discomfiture on her part, therefore was certain that Listerine was as harmless to infants' sensitive scalps as to adults' more hardened ones.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. MILDRED S. MACLEOD
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Relieves Itching of Diabetic Patient

Early in our education as student nurses we are taught, among other important duties, the Nurse should not prescribe, and also, she should be seen and not heard.

But, as regards Listerine and its valuable properties, I feel it is necessary that I be heard. If I may so express myself, I find Listerine to be the last word in securing a cooling, refreshing, and permanent relief or cure from the annoyance of not alone dandruff, but skin conditions especially those of the scalp so often prevalent in diabetes.

A small piece of cotton dipped in Listerine and applied to the scalp, after parting the hair, not only relieves the itching, but refreshes the patient confined to bed (which automatically reacts on the general physical health and soothes them to sleep many times) and it entirely removes the large itching spots that occur on the scalp in the diabetic patient.

These spots often appear on the forehead, on the sides of the face and around back of the neck, bordering the hair and are visible, about the size of a quarter. They not only itch but are embarrassing; as skin desquamates and falls on the eyebrows finally rests on the chest and shoulders. These irritated spots, thanks to Listerine which I always apply to the infected area, are controlled, at the same time soothed, and ultimately obliterated.

Cordially yours,
MARY WILSON PATTON, R. N.
San Antonio, Texas

Don't miss BOBBY JONES, King of Golf
LISTERINE HOUR
Every Wednesday Night
WEAF and a coast to coast NBC network
See your local paper for time

THE youngest princess of the Royal House of Bennett, Joan by name and star by destiny. Always busy in the studios, she is the least tempestuous of the three Bennett girls, the other two being Constance and Barbara. You'll be seeing her with Lew Ayres in "Many a Slip" any moment now

Clarence Sinclair Bull

THIS beautiful, inscrutable face is discussed at every party where true film devotees get together and talk things over. We have all thought of her as a mystery woman, but read what Katherine Albert has to say about her in this issue. All agree, however, on one point—she's a fascinating actress

Otto Dyar

CAN this be the little Texas girl we've called pretty and let it go at that? Yes sir, it's Mary Brian, herself, but a new, more mature Mary than we've known up to now. Or maybe she and the Paramount photographer got together and decided to submit to the Garbo influence

Ernest A. Bachrach

YANCEY CRAVAT, himself—where a fine actor and a fascinating fiction character met and came vividly to life in the person of Richard Dix. His work in "Cimarron" has made Dix, after all these years, one of the most talked-of figures in pictures. And what a fine show the boy does give!

TASTE SENSATION OF A NATION

The Candy Mint with the HOLE

OVERFLOWING WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!

Fresh, crisp, china-hard rings of pure enjoy*mint*... the Taste Sensation of a Nation... throat soothing... mouth refreshing.

Millions like them after eating... after smoking... they aid digestion ... sweeten breath.

There's a flavor for every taste... in the convenient roll form... handy for pocket or purse.

And also, try the famous fruit flavored LIFE SAVERS... Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape... as delightful as the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc

The story of a wife who recaptured the romance in her marriage . . .

Their SECOND *Honeymoon*

by

BEATRICE FAIRFAX

who has helped many wives by her discussions of marriage problems

"JIM and Ada had been married ten years. They felt romance and glamour fading.

"'*And then, Miss Fairfax,' writes Ada, 'I set my wits to work. I wanted Jim to think of me as his sweetheart, not just as busy housewife and mother.*

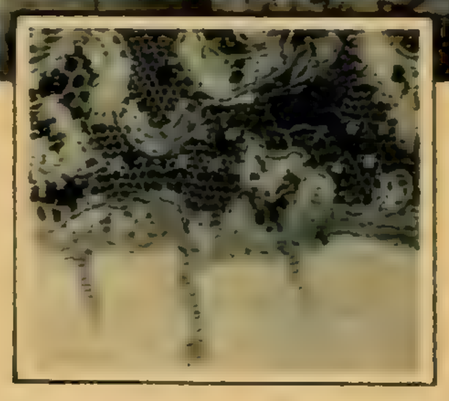
"'What I did was to buy myself a second trousseau! Not expensive things, but lovely colorful frocks and lingerie that gave me a feeling of being charming and so *feminine*.

"'Jim almost at once sensed the change in me. He once more seemed to find me the girl he had adored. And now we're having a second honeymoon that's going to last all our married days!'

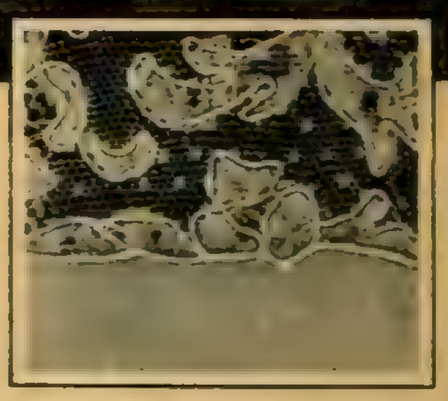
"WISE wife! How easy to keep honeymoon happiness all through marriage, if *every* wife would do two simple things:

1. **Buy colorful, dainty frocks and lingerie.**
2. **Keep them color-fresh and charming always.**

Honeymoon Happiness need never fade



Peach satin lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—lace and satin worn, color faded, lustre lost.



Duplicate lingerie Luxed 12 times—silk and lace fibres intact, the color charming as new. Utterly exquisite!

"Frocks in becoming colors can make you look so pretty and young! And the deliciously soft. lacy lingerie one can buy so reasonably nowadays makes you feel utterly feminine! A shining feeling . . . that calls forth adoration and holds it.

"Don't believe you can't afford such frivolous clothes. For with Lux, that wonderful product you all know, they can be kept charming and new so long *every* woman can afford them. Many, many Lux washings won't disturb their shimmering beauty.

"Lux is especially made to preserve colors and the life of delicate fabrics. Their charm, too. So that as long as you wear them, they lend their charm to you!

"*And in your home:* Keep your home fresh and pretty, too, for this adds to your charm. Linens, colorful curtains, sofa cushions—always look lovely if you use Lux."

BEATRICE FAIRFAX

No matter how delicate a color .. If it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

April, 1931

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK

FAIRBANKS got $300,000 for his work in "Reaching for the Moon." Irving Berlin got $50,000 and fifty per cent of the profits for writing the story. Edmund Goulding got $82,000 for directing it, and Elsie Janis received a mere pittance of $25,000 for tinkering the dialogue. After these incidentals there was the actual cost of the picture.

"Kiki" cost a million dollars, Mary working for wages for the first time in many years. And they do say that De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the song writers, got $300,000 for writing Gloria Swanson's new picture.

Set 'em up again, George, and see what the boys in the back room are going to have.

WILL these hokus-pokus spiritualists, psychic investigators, and mediums ever let poor Valentino rest in peace? First Natacha Rambova gave out spirit messages. Then a thousand mediums got busy on the radio to astral planes. They didn't bother to get together, and they reported him as putting over all sorts of goofy and contradictory messages. Recently they got busy again, and this time report him as saying he did not die a natural death.

I remember, a few months before he died, asking Valentino if he believed in this stuff. He had become interested in the subject through June Mathis, who wrote the script of "The Four Horsemen," which brought him fame. His reply was one word: "Applesauce."

FOR several years the intelligentsia—that's what they call critics who have a thesaurus and know where to find big words—have been raving about Chaplin, "the supreme artist."

And it seems only a few years ago, when they showed his pictures in second-rate theaters, that respectable folks visited the little movie shops stealthily, darting furtively in, looking over their shoulder lest some one with a clean collar see them enter.

I REMEMBER seeing him for the first time in Levy's Restaurant, in Los Angeles, fifteen years ago. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore dined there inexpensively. At other tables sat Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett, Charlie Murray, Ford Sterling, D. W. Griffith, Bessie Barriscale, Henry Walthall, Ruth Roland, J. Warren Kerrigan, Jackie Saunders, Dustin Farnum, Tom Ince, and Charlie Ray. It was the evening rendezvous of Sennett's troupe.

Charlie Murray pointed Chaplin out to me. "See that little fellow there?" he said. "He's just started, and Sennett thinks he's going to be good."

CHAPLIN'S picture will not change picture technique, nor cause any retardation of dialogue. But it has shown the industry how to make pictures that will sell abroad. It succeeds in spite of its lack of dialogue. No one but Chaplin could have survived the handicap. Foxy Charlie—looking at the world market and making the highbrows call it art.

HAVE you seen "Cimarron" yet? I've seen it three times and got the same thrill every time. What a directorial job Wesley Ruggles has done! It brings Richard Dix back to the forefront, and starts Irene Dunne off as one of our greatest screen artists. Go see it, and tell the little woman to take an extra hanky to dry her tears.

A VETERAN picture director went to see "Once in a Lifetime," the stage play that shows up some of the absurd business methods and social antics of Hollywood. He sat through it straight-faced.

"Why don't you laugh?" asked a friend.

"How can I laugh about something I've cried about for ten years?" was the rejoinder.

FORCED, by economic pressure, to work as an actor under a director whom he realized knew not half as much as he did, made to suffer every humiliation at his hands, broke between pictures, out at the elbows, his wife with but one dress time and time again, cursing producers, fighting always for his artistic ideals, no figure in Hollywood is more colorful and brilliant than Eric Von Stroheim. He is now to make "Blind Husbands," one of his first great successes, as a talkie for Universal, the company which gave him his first opportunity.

Von Stroheim, alone in his opinions, alone in his artistic ambitions, a novelist where other directors are short story writers, must continue to pound his head against the impenetrable wall of commercialism.

The producers are afraid of the costs of his pictures and therefore he must conform—as much as Von can ever be made to conform—but he still has the fun of cursing them.

FOR two months a writer and a cutter, with a corps of sound technicians, have been working over the emaciated form of a picture that had been "shelved" as unfit to release. They tried to make it a burlesque. They tried dialogue. They tried music and sound. The studio nickname for the picture is "Lazarus," and they call the workers "The Miracle Men."

LISTEN to Ernst Lubitsch:

"For eight years I have been coming to New York. Each time I see a musical show on Broadway. In it there is always a song, the same song, sung by a girl who tells how her man is unfaithful to her, how he hits her over the head with a bottle, yet she loves him. Always that song is popular.

"Now, when New York gets a new song, then it can begin to talk about being ahead of Hollywood."

THEY'VE wired D. W. Griffith's grand old epic, "The Birth of a Nation," for sound. If you plug up your ears with sound-proof material, you'll enjoy it as much as you ever did. But, why in the name of common sense, just because somebody invented talkies, should they take this masterpiece and stick in a lot of canned music, mob shouts and a so-called rebel yell?

MUSIC and singing are dead, say the producers. No, no, music and singing are not dead. It's the music and the singers.

DURING the panic of 1907 a young fellow came into a bank near Fourteenth Street every day with a cloth sack bulging with nickels, dimes, and quarters. The lone depositor aroused the curiosity of the president of the bank. "Who is that chap who is bringing in cash?" he asked the teller.

He was told the man was William Fox, who owned a motion picture house nearby.

FIVE years ago Slim Summerville was getting $350 a week at Universal. Although recommended at that time for a fifty dollar raise, the studio manager refused to give it to him. Recently he signed a new contract at $2,000 and when that same manager wants to see Slim now he has to go to the actor's bungalow on the other side of the lot. Slim won't go into his office. That's r-r-revenge.

AN interesting piece of "Americana" has been discovered—a poem, "To Mary Pickford," written by Vachel Lindsay, the now eminent American poet. The first stanza reads:

> Mary Pickford, doll divine
> Year by year, and every day,
> At the Moving Picture Play,
> You have been my Valentine.

That was written in 1914, when the movies, and, one assumes, Mr. Lindsay, were still in their infancy.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, after all his talk about pictures, turns out the worst British film of the year, thereby establishing a new low in art . . . The blind flower girl in "City Lights" was a true echo of an old romance in Chaplin's life . . . The prize title change of the month. Radio Pictures changed "Room and Board" to "Board and Room" . . . The Providence, Rhode Island, film censor did not make a single cut during the year 1930 . . . Mary Pickford says if she could live her life over again she would not want a career . . . Picture stock value jumps $80,000,000 in one month . . . "Trader Horn," on the shelf for a year, turns out to be a wow . . . No more big Westerns, or gangster pictures said the producers, and "Cimarron" and "Little Caesar" go out and knock 'em dead . . . The company that let Ina Claire out a year ago wants her back at five times the salary . . . Bill Powell jumps from Mr. Lasky's to a competitor and now Lasky is going to make a big star out of Carole Lombard, Bill's best girl.

IN Lille, France, school children in a recent questionnaire, could name ten or twelve American movie stars but couldn't name more than two or three French statesmen . . . Professor Mark A. May, of Yale, leans over his classroom desk and tells the lads that "It" means your *stimulation value* . . . The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education is distributing talkie sermons to enlist youth in church activities . . . The greatest part that Seena Owen ever played, a piece of work that would have revived her old popularity with public and producers, will never see the screen. It was in the Swanson million dollar fiasco, "Queen Kelly" . . . We told you so item of the month: (February issue) that Farrell and Valli would be married.

Bert Longworth

"Ready *on the* Set!"

"HEY, Miss Mackaill, ready on the set," the assistant director is yelling, and the First National star takes a final look at her make-up by the light of a sun-arc lamp. Dorothy is doing "Party Husbands" to the tune of Clarence Badger's megaphone

Dietrich—How She Happened

Marlene Dietrich and her discoverer-director, Josef Von Sternberg. She spoke one line in English—and he signed her for "The Blue Angel"

AS alluring as is the exotic Marlene Dietrich, and as sensational as has been her sudden rise to prominence on the American screen, it is generally agreed by friends of both that the German actress' introduction to American talkies would have been less brilliant if it hadn't been for the guiding genius of Josef Von Sternberg, her discoverer and director.

BY the time this article appears Marlene Dietrich will have started back to Hollywood to resume her picture making, but she has left behind considerable amusement here over the frantic efforts of the sages of Hollywood to peg the exquisite, exotic and elusive star, its latest sensation, to one of the few standardized types to which every respectable American movie beauty is supposed to belong.

But apparently Marlene won't stay pegged, for she is not an American girl, but a European woman.

The closest these sages have got to a classification has been to say that she is another Greta Garbo, which is true as far as it goes. It goes no farther, however, than to say that one Chinaman is like another.

True, both are European. True also that both are blonde and Nordic. That increases the resemblance, but there it ends, too.

America still produces the most beautiful girls in creation. They are not only beautiful, but upstanding, self-reliant, free, fearless, and superior to mere man. They glitter and sparkle, with the beauty of rare gems. And that goes for all of them —from sixteen to sixty.

EUROPE, on the other hand, is still a man's country. The female of the species is still the Submerged Sex. "Americanized" girls are few—and frowned upon. The European woman is, outwardly, at least, not upstanding, nor self-reliant, free or independent. She does not flaunt her superiority to man.

Girls in particular are nothing much in Europe. They are merely incomplete women — chicks who stray at times, but who really belong under the wings of some mother hen. The European man dominates the woman, and the European woman dominates the girl.

But a subtle training has helped to equalize things for the European woman. Unable openly to challenge man's dominance, she is brought up from childhood to gain her ends through man by methods which would be known in America

Plucking her from a German musical comedy in Berlin for the leading feminine rôle opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," Von Sternberg has guided her movie career from that moment with an unswerving devotion and intense zeal.

Like an artist working in clay, Von Sternberg has molded and modeled her to his own design, and Marlene, plastic and willing to be the material in the director's hands, has responded to his creative moods.

From the time she stepped into her first part under his direction he has guided her, giving her all of his expert help in "The Blue Angel." He saw to it that she got a good story for her next picture, rigidly passed on all of her portraits and the "stills" that were sent out on her. He supervised her publicity, and was her escort at the glittering Hollywood openings that were so new to her.

On and off the screen he has guided and directed her to her best advantage, and though Marlene was born in Germany, and received all of her stage training and experience there, it can truly be said that she was "Made in America"—and by Von Sternberg.

The greatest thing in Marlene Dietrich's life is not her newly won film fame, the applause of millions, but her five-year old daughter, Maria

By

Otto Tolischus

Read this fascinating and intimate account of Marlene's background and beginnings by an American journalist in Germany

as the "clinging vine" system. It means making man her prime concern. Her weapon is her femininity; her weakness, her strength.

And so, the difference between Marlene Dietrich and American movie stars is the difference between two continents. Not all European women are Marlene Dietrichs, but Marlene Dietrich could only be a European woman.

For Marlene Dietrich is, in a sense, the sublimation of European Femininity, the wish-fulfilment of European girls. "Sex-appeal" is the American word for it, but that is only one side of it. Marlene is reputed to have the most beautiful legs in filmdom, but somehow one does not think of Marlene Dietrich as merely a pair of legs.

She is primarily a woman in the comprehensive, all-inclusive sense.

"SHE is all women in one," an American writer said.

A European would have said that she is wife, mother and sweetheart, all in one, and would have paid her therewith his highest compliment.

Patrician, continental upbringing and a continental background made Marlene Dietrich what she is. Only through them can she be explained.

That soft, seductive beauty which is not "vampish" at all, and is independent of the beauty parlor; the supple figure which, for American standards, is really somewhat overweight; the soft, cultivated voice, her unassertiveness, patience and eagerness to please, so favorably noticed in Hollywood; above all, those eyes that can light up in a saucy smile and then hide behind shimmering veils that seem to hold all the mysteries of womanhood—all that is continental, European, and yet unique.

Have you noticed the resemblance between the look in the eyes of Marlene

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

The Marlene Dietrich who flamed across our screens like a flash of lightning—the glamorous girl of "The Blue Angel." Unique and extraordinary in personality, no copy of anyone, she is "all women in one—wife, mother and sweetheart"

One scene of the hair-raising episode in which the starved band of fugitives takes a meal away from a lion. This was made in Mexico

How "Trader Horn" *Was Made*

An answer to the questions millions are asking about this splendid picture

WHILE it sometimes seems like painting the lily, it is, nevertheless, oftentimes necessary for the movies to "improve upon nature" in order to make a picture more dramatic and more entertaining to the spectator.

"Trader Horn," the thrilling adventures of a group of white people on the Dark Continent, is a case in point. If you haven't seen it already, by all means do so, and take the whole family.

There has been criticism in some quarters that the jungle scenes, natives, animal shots and growls in the pictures are not always genuine, but in many instances were doctored. This is true enough, but the producers explain that "Trader Horn" is neither an animal picture nor a travelogue, but a dramatization of a human interest story with a jungle background. They had the good taste not to misrepresent it to the public like so many others have done.

Most of the background scenes were taken in Africa. The acting company spent nearly a year on location there, and some of the natives, war dances, animal shots, and other wild and woolly embellishments are one hundred per cent genuine and true. Edwina Booth and the entire company suffered many hardships to make a great picture for you.

But to turn out a finished picture and follow the dramatic story they wished to film, it was necessary to supplement this with a lot of African atmosphere created by the movie makers themselves.

Originally, the whole company went over to make the picture. At the time sound was still new and no sound apparatus went along.

When sound "took," however, M-G-M sent over some of the early sound recording equipment and with this they recorded sound in Africa. Some of it was good, but some of it was found to be particularly poor when the company returned and discovered what could be done with the improved sound mechanisms then available.

ACCORDINGLY, they did most of the sound over. Most of it was made in the studio, though some is the original African stuff amplified and clarified. The tribal chanting and native talking is among the real African-made sound, and much of the Carey-Renaldo-Booth dialogue. All of it, though, is cleverly done and so well pieced together that it's impossible to tell where the genuine and the false begin and leave off. One of the finest jobs of the kind ever done.

Practically all of the animal sound is synthetic. Lions were made to roar in the studio.

One of the most exciting scenes is a raging lion charging Edwina Booth. This was made with the use of a double. The long shot shows Edwina fainting [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

Little Marian Marsh in her *Trilby* make-up, and her beautiful sister who, failing herself, trained Marian for a screen career

"You Should See My Kid Sister"

One of the strangest Cinderella stories that ever happened in Cinderella City

HERE'S a true Cinderella story from Hollywood—only in this case, Cinderella's own sister was the fairy godmother who made her dreams come true.

Little, blonde, seventeen-year-old Marian Marsh—yesterday, just another one of Hollywood's innumerable movie nobodys: today, John Barrymore's new leading lady! She plays *Trilby* to Barrymore's *Svengali*. It's the story of Marian and of her older sister Jeanne—Jeanne Morgan, she calls herself, who too sought fame in movies.

But Jeanne's too tall. Overheight is one of the handicaps that keep a girl from stardom. And so Jeanne, realizing the hopelessness of her own quest for film fame, transferred her ambitions to her kid sister.

And it was the magic of Jeanne's everlasting boosting of that kid sister that finally put little Marian in the place where, like Cinderella in the fairy tale, she met Prince Charming. Only in this story, Prince Charming is John Barrymore—but nothing could have been more princely or more charming to Marian than Barrymore's acceptance of her for the rôle of *Trilby*.

The story begins—back in the island of Trinidad, British West Indies, where Marian and Jeanne were born. And their family name, if you must know, isn't either Marsh or Morgan—it's Krauth. But how would Krauth look in neon lights on a theater marquee? Don't be silly.

When Marian was ten, the family moved to New England; Daddy had inherited a manufacturing business there, and gave up his job as chocolate-buyer.

Naturally, like any girls in their teens, Marian and Jeanne used to go to movies and envy the glamorous heroines of the screen, and dream of being like them. Or better yet, being them.

"Wouldn't it be swell . . .?" Oh, you know how kids dream. And then, as luck would have it, the family came to California. It was a matter of somebody's health—but the important thing was, they came to Hollywood. Marian went to school; Jeanne, older and done with school, set out to make her own dreams come true. She got work in pictures as extra girl.

ATTRACTIVE, she did fairly well. But once on the inside, she saw that her aims could never be fulfilled. She had to realize that, for one reason or another, stardom was not for her. Disillusionment is not a sweet experience; it very often sours people against the things that disillusioned them. But Jeanne was different.

"If it can't be I," she reasoned, "why not the kid sister?" And then the afterthought: " . . .but she's got to have more than I had!"

So the intensive preparation of Marian began. She was sent to school—not alone Hollywood [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

Everything in this story of Hollywood is true except the names

Love Is

ANOTHER of the famous dinners of Madame de Longpré!

Among those present:

Mary Leeds, the latest little furor in film stars, tangle of pale gold curls. Wistful, beautiful lips.

Prince Saranoff, a prince and a poet, dangerously handsome.

Zara, a gypsy, looking for the past, present and future.

Johnny Haversmith (inconspicuously behind the palms), lean, lank, tailer than it is thought necessary for a gentleman to be. Thatch of dun-colored hair; long ears bending away from his head, and mismatched eyes, a gray one and a blue.

Great financiers, spectacular figures of stage and screen, villagers, musicians, etc.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD! That incomprehensible Mecca where Main Street is the Vanity Fair of the world; where fashion and faces are the alphabet of all romance; where liveried chauffeurs convey human jewels in glass cases and youth and beauty and fame are spent like a drunken man's money!

Of course, there are simple things, too. Little houses where life is cut by sweet old patterns; little kitchens in the morning—"I'm late again! That damned alarm doesn't work! Have you got the coffee ready, dear? I have to be on the set at eight. The baby cried a lot in the night, didn't he? It must be teeth. You must have a nurse for him! When we get the house paid for and get your new Steinway, the very next thing we afford will be a nurse, sweetheart! If the good old public keeps on thinking I'm a hero, I'll get a raise pretty soon and the first thing we're going to buy is a nurse, sweetheart! Did your plum jell set? It looks great!" . . . Red glasses in a row on the window glowing with sunlight! Warm, tantalizing smell of coffee, and crisp toast and hot butter! . . . Flutter of pink gingham. "The paper this morning says you were *won*derful in 'Blue Jacket,' darling! . . . Let's open a glass of the new jelly for your breakfast. I put a geranium leaf in it because your mother always used to. . . . Don't crawl under daddy's feet, Snookums! Don't untie daddy's shoe! He's in a hurry! He has to go to work!"

But the cosy little houses, the cosy little kitchens, the cosy little hurry in the morning to be at work by eight, damp gurgling baby, red jelly on the window ledge; these are not what we want of Hollywood! London means fog, the Sahara

From behind the palms Johnny Haversmith, just a camera man, watched Mary Leeds come downstairs to meet the gentlemen celebrities in love with her

Expensive

By

Dixie Willson

means a caravan, Heaven means golden slippers, and Hollywood, by popular demand, means a bazaar of lost and found sensation; pretense; illusion; fantasy; intoxication; love, that must be no more than thin ice on the brink of Hell!

* * *

IN the drawing room of Madame de Longpré, cigarette smoke floated on a rose and amber mist. With wavering bow-knots of light, the candles seemed trying to tie their brackets to the walls. Chiffon, and sequin, and velvet ladies, trailed up and down the stairs, while gentlemen in tuxedos waited; white *boutonnières*, smart little waxed moustaches.

But it seemed to be Mary Leeds for whom *most* of the gentlemen waited! Her name seemed the pin upon which revolved all their conversation! This thing and that thing about Mary Leeds seemed the entire tenor of their interest! An obvious majority of the gentlemen present appeared to be bordering on that state of idiocy called "love," and the extremely beautiful person who came, at last, hesitantly downstairs, smiling with pretty unsophisticated consciousness at the attention trained upon her, seemed immediately the answer to the impulse and desire in the eyes of fairly all that little sea of cavaliers!

She wore white lace with pastel flowers, ivory slippers, no jewels, but a pair of jade bracelets, above her elbows.

In the shadows of the conservatory, Johnny Haversmith, merely a cameraman, waited orders from Madame de Longpré. He had been hired for the purpose of making a photograph of the event.

The conservatory adjoined the drawing room, two steps down, and through a wrought-iron gate. Its tiled floors were set with odd, bright patterns. Its tub-trees and trellises were heavy with green and sweet with tropical moss and budding flowers. A fountain played silver staccato into a pool where lilies floated and tadpoles hid around sprawling roots. A flood of purple shone under the water. Candle-light filtered through the open gate.

And from behind the palms, Johnny Haversmith, just a cameraman, watched Mary Leeds come downstairs to the gentlemen celebrities who were in love with her. The mere cameraman ran his hand back over his dun-colored hair, and poked the end of a somewhat shabby necktie inside his vest

He had long since become calloused to beauty. Beauties in the picture business are like fish in the sea!

In all Hollywood, there was only one beautiful woman coming down a stairway into the arms of two score lovers, who could have stirred a ripple in the breast of Johnny Haversmith. But that one woman was little Mary Leeds! The only woman in the world, in fact, who had ever stirred a ripple in his heart of any kind under any circumstances!

Too often Fate seems to portion her heartaches promiscu-

ously with cruel and deliberate disregard for balance. Johnny Haversmith's heartache, since the first day he had seen that little girl in the rags of Limehouse, had been his love for her! A hopeless, despairing love, since he had no illusions! He knew she counted hundred dollar bills with less concentration than he counted dimes! He knew she could have her choice of almost any love and name and fortune upon which she chose to smile! He knew the chances were slim and feeble that she even remembered he was alive!

But it is not by judgment or reason a man's heart beats for one woman! Love is the most mysterious magnet of all! The steel pins dangle, knowing how futile it is; yet they cannot get away!

Johnny Haversmith, behind the palms, saw the gentlemen celebrities gobble up the little girl he loved — their eyes looking into hers as his longed to look— their lips saying what his longed to say!

"He loves you," the gypsy said. "He is not handsome. He has no money."

A parrot stepped sagely from an iron ring into a bamboo tree, and recommended in a raucous voice that God should save the King!

"And some of the rest of us!" said Johnny Haversmith.

He lighted a cigarette—walked to the tree, and blew smoke up the vein of a bamboo leaf. The parrot, with solemn awkwardness, came down and hooked himself to the back of Johnny's neck, cleverly, so no possible contortion could admit of blowing smoke!

"What a life," rasped the bird. "Hell's bells! *E pluribus unum!*"

With a rustle of spangles, a little noise like falling rain, Madame de Longpré came around the wrought-iron gate.

"We're almost ready now," she said. "We're only waiting for Dorothy Denver and Mr. Dupont. Don't let Columbus bother you. He takes such violent fancies! Now, I'd like to have the picture with everybody on the stairs so it will show the beautiful stairs and the ivory Buddha! . . . Oh, come in, Mary my love! We're just talking about taking a picture. You're simply ravishing tonight! Every woman here will despise you! This gentleman is going to take a picture. Miss Leeds, Mr. ——, I really don't *know* your name."

"I do," Mary said, laughing up at tall Johnny Haversmith. "He's made ten million feet of me!" She picked a fuchsia from a trellis and tucked it into his buttonhole. "I haven't seen you for ages, Johnny! Where've you been? Somebody told me you asked to go on another picture when I started 'Saints and Sinners.' Did you really?"

"Yes," he said, his eyes devouring her, starving for the sight of her. "I couldn't stick to my job, any more, on a set with you!"

"Mercy!" rippled Madame de Longpré, "what a temperamental camera person!"

"Quite!" said little Mary Leeds. "I'm surprised!"

"I hope your presence tonight, Mary," Madame de Longpré remarked, "won't make it impossible for him to remember that the point of the picture is to include the stairs and the ivory Buddha! Interviews all mention the stairs and the ivory Buddha!"

With a gesture of her diamond-studded lorgnette, she dismissed any necessity for further recognition of Johnny Haversmith's presence.

"And Mary I promised the Prince I'd present him the instant you arrived! He's put all he's going to say to you into an epic or canto or something that will take *weeks* to speak, so you'd better let him get started! And he's so *rich*, my love! And so de*ter*mined to marry you! He's even sent a description of you in bridal pearls and ermine, to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

The first all-woman cast in the history of pictures! This is the galaxy of girls Director William Beaudine has been directing in "The Mad Parade," a story of women in the World War. Reading from right to left— Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman, Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda, Fritzi Ridgeway, Marceline Day, June Clyde and Helen and Elizabeth Keating. A fine looking company, too!

Irene Dunne is glad PHOTOPLAY found out she had been secretly married. Here she is as *Sabra*, her glorious rôle in "Cimarron"

Irene's *Secret* Marriage

By Ruth Biery

IRENE DUNNE, *Sabra* of "Cimarron," is the wife of Dr. F. D. Griffin, a physician of New York City.

To tell or not to tell? That was the question which worried Irene Dunne when Radio Pictures signed her on a long-term contract, following her forty weeks in "Show Boat," and brought her to the Coast to star in musical pictures. Somehow, no one had ever inquired whether she was married or single. When she was on Broadway, it hadn't seemed to matter, but when she came into pictures—

There was a long family discussion; there was a longer professional argument with the officials of Radio Pictures. The old picture idea, you know, is: "Marriage hurts. If you must marry don't tell the world about it." Irene had been told it was one of the movie commandments and decided to keep silent.

It really didn't matter much to picture fans, either, until the present. For Irene Dunne was just a name until "Cimarron" was released and she gave the picture world one of its finest performances! Musicals died on the screen just as Irene was born to them. For months she drew salary and spent her time long-distancing her handsome, famous, far-away husband.

Then: "Leathernecking." We won't go into that. It was a bad picture—a very bad picture . . . and Irene Dunne had better remained unborn to the screen, perhaps, than to make her initial appearance in it.

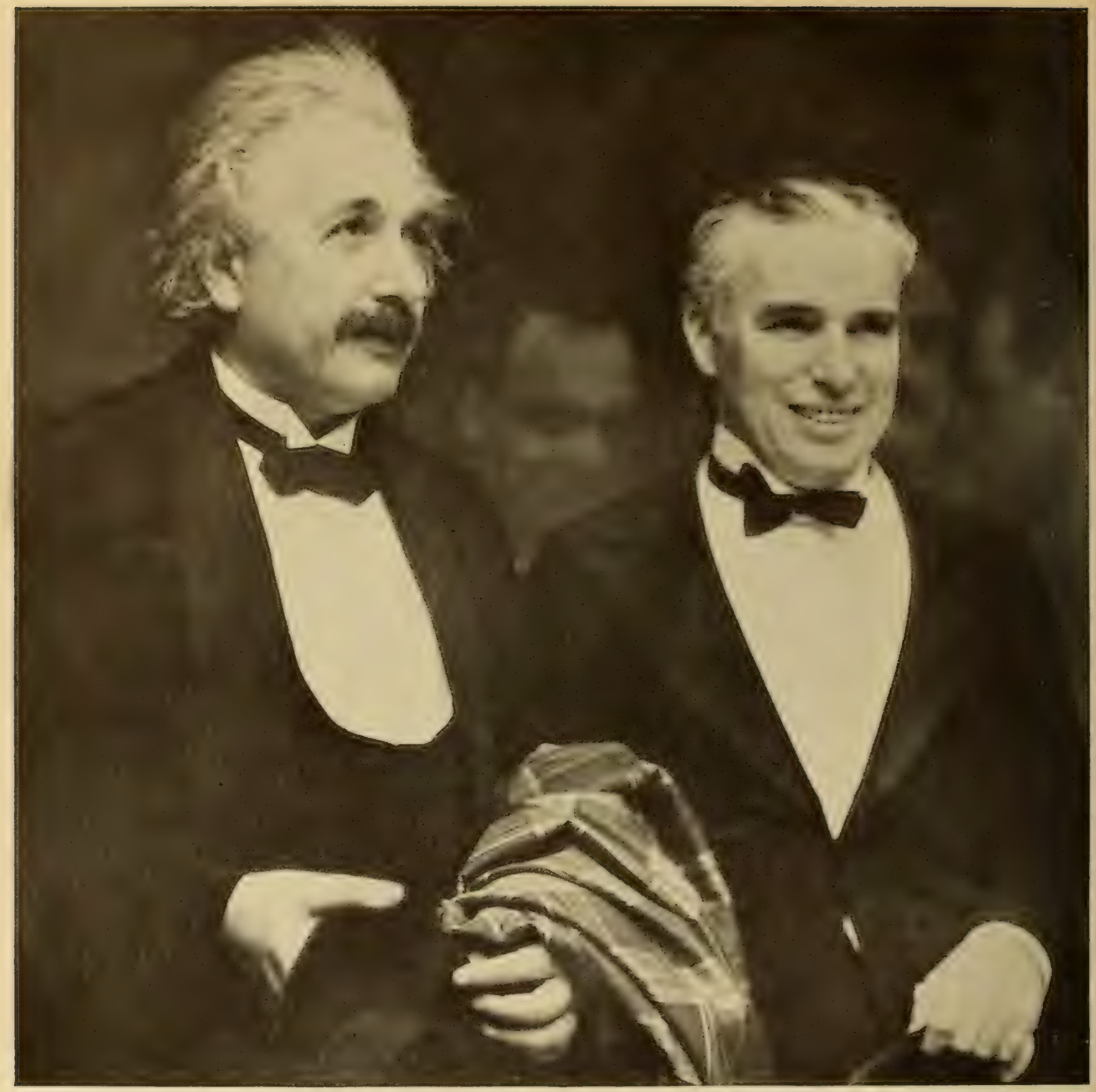
Then—"Cimarron"! And, suddenly, she became copy. Every newspaper in Los Angeles rushed to interview her. But they took it for granted, since she said nothing whatever about it, that she was single—so didn't even ask her about it.

"And the funny part of it is—we've been married for nearly three years. And the best part of it all is—we are happy. Why, he's been out here three times. Came by aeroplane; watched every test made for 'Cimarron'—has advised me on every movement. I wouldn't turn a hand without him. Oh, I'm glad, *glad* PHOTOPLAY found out and I can really talk about him!"

They were married in New York City, July 16, 1928, and sailed immediately for a six months' honeymoon in Europe. She had just finished "The City Chap," a stage play, with Dillingham.

"I EXPECTED to give up my career entirely. My husband was *then* opposed to the stage. He felt it would take the only thing he really wanted away from him if I went on after we were married. It's strange to think of *then* and *now*. Today, he is my inspiration. His friends in New York can't understand it. He talks and boosts and encourages and wants his wife's career, just as he used to fight it."

There was not the least reason for Mrs. Dr. F. D. Griffin to continue working. Her husband was born almost next door to Calvin Coolidge. An old, ancestored New England family. When she met him, he was a bachelor with an apartment on Park Avenue, a name and plenty of money. They met before she went on the stage. She had [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]



Prof. Albert Einstein and his host, Charlie Chaplin, at the Los Angeles opening of Charlie's "City Lights." Chaplin was the one man in Hollywood Einstein wanted to meet. Well, he met him—and about 50,000 others, too

Einstein *In* Hollywood

THEY say Professor Einstein was trying to explain his theory to a big studio executive.

". . . for instance, consider Betelgeuse," Einstein was explaining. "Betelgeuse, one of the greatest stars in the whole system, can be photographed merely by means of one ray of light . . ."

"Uh-huh," uh-huhed the executive. Later Einstein went home.

At once, the executive grabbed a telephone and called his casting director.

"Say, you," he shouted, "I want you should go out and sign up this feller Betelgeuse. And I want you should sign him up quick. Einstein, who knows everything, says he's one of the greatest stars in the business.

"And economy!—hah, lissen—we can shoot him with only one light, Einstein says! !"

At the Warner Studio the Einsteins were coaxed into this bouncing car. Cameras cranked, tricksters worked. Two hours later the guests received a film of themselves flivving 'round the world!

He can comprehend the Universe, but the picture business left him dazed

The celebration of Carl Laemmle's twenty-fifth anniversary in pictures was on, and Einstein unwittingly helped the party. "*You* tell *me* about relativity?" is what Hollywood thinks Mr. Laemmle is saying, referring to his relatives on the Universal lot

That is just one of the dozens that are being told—true and otherwise—about Einstein's visit to the moving picture capital. Queen Victoria in a tap-dancing school wouldn't have been half as out of place as Einstein was in Hollywood.

Now, of course, Einstein has about as much in common with Hollywood as maple sugar has with canned salmon. But Einstein, being human, naturally wanted to get a look at Hollywood while in California. And Hollywood, being Hollywood, naturally wanted to grab off the lion's share of the unprecedented publicity Einstein was getting.

AND so it all began—this amazing business of Einstein-in-Hollywood, as soon as he arrived in Pasadena. The purpose of his trip of course, was to visit the famous scientific laboratories at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, twenty miles from Hollywood. He was provided with a bungalow, where, it was assumed, he would go into retirement to ponder on the vastnesses of the universe.

But Hollywood wouldn't go for things like that! To let Einstein hide away, and thereby overlook a headline like "EINSTEIN VISITS COLOSSUS STUDIOS" was not in any Hollywood press-agent's book of rules. And so the race began.

Universal won.

It seems that "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, bland potentate of Universal City, was having a twenty-fifth anniversary of making movies. It would be nice to have a lot of big people there. So huddles were huddled and plans were planned, and what eventuated?—

An invitation was sent to Professor Einstein in Pasadena. Would he care to see the famous film "All Quiet on the Western Front"? Einstein's a famous pacifist, by the way. And having heard much about "All Quiet" and its force for peace, Einstein innocently said yes.

Fine, said Universal right back at him, we'll have a showing for you on such-and-such a day. Well, such-and-such a day was the day of the anniversary celebration. And then, invitations were sent broadcast through filmland to come on over to Universal on such-and-such a day—Laemmle's twenty-fifth Anniversary and Einstein as attractions.

Did it work?

Well, even Queen Mary was there—Mary Pickford. So was Gary Cooper, in his eye-paining yellow-and-green open car, even though it rained that day. Will Rogers came. Executives from all the other studios were there. Filmland turned out *en masse* to see Einstein. And the most surprised person of all was Einstein! He expected to see a moving picture. Instead, he saw countless scores of movie celebrities he didn't know, plus countless Laemmle relatives. "There were so many relatives," said one person there, "that you couldn't get to the buffet luncheon table!" And that's the beginning of the famous crack about what Laemmle might have said to Einstein:

"What! You're telling *me* about relativity?"

It was at the Einstein visit to Universal that the famous Mary Pickford episode happened. Celebrity after celebrity was introduced to Einstein.

By Harry Lang

Among [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

The Most Romantic Love

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1 They met on the set where they were making "7th Heaven," that tender love story that was to touch the hearts of millions—and make the boy and girl great stars. He was tall, handsome, and twenty-two—she was little, winsome, and twenty. Making one of the loveliest of love stories, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell fell in love. They became *Diane* and *Chico* to the world, and to each other. Janet broke her engagement to Herbert Moulton, the Los Angeles newspaper man who had helped her on the hard road upward.

2 Rumors of the engagement of Janet and Charlie flew faster when they played opposite each other in "Street Angel." How happy they were! Their boy-and-girl romance was in full flower—this picture shows them in their happiest sweetheart days. But no announcement was forthcoming. Why, asked the world? For here was a romance the fans actually wanted to see consummated. Thousands of letters poured in approving the romance the picture world had seen begin in "7th Heaven" and flower in "Street Angel." But the youngsters were just happy in their work and affection for each other.

3 The answer to the question of "Why don't Janet and Charlie get married?" was undoubtedly Virginia Valli. She and Farrell had been pals since his earliest days in pictures. She always loved him in a thoroughly unselfish way and was friend, advisor and critic. Charlie's nature is something like Virginia's. She had devoted weeks to helping him plan his home at Toluca Lake. During this period of home-making, Charlie saw more of Virginia than of Janet. Two girls in love with the same boy—that was Hollywood's verdict.

Story *in* Film History

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4 "Lucky Star" gave *Chico* back to *Diane* in pictures. Word circulated that Janet and Charlie were to be married any day. Charlie was to tell Virginia. Hollywood prepared congratulations. Then, without warning, Janet rushed to Oakland and married Lydell Peck, rich young San Francisco society man. What had happened? The story was that Charlie had gone to call on Virginia, that Janet, piqued, had wired Peck her acceptance of his proposal. They were married September 11, 1929. Hollywood was amazed.

5 "Sunny Side Up" brought them together again in pictures —but Janet was Mrs. Lydell Peck now. Then came "High Society Blues," and Janet's flight from the Fox lot. There was the episode of her trip to Honolulu, with Charlie accidentally boarding the same boat, and beating a hasty retreat. Janet cried! Ten heart-breaking months away from the studio. And then a glamorous return in "The Man Who Came Back." Who, seeing Charlie and Janet together in that picture, could doubt that the youngsters were still the best of friends? Again the world wondered about Janet and Charlie!

6 Then came the sudden death of Charlie's mother. It hit him pretty hard. PHOTOPLAY announced that Virginia and he were to be married, and sure enough, when Charlie got a vacation and time for a honeymoon they sailed for the Mediterranean, man and wife. They were married in New York a few days before sailing. And a happier pair of kids never leaned over a ship's rail and waved farewell. If you believe in astrology, ask the stars. Janet was born October 6, under the sign of Libra. The romance of Janet and Charlie—not to be!

Love, Marriage and Divorce

True love in Hollywood. Totty and Teddy are tiffing over a little matter of close-up stealing

Happy days are here again! The nice old judgie tells them they're free once more

JUST as Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, as happy a pair of newlyweds as the ship news reporters ever saw, sailed for Europe, Charlie said to a PHOTOPLAY writer:

"Well, we made good for your old book, didn't we?"

He was referring to PHOTOPLAY'S announcement of their intention to wed, published several months ago.

It will do the old Mediterranean good to see such genuine happiness, and the good wishes of millions are with them.

* * *

Irene Dunne, the superb *Sabra* of "Cimarron," is married to Dr. F. D. Griffin, a New York physician—and very happily, too! PHOTOPLAY discovered this true love story when all Hollywood's other smart reporters had gone along assuming she was single and in circulation. The whole story of Irene's adventurous stage career, her romance and her marriage will be found on another page of this issue.

* * *

WELL, as far as little Loretta Young is concerned, it looks like another clear-cut case of "Mother Knew Best."

Married at seventeen, will she be separated permanently at eighteen, and divorced before she's twenty? Her marriage to big, good-looking Grant Withers has gone to pot—at least Hollywood thinks so. He's eight years older than Loretta. He'd been married before, and had been a romantic figure in the lives of others. And there are other factors, too.

When Loretta didn't rush to his side when Grant was reported operated on for appendicitis in Chicago, people wondered. When he was back on the stage ten days after the operation, they wondered still more. It's food for thought.

Well, when you read this Loretta may be home with her mother and sisters—Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

Though she tried her darndest to prevent the marriage, mother hasn't yet said, "Well, Loretta, I told you so! Remember, mother knows—"

* * *

The great question, asked ten million times, "Can the Jack Gilbert-Ina Claire marriage last?" has been answered.

It couldn't last—and hasn't.

When Ina arrived in Hollywood not long ago, Gilbert had taken to the High Sierras. His wife waited hours for some message from him. None came. Then she gave this statement to the press—

"Mr. Gilbert and I have agreed to separate. Any difficulties or misunderstandings we may have had are probably as much my fault as his. I did not want to discuss my personal life at this time, but owing to the fact that I have recently been misquoted, I feel it only fair and more comfortable for Mr. Gilbert, myself and our friends to stop all further evasions."

Jack and Ina were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, in May, 1929. Not long after their marriage they set up separate establishments.

In 1929 Jack was at the height of his fame, and Ina just trying to break into the Hollywood hit class. Now his glory is in eclipse and Ina, on the strength of her hit in "The Royal Family," has a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

And that, children, is Life, with a capital L!

* * *

HERE'S the most involved and hectic "love story" of the Hollywood month—

That of Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mrs. Renaldo!

Not long after Renaldo and Edwina came back from the long "Trader Horn" location trip to Africa, Mrs. Renaldo slapped a $50,000 alienation suit on Miss Booth.

Edwina denied everything under oath, and asked the courts to annul her marriage to Director Arthur Schuck.

Renaldo was clapped into jail on charges of illegal entry into this country, obtaining his release on $2,000 bail just in time to attend the "Trader Horn" opening in Hollywood. He and Edwina went to the theater widely separated, and each was escorted by police in plain-clothes.

in Hollywood – *this Month*

Hurray! "The law says we're single again. Now we can be good Hollywood pals!"

What a maze of lawsuits, bitter charges and stout denials! Where does love—even under an African moon—come in?

* * *

EVERYONE in town is taking a look at the ring Clara Bow gave her current boy friend, Rex Bell! *My dear!*

It's platinum, with five diamonds that grade up to one of two and a half carats. In the band is engraved a heart, and in the center of the heart, the word "It." Also, "To darling Rex from Clara."

* * *

William Powell opines he is going on a long cruise in Mexican waters between his last picture for Paramount and his first for Warners—if he can get "the right girl" to cruise along with him!

That means Carole Lombard, the Paramount leading woman. And Bill's very frank about saying he wants her to marry him. No statement from the lady yet, but it looks like the real thing. She calls him "Junior"—he calls her "Baby."

And the love-birds of Hollywood go "tweet-tweet!"

* * *

CONSTANTLY seen together—

Gloria Swanson—dividing her time between scenarist Gene Markey and composer George Gershwin.

The Marquis de la (Hank) Falaise and Connie Bennett. This seems to be a very genuine article.

Marguerite Churchill and Eddie Grainger, son of Vice President James R. Grainger of Fox and himself a supervisor on that lot. Eddie was attracted by pictures of her he saw in the publicity department. He met the lady.

P. S. He's building a new home in Beverly Hills.

Marriage *a la* film colony. "I saw you wink at that extra, you brute, you!"

Junior Laemmle of Universal and Sidney Fox, the girl his company just brought from Broadway. She's just four feet, ten—vivacious, brunette and very young.

* * *

Oh yes, and Jean Harlow of the platinum locks is being squired about by Paul Bern, supervisor and director.

Jean's just got her divorce from Charles F. McGrew, II, Chicago broker. She married him in 1927, when she was sixteen. She rates a house in Beverly, a car and the income from a $200,000 trust fund.

* * *

Here's true love!

Norman Foster has been toiling at Paramount's Hollywood studio while his pretty wife, Claudette Colbert, has labored at the Long Island plant. Not long ago both the young folks had a little time off. So they boarded trains and spent a few happy days together—in Chicago.

* * *

SPEAKING of love and its consequences—

Kathlyn Williams, once the greatest of serial film stars, has divorced her long-time husband, Charles Eyton, in Reno. Still friends, both say. . . . Alice Day, who is Mrs. Jack Cohn, expects in April. . . . Lew Ayres and Lola Lane still going together, though Joan Bennett has been noted with Lew now and again. Incidentally, Joan and John Considine, executive, aren't the Best Pals any more. Considine and his former fiancée, Carmen Pantages, are reported Best Pals again. Lackaday! . . . Hollywood is shocked at the separation of Director George Hill and his scenario-writing wife, Frances Marion—the team that wrote and directed "The Big House."

* * *

When Doug left Mary to go on his trip to the Orient, the usual divorce denials came from both parties. One thing is sure, they are not playing the ideal married couple gag any longer. It must have been quite tiresome to both.

* * *

John Wayne, engaged to a dark-haired South American beauty, seems to like blonde Virginia Cherrill, too.

* * *

And Garbo still hasn't a steady!

Have you met *Butch's* Missus? Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mrs. Wallace Beery, accompanied by her large and talented husband, as they looked at the Hollywood opening of "Trader Horn." Wally acted as master of ceremonies to thunderous applause. Beery's first wife, you recall, was Gloria Swanson

Girl novelist turns actress! Carman Barnes, who wrote a novel called "Schoolgirl" when she was fifteen, is now playing in one of her own stories at the Paramount Studios

Cal York's Monthly Hollywood

WELL, did Edna know Best?

Something new in the history of Hollywood has happened. A leading lady walked off the set of a big picture—because she was homesick and afraid she wouldn't make good!

They were ready to shoot the first scenes of "Cheri-Bibi," Jack Gilbert's new picture, at Metro. But no leading lady! Edna Best, one of the most famous young leading women of the English stage, and ready for the rôle, had departed—leaving no message.

The troupe was flabbergasted.

Suddenly a wire, dated Needles, Ariz., was handed to director John Robertson.

It read—

"I am on my way back to London. I am awfully homesick, and besides, I am just afraid I wouldn't be good in the picture."

An inferiority complex, said officials. Edna sped Eastward. And Leila Hyams stepped into the rôle.

HOLLYWOOD'S happy to see Tommy Meighan again, after a couple of years in retirement.

For Thomas has come back to pictures. He'll make his reappearance in "Young Sinners," in which Dorothy Jordan will play the leading rôle.

Meighan has been living happily on his Florida estate, but the camera called too loudly.

"After all, a fellow can play just so much golf and tennis and spend so much time managing his belongings," Tommy told me on his way to Hollywood. "Then a man's got to do something, or simply blow up."

So Thomas Meighan, a favorite of ours for many years, is coming back to us! He was like the old fire horse—he heard the bell again, and off to Hollywood he rushed. Another case of once a trouper, always a trouper.

DORIS KENYON agreed to make one picture for First National but before it was completed they had signed her for the lead in the next Arliss picture in the part of *Lady Hamilton*, and following that she will have the lead with Walter Huston. This will take her right up to the time of her departure for Europe in May. She was offered a long term contract but insisted on the European trip for study.

JUST as we go to press we learn that, on the advice of a Hollywood soothsayer, Marian Marsh's older sister, Jeanne Morgan, has changed her name to Gene Fenwick. Within three days she landed a good job with First National.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest Cinderella is Carman Dee Barnes, eighteen-year old writer who ground out a story called "Schoolgirl" when she was fifteen.

Last fall she went west for Paramount to write. Now she's to play the leading rôle in a story written by herself.

She's reported to have said that she is a little shy of pictures because she has to write down to her audiences!

This, from a kid writer of frenzied flapper fiction.

Are we allowed a small chuckle, or a modest guffaw? Sure!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, Paramount's latest stage recruit, now playing opposite Clive Brook in "New York Lady" at the Long

The makers of four winners of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal have lunch on the Fox lot with Director Frank Lloyd. They've all been working at Fox. Left to right—Lloyd; Henry King, director of the silent "Tol'able David," John Ford, of "Four Sons," and Frank Borzage, who made "Humoresque" and "7th Heaven"

Well, here's Tallulah Bankhead telling the movie world she hopes we like her first talkie, "New York Lady." She's home again after eight big years on the stage in London

Announcing—

Broadcast of

Goings-On!

Island Studio, had been pretty much wrought up over her first talking picture.

The executives had an attack of nerves also. They'd been watching Tallulah pretty closely to see how she was making out.

In the midst of a particularly trying morning Mr. Zukor himself walked on the set and proceeded to watch. This was too much for Tallulah. She screamed at Mr. Zukor to leave and with a thousand apologies the president of the company walked meekly out.

HAROLD LLOYD had his first look at Harold Lloyd Junior through Junior's glass incubator wall.

"He's got a turned-up nose," was Lloyd's first comment.

Gone Hollywood early!

At this writing, Harold, Jr., seems to be doing right well.

The youngster gains a few ounces right along. He weighed less than three pounds when he was born, having made his bow to the world about two months before he was expected.

LOS ANGELES newspaper printed the following advertisement recently:

"Young lady, 30, thoroughly experienced, offers $100 bonus to anyone securing her position as secretary to movie star."

Evidently a lot of them think Daisy De Voe had a great time!

NORMA SHEARER, actress, doesn't talk about her new son, Irving Thalberg, Jr.

That's not her idea of publicity.

But Norma Shearer, mother, can't help it. She's that fond and proud of the baby.

"He weighs sixteen pounds now," says Norma. "Yes—his nose is exactly like mine, turned up at the end. And it seems to me he's a born comedian!"

And when you see Norma, you'll realize what motherhood's done for her. In "Strangers May Kiss" you'll find her more beautiful than ever—if that's possible!

FIFI DORSAY has been spanked and sent to bed without her caviar and truffles.

Fox was plenty sore about the stunt Fifi's personal press agent put over. You remember she was reported involuntarily shanghaied on a liner bound for the Canal Zone.

This cunning little thought caused Fox, put in bad with the press, to take Fifi's name off all advertising copy for "Mr. Lemon of Orange," and to keep her idle for a while as punishment. And the Associated Press declared it might never, NEVER carry her name on its wires again!

TRAGEDY follows Mary Nolan. It seems as if that girl just can't get a break or won't take 'em when they come. A little over a year ago she was considered one of the biggest embryonic stars on the film horizon. She had all the stuff of which stars are made—beauty, emotion, glamour, acting ability and a certain basic mystery. But what has happened to her now?

After five months of illness she was slated to begin "The Up and Up" for Universal. The picture has been postponed for a few more weeks. And, although she's drawn a good salary the girl is pretty near broke—financially. Her illnesses have, of course,

Tune in, folks, on Cal York's

taken much of her money but besides this she lives extravagantly.

She has not learned to deny herself anything that she really wants.

Unable to manage herself, she is invariably the victim of bad management from others.

THEN there's the Hollywood man-about-town who remarked after seeing Edwina Booth in her native costume in "Trader Horn": "I can't blame the tsetse fly for *wanting* to bite her."

GARBO is still Hollywood's champeen walker.

Not long ago she hiked, alone, around the edge of Arrowhead Lake—some forty miles.

Then Gene Markey, scenarist and Ina Claire's ex-beau, accepted a lunch-hour bid to walk with the Swedish star. She took him 250 times around a big sound stage at a fast clip.

Gene broke down and had to go home. But Greta just took a drink of water and went back to work on the set!

HOLLYWOOD:

The other day, a cinema trade paper reporter was shooed off the Universal set whereon Jean Harlow, the super-heated "hell's angel" was working.

He wanted to know why.

"Miss Harlow is insufficiently clad," he was told, "to permit visitors on the set."

But:

The "insufficiently clad" outfit was the very dress in which she was being shot for the picture!

P. S.—Production was held up two days during the shooting. Miss Harlow had a cold in her chest.

OUR Dietrich-Garbo story intimating that Marlene should not be called a Garbo copy-cat and should be given a great big hand on her own beauty and personality, stirred up a storm of mail.

The writers, almost to a man and maid, agreed—even though they were avowed Garbo partisans.

"Live and let live," was the motto. Hollywood's big enough to hold two glamorous gals from overseas.

Incidentally, when Dietrich gets settled in America again after her European vacation, she may ask to work at the Long Island Paramount Studio. Marlene's no lover of Hollywood. She once told reporters in Chicago that the sunshine of Hollywood is too powerful and consistent—in her own words, "It burns your brains out!"

This would probably mean that Joe Von Sternberg, her director, would go East to work with her. And Greta 3,000 miles away. That's 2,980 miles farther than Sheridan was from the Battle of Winchester!

THE whole film world was saddened by the death of Louis Wolheim.

The brilliant character leading man passed away as the result of his efforts to fit himself for the rôle of the managing editor in the famous newspaper comedy, "The Front Page," now being made by Howard Hughes. The part had always been played by a slender man, and Wolheim reduced from 190 to 160 pounds in three weeks. Weakened by self-denial, he became ill and died after an operation. We shall miss Wolheim—one of the finest actors of the American stage and screen.

JOHN GILBERT, John Loder and Johnny Farrow, scenario writer, were lying on the sands at Malibu Beach. A girl whom Farrow knew came along. Farrow introduced her.

"I know this is John Loder, all right, but this other man is not John Gilbert."

"Why?" asked Mr. Gilbert.

"I just know it."

"Is it because I shaved my moustache? I had to do that for a picture."

"No." The young lady hesitated.

John persisted.

"Well—I know because even your voice doesn't sound like John Gilbert."

John turned toward his companions with a wry grin. "That's the way M-G-M seems to feel about it."

A HOLLYWOOD extra girl, says *Variety*, was suing a director for a Rolls-Royce he promised her.

But the director filed a counter-suit.

So she settled for an Austin.

IS the "star system," with its big money and its race for names, going to flourish in Hollywood as never before?

Now that the Warner raid on the Paramount star stockade is history, news of the salaries the boys and girls are said to be slated for is startling.

Ruth Chatterton's Warner contract, which goes into effect next October, is said to call for something like $20,000 a week, though written on a so-much-per-picture basis. Bill Powell's gilt-edged document is said to be for $175,000 a picture.

But Kay Francis really got the most astonishing raise.

From the $750 a week she was reported getting at Paramount, she is said to be promised $2,750 a week on the Warner lot, with stardom specified the second year.

Look! It's *Skippy!* Needing a youngster to play the great little hero of Percy Crosby's comic strip, Paramount raided "Our Gang" and came away with Jackie Cooper

Well, does the gentleman at the right look like the gentleman in the frame? Universal spent weeks finding the man to double for President Hoover in a sequence of "Fires of Youth." They picked Tom Jensen, a Los Angeles cop. And after all that, we hear, Tom's now just a face on the cutting room floor

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

In addition, Rowland V. Lee, formerly Paramount, has been signed to direct for Warners at $3,150 a week. And Edward G. Robinson, after his sensational hit in "Little Caesar," has a contract which, it is said, will bring him $100,000 by next October.

All of which is what is now known as important money, and certainly a hard nudge to the merry old overhead.

EVER since Warner Bros. signed up a flock of Paramount stars, Hollywood has been all a-gag about it.

Gag No. 1—Visitor to Warner lot sees new building being erected. Asks "What's that?" "Oh," replies guide, "that's the Paramount dressing-rooms."

Gag No. 2—Paramount called off the vacation Ruth Chatterton was to have had and announced it will make three Chatterton pictures before her contract is up in October when she goes to Warners. "Nothing like a Warner contract to speed up Paramount production," grins a gagster.

Gag No. 3—They say Warners are trying to sign up Leo, the M-G-M lion.

AT a recent tea party Yvonne Vallée, wife of Chevalier, and Betty Bronson, of "Peter Pan" fame, got into a friendly argument. Both being tiny girls, they disputed over who was the taller.

At last they stood back to back and Maurice did the measuring.

"Exactly the same height," said Chevalier, "but I think I'll keep the one I have!"

WE were all saddened when we heard that Mary Carr—"Mother" Mary—had been forced to go into bankruptcy.

Things have broken badly with her for a long time. Her husband, W. C. Carr, is a semi-invalid, and most of her six children are dependent on her for support.

And there hasn't been much work lately for the grand old lady of pictures, who has been in the studios since 1909. Creditors pressed for payment.

So Mary Carr took the only possible way out.

She filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing her liabilities at over $12,000—and her assets at $165.

Remember "Over the Hill"?

DAISY DEVOE sits in a cell in the Los Angeles County jail, no doubt meditating on the perils of being secretary to a movie star.

Clara Bow's ex-helper, companion and playmate must report to a probation officer for three years and a half after her eighteen-month jail sentence runs out.

So the famous case of Bow-De Voe-dough is closed.

Clara making "Kick In," the Willard Mack play, into a talkie. Daisy in the jailhouse, and the public fed right up to the chin with the whole business.

DID you know that Director W. S. Van Dyke, who just gave us "Trader Horn," was once a messenger boy for D. W. Griffith?

WELL, nothing like it had ever been seen by the citizens of Los Angeles before. I mean the first showing of Chaplin's "City Lights."

Women's evening gowns were torn. For hours the mob surged back and forth, apparently unafraid of policemen's clubs, which were freely used.

At last the comedian arrived. He was accompanied by Professor and Mrs. Einstein and Professor and Mrs. Millikan and Georgia Hale. What Einstein thought about it could only be told by use of the fourth dimension.

Chaplin, who was literally mobbed, was ever smiling, ever gracious, even while the buttons were being pulled off his coat. He might have been torn to bits if the police had not completely surrounded him.

FOX hired George and Ira Gershwin, composer and lyric writer of a score of musical comedy hits, to go to Hollywood [illegible] picture.

Guy Bolton, veteran librettist, was to do the story.

The Gershwins' fee was to be $100,000 for the ten-week job.

When the term was up, George had written one tune. Ira had written forty-two words, by his own count.

And the picture? Well, nothing has been heard of it lately.

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S contract for two pictures with Warner Bros. stipulates a six-hour working day for six days a week. La Bennett does not report for work until ten A. M., takes one hour for lunch and leaves at five. George Arliss is the only other star with such a "Unionized" arrangement.

They gave it to him because of his *advanced* [illegible].

We suspect temperament might be the cause of Miss Bennett's, judging from the experiences M-G-M had with her while she was making "The Easiest Way." She refused to take the time for publicity pictures. She left the publicity department without enough stills to properly advertise the production.

There was to be a half-day of retakes. The publicity men asked her to report at the studio

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]

Rin-Tin-Tin receives a charming caller as he gets his daily workout. Evalyn Knapp, of First National, visits the famous dog star at his home. Rinty is put into this huge squirrel cage every day, and he runs about fifty miles in it before he gets his supper. Rinty is not worried about his hips

Is this Mr. George Arliss with a Dutch bob? Or is it just little Mitzi Green, one of the cleverest of child mimics, giving us her impression of the famous character star?

Swindle Swindle

Little Star

One of America's most popular authors takes us behind the scenes of movie love and finance

By Charles Francis Coe

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

BECAUSE he could sell the services of other actors better than he could his own, Danny Grindle forsook the high iron gates of the studios and became an agent. To his dearest friend, Tommy Raridan, he confided his purposes.

"A fellow could spend his life standing outside these gates, Tommy," he explained despondently, "and never know where his next meal would come from. When I do manage to get into a casting director's office, I can tell him more about the other fellow's acting that I can my own. I think I am a better salesman than actor. I'm going to be an agent."

Tommy, from the depths of his own discouragement, answered, "I guess that's true enough, Danny. In my case it's different. I couldn't sell the Presidency to a Democrat. Maybe I'm a rotten actor, too, but I've got to depend on that for my living. However," he shrugged with the optimism characteristic of his kind, "maybe I'll get a break."

"That's what I was thinking," Danny said. "There's at least a dozen fellows and girls around this extra gate who would make good if they got a chance. I'm going out and sign each one of them up. Then I'll make it my business to sell them to the studios. I thought maybe you'd sign up with me first, Tommy."

"Sure, I will," Tommy agreed instantly. "If you get to be an agent, I'll be your first actor. I don't guarantee you'll make much of a living out of me, though," he smiled.

"You can't tell about that. Stars are made overnight," Danny pointed out. "I thought I'd ask Jean to sign up too."

"I guess she would all right," Tommy returned.

"It'd be pretty swell," Danny pondered hopefully, "if I could sell you both, wouldn't it? You're the nicest kids I've ever met in Hollywood. It'd be grand to have you both stars . . . and married."

"It's pretty swell of Jean to wait while I hang around extra gates," Tommy returned. "Stardom don't mean anything to her where love is concerned, Danny."

Three days later in the mystic machinations of Hollywood's commerce, Danny Grindle was an agent and as such represented five virtually unknown motion picture performers.

Anything can happen in Hollywood. In this particular case something did. On the second day of his efforts, Danny man-

Tommy couldn't understand why the director gave him all the breaks, photographing him full face while only the star's back showed in scene after scene

aged to display Tommy Raridan's screen test to a producer. The lad's work seemed to fit into the requirements of a part then open, and Danny signed the boy at the flat price of one hundred dollars weekly for the course of the picture.

"You can't tell what will come of this," Danny pointed out repeatedly. "You're sure to click in that bit, Tommy, and it may lead to a long term contract."

The three devoutly hoped so, and Tommy worked with that thought in mind. The inevitable resulted. He was submitted a contract for five years, starting at seventy-five dollars per week and increasing every six months at the rate of fifty dollars per week, provided, of course, that his work warranted the studio in exercising these semi-annual options. In high glee Danny, as Tommy's agent, signed this contract and the lad went to work.

"Only six months, sweetheart," Tommy told Jean when the contracts had been executed. "We can live pretty comfortably on one hundred twenty-five a week."

Danny's success with Tommy got him contracts for many others, though he did not place Jean.

"You don't need to worry about that, honey," Tommy told her repeatedly. "Just as soon as I get up there in the big money you can give up this acting."

Midway through the second option period of the contract, a well-known Broadway star was imported at terrific cost to the studio. Shortly after the arrival of this renowned actor, Tommy was called into the producer's office. It was made clear to him that he was to play a substantial part in the picture the Broadway star was to make.

"It's a great chance for you," the producer pointed out. "Watch this star closely, Tommy. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

☆ *A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—Fox*

MIX Will Rogers and Mark Twain and you've got laugh-medicine that'll cure anything from the megrims to depression-woe. This 1931 talkie of Twain's grand old story is better and funnier than was that fine silent "Yankee" that Harry Myers starred in some years ago. Liberties have been taken with the book, but even Twain wouldn't kick.

For instance, when *King Arthur's* mail-clad knights come charging to frays in bantam autos. Armed with machine guns instead of lances, it's a swell gag. And there are plenty others. As the *Yankee*, Will Rogers—Indian-blooded Oklahoman though he be—is a natural. His tongue fits Twain's words perfectly. William Farnum and sinuous Myrna Loy are excellent. Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan supply the love interest.

☆ *PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH—M-G-M*

ONE of the stage's good old dependable farces breaks out on the screen, and is it a howl!

The dolorous-visaged Mister Keaton, and the ultra-leggy Charlotte Greenwood, racing for comedy honors, cross the finish line, neck and neck. And neck and neck and neck and neck . . . ! And until you've seen giraffy Charlotte and half-pint Buster neck, you haven't seen necking.

Of course, you all know the story—about the goofy sign-tacker who, for adequate house-party reasons, is converted into a synthetic Lothario, and takes it so seriously that no woman is safe. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing.

They've handed him a fine supporting cast, with Reginald Denny, Dorothy Christy, Sally Eilers, Natalie Moorhead and Cliff Edwards all going big.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *KIKI—United Artists*

"OUR MARY" PICKFORD'S back at the top o' the heap! After "Kiki," she can sit back and politely make faces at the wise ones who bawled: "She's *through!*" "Kiki" knocks all her critics for a row of rimless zeroes and reestablishes Mary as the peer of any screen actress.

You'll thrill tremendously at the metamorphosis of "America's Sweetheart." Here's no sugary, sick-sweet Pickford; here's a little rascal as much like the Mary of old as tabasco's like syrup. Mary's gone *hot!*—and saucily sophisticated. She prances in underthings, somersaults furiously in pajamas, gets bounced from a doorway. She lets herself be utterly ludicrous. You'll laugh at the queen—but how you'll love her! *Why* has Mary been hiding all this fire?

The picture itself? Marvellously cast, splendidly produced, directed with a keen sense of values, as fast-funny a farce as has been filmed. Reginald Denny has never done a finer piece of comedy work; it's his tough luck that, in your excitement over Mary's revivification, you lose some perspective on the brilliance of his work.

"Kiki" is a warmly seasoned dish. Situations and lines are often a bit naughty. But such is the artistry of this production that you can safely take the kids. And you'll have a few private laughs of your own.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

KIKI — EAST LYNNE
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH
LONELY WIVES — MOTHER'S MILLIONS

The Best Performances of the Month

Mary Pickford in "Kiki"
Reginald Denny in "Kiki"
Ann Harding in "East Lynne"
Clive Brook in "East Lynne"
Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee"
Buster Keaton in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"
Charlotte Greenwood in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"
Edward Everett Horton in "Lonely Wives"
May Robson in "Mother's Millions"
Skeets Gallagher in "It Pays to Advertise"
Jeanette MacDonald in "Don't Bet on Women"
Nancy Carroll in "Stolen Heaven"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 144

☆ *LONELY WIVES—Pathe*

FOR sheer, side-splitting farce, this is the best thing we have seen in a blue moon. Edward Everett Horton plays a dual rôle and does it so well we are wondering how he has kept his light under a bushel. The three girls involved are Esther Ralston, Laura La Plante and Patsy Ruth Miller, the last named being the dangerously attractive secretary, while the other two are wives . . . but *not* entirely lonely.

The story revolves around a *Mr. Smith*, who attends strictly to business during the day and becomes absolutely irresponsible when work is over. Even his shrewd mother-in-law cannot keep him out of mischief.

You must see it to have any idea of how many laughs you can crowd into fifty minutes.

☆ *EAST LYNNE—Fox*

A RARELY beautiful and artistic production. Even though this melodrama antedates grandmother's theater days, it now comes to us in its very finest form. Our ideas of tragedy have changed, and the same situations must be handled with finer discrimination to move us now.

The picture retains all of the heart-breaking details of the original tragedy—the wife cast out by her stern husband, wandering over the world, denied the sight of her own child, finally coming home to die, but it is unbelievably touching, with a war sequence for a modern background.

Gorgeous sets, exquisite photography, almost flawless direction by Frank Lloyd, make this an outstanding picture.

Ann Harding, the star, runs the entire gamut of emotions, with as fine shading and restraint as has ever been seen on the screen, and (curls and all) she is captivatingly beautiful.

Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook, the men, are continuously interesting in unsympathetic rôles. Brook's pantomime is marvelous. Beryl Mercer brings a tightening of the throat in a small bit. "Cissy" Loftus and others do excellent work.

It took some courage to make a talking version of this old drammer. Fox has succeeded nobly. Plus the beauty of Ann Harding, the whole thing is a beautiful job.

No true devotee of pictures can afford to pass this by.

☆ *MOTHER'S MILLIONS—Liberty Productions*

HARRIET BREEN, the wealthiest woman in the world, saved not only her pennies for old age but a fine sense of humor and heart full of compassion, according to this delightfully entertaining story. This reviewer formerly lived in the same block as Hettie Green, on whose life the talkie is founded, and can truthfully report that May Robson at least looks exactly like her until the final dress-up sequence. Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting are ingredients which make this a fine family picture

Although presented like a stage play, the movie does not lose in this instance. James Hall, Lawrence Gray, Frances Dade and Edmund Breese give excellent performances, but Leah Winslow as the maid is the runner-up for honors with the veteran stage actress May Robson in her first big talkie.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

JUNE MOON —Paramount

AS the dumb oaf from the electric works, who thinks he's a song writer, Jackie Oakie is a swell excuse for a lot of laughs. Most of the wisecracking lines in this are by Ring Lardner, excellently sustaining the current allegation that he's an ace humorist. A fine supporting cast helps Oakie put this over, with Harry Akst almost stealing the show. You're going to like this one.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN— Fox

HERE'S another of the modern crop of spicy, naughty affairs wherein husbands, wives and lovers are first scrambled, then unscrambled for the nice ending. It's good adult pastime, but unless the children are precocious, they won't be highly entertained. Roland Young's comedy is nice, and Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel play their rôles effectively and make the most of the smart dialogue.

KEPT HUSBANDS— Radio Pictures

THE title gives the story away but it is fun watching Dorothy Mackaill trying to make a tea hound out of Joel McCrea. They make an attractive pair. Clara Kimball Young's return is not as auspicious as it might be, as the part is disagreeable, but she's still beautiful. Mary Carr, Bryant Washburn, Robert McWade and others complete a capable cast. Lively entertainment.

3 GIRLS LOST— Fox

THREE little girls come to the city as little girls so often do. One is a good girl, one is a bad girl and you're not quite sure about the other—maybe she's Goldilocks. Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton aren't given much of a story break in this one. Lew Cody does a swell job as a racketeer but John Wayne isn't so hot. Maybe it's not his kind of rôle.

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS— Radio Pictures

THE story of a carefree youth who rises to industrial importance through the help of an efficient secretary and almost loses his romance. Robert Ames is the irresistible young man and Mary Astor the ever-helpful secretary. He's also interested in Catherine Dale Owen and Edna Murphy—in the story. The picture tells an interesting tale—and Mary Astor does fine work.

FIRES OF YOUTH— Universal

REMEMBER Jack Gilbert and Jeanne Eagels in the silent version of this, called "Man, Woman and Sin"? Now Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through the well-worn plot and the going isn't so good. Ayres must have better parts. Certainly Lew isn't the sad cub reporter of this, but Genevieve Tobin makes up for everything. She's grand. The dialogue is poor.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—
Paramount

"THIRTEEN Soap, Unlucky for Dirt," is the advertising slogan motivating this hilarious comedy. "Unlucky for gloom" should be the slogan for the picture. It's the old stage play in new, movie-designed clothes. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster (husband of Claudette Colbert) and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. The keynote of the picture is speed—and then more speed!

AMONG THE MARRIED—
M-G-M

ANOTHER of those things called "sophisticated" about how husbands and wives carry on in country club sets. All ends happily and reasonably honorably after various liaisons are effected or attempted. Adolphe Menjou plays himself excellently as usual. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams are—this is high praise—a young couple very much like any young couple. Not for the kiddies.

BODY AND SOUL—
Fox

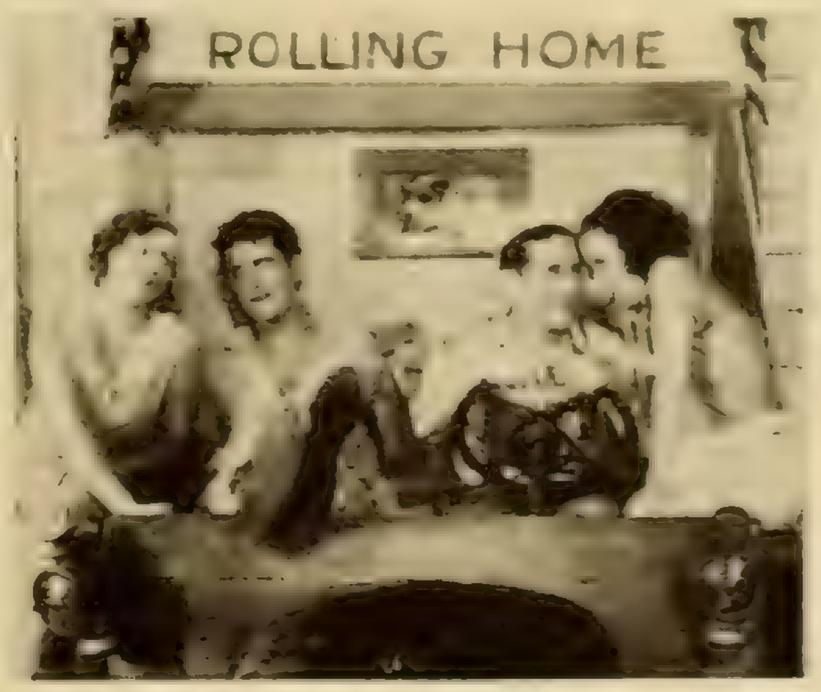
LOOKEE, there are airplanes, spies, mistaken identity and all the things that make movie plots what they are! Also there's Charlie Farrell doing very nicely, thanks, in a uniform and a good part. Elissa Landi, from the stage, takes her first movie bow. She can take a lot more, too. She has the beauty and talent that should spell success. And is that Myrna Loy a mean one? You'll say so. See this.

STOLEN HEAVEN—
Paramount

NANCY CARROLL and Phillips Holmes do some very touching romantic acting—but something went wrong with the story of two young folks who try to steal a little paradise on twenty thousand stolen dollars. It's slow, unreal and even a little silly in spots. They have their brief fling in Florida, but Phil is finally marched off to the jail-house—with a hint that he'll get mercy because he and Nancy love each other.

FINN AND HATTIE—
Paramount

MITZI GREEN and Jackie Searl just about have their own way in this, though ZaSu Pitts and Leon Errol, Lilyan Tashman and Regis Toomey are present and accounted for. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock* have little fun out of their trip abroad, how can they, with a fiendish nephew and little daughter along. The picture is one long howl, and can safely be put on your *must* list.



CHILDREN OF DREAMS—
Warners

ANOTHER reason why the box-office turned thumbs down on musicals. Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, II, are responsible for the tale, which has fruit-pickers (accompanied by an orchestra) singing through orchards, and a hero tenor warbling to the girl friend "And Every Morning at Seven A. M. We'll Climb a Tree." The cast works hard.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 133]

Bebe *and* Ben *and* Their Little

IT'S a tough life—living at the beach ten miles out of Hollywood. Bebe and Ben, getting their day's supply of actinic rays before starting the day's work. Then, "The car, James," and off to the jute mill to earn their daily cake

25-Room Hovel *at* Santa Monica

Bebe's own boudoir. What's that man doing there? Here is one couple that Hollywood doesn't gossip about. One reason is that they're never seen out in public except in each other's company

Two hops and a jump and the Lyon family are in the Pacific surf. Note the high, palm-crested cliffs behind the house, and observe the manner in which the servants' quarters are separated from the main house

The rooms most lived in at the Daniels-Lyon house face right on the beach. Last night they probably were battling at contract bridge on the table that now serves to hold the friendly grapefruit and coffee

Money Is No Joke

Will Rogers makes a million a year but he won't joke about five cents

By Harry Lang

HA, ha, ha, ha, hah . . . !—funny, isn't he, this Will Rogers fellow?

Gets up and wisecracks about anything at all, he does. Congress, international affairs, football, national crises, aviation, Hoover, religion—they're all screamingly funny when Will says willrogersy things about them on the screen, or the stage, or in his newspaper articles.

Yeah, he's funny there. But say, have you ever seen him in a business office? Have you ever heard him driving a business bargain? No?—well, quite a few people have. They're the people who did business with him. And to them, Will Rogers is just about as funny as a steam roller—and quite a bit more effective.

To them, the funniest thing about Will Rogers is how unfunny he is when it comes to dollars.

And just because it's tremendously interesting to see the other side of Ha-Ha Rogers, the Oklahoma cowboy who's made himself a millionaire several times over by kidding everything, this will be the story of Mr. William P. Rogers, wholesale and retail dealer in new and shopworn jokes, with an annual business turnover of better than a million dollars . . . !

JUST for contrast, let's go back to 1905. There was a young fellow with a partner and a trick horse in a vaudeville act at Hammerstein's Roof in New York, then. He was getting $150 a week for the whole act. One day he asked Hammerstein for a $10 raise

"Ten a week more or we quit," was the general idea.

He got the dollars.

Well, that was Will Rogers, and he's been getting the dollars ever since. But not in tens. In tens of thousands, instead.

Look, for contrast, at what happened last year. Rogers, you know, chews gum all the time. Certain chewing-gum makers thought that an endorsement of their brand by Rogers would boost sales. So they asked Rogers to endorse.

"What do I get f'r it?" Rogers wanted to know, not very much interested in the general idea.

"What do you want?" they asked him.

"Aw—about thirty thousand," he said!—$30,000 he demanded just for saying that yes, he liked their chewing-gum.

And they paid it!

And that's just the beginning—just a drop in the bucket of the enormous income that Rogers has amassed. Let's go:

Chief source of his river of gold, of course, is his movie work. Just a couple of months ago, Will Rogers signed his new contract with Fox—one of the fattest, juiciest contracts any picture star has ever held.

It pays him, the Fox people report, $900,000 a year for a two-year minimum, with options up to five years hung on!

Now, no movie outfit is going to pay any one person $18,000 a week unless they've *got* to. And it was Will Rogers, the funny, bashful feller, who made them do it. The new salary is a huge increase over the old contract, but when Rogers signed the old one, he hadn't been a success in pictures. In the silents, the few pictures he made were flops. His sort of comedy is the audible kind; not pantomime. So when Fox signed him originally, they were taking a chance.

IT so happened, then, that Rogers made good with the mike. He became big box-office, and knew it. And so, when new-contract time came around, they discovered that they'd been dealing not with Will Rogers, comedian, but with Wm. P. Rogers, business man.

They began to understand why Rogers had declined, at the outset of his talkie career, to sign a long-term contract. At that time, he said: "Well, let's not make it a long contract; let's wait an' see how I get across." Maybe the executives thought he was being kind to them—leaving them a way out in case he flopped. But on the other hand, it now became more evident that he was leaving things open for himself to a spot where he could demand plenty and get it, in the event of success.

And so it turned out. For his new contract, Rogers asked plenty. The Fox people wept and wailed and gnashed their teeth. "Take it or leave it," was Rogers' general attitude, although he was willing to dicker. They dickered. And when it was all over, Rogers came out grinning, and the Fox people, asked what the new figures were, grumped:

"Oh, just a slight increase. You know Rogers . . .!"

Well, the "slight increase" now is revealed as giving the comedian the nearly-a-million-a-year salary—one of the biggest starring contracts on record.

And not the least interesting part of the contract is one significant clause. That clause specifies, in black and white, that Will shall not be required to submit to publicity interviews.

Why?

Because he might inadvertently, during an interview, give away one of his jokes. And, it is specified, he is not to be asked to give away that which he sells—jokes!

THIS leads up to the entertaining revelation that Rogers uses each of his jokes a half dozen times.. He guards each new wisecrack that he originates—or finds—like the City National Bank guards its vaults. He takes it and mulls it over and coddles it and twists it about. And before he's done, each joke has become sextuplets. And he uses it six different ways—a couple of times in his writings, a couple of times in his talks, and a couple of times wherever else he can get paid for it. You're never sure, when you're paying to read or hear Will Rogers, that you're not getting a second-hand gag—or a third or fourth or fifth or sixth-hand, maybe.

His writings are the second main source of his income. It's hard to set any exact figure on what [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

"Hello Mary"

Doug phones the Missus from a Pacific liner 7,000 miles away

By Edwin Morton

OPERATOR—Miss Pickhorn? Mr. Fairshanks calling.

MARY—Oh dear, I thought he was on a ship somewhere!

OPERATOR—He is, Modom. Here's your party. Hold the line, pulleez!

TELEPHONE—Ork! Ork!

DOUG—Hello, Hipper!

MARY—Hello, Tiller!

DOUG—How are you?

MARY—Oh, I'm just fine. How are you?

DOUG—I'm fine.

MARY—Well, what's new with you?

DOUG—Not a thing. Just sailing along.

MARY—Pass any boats lately?

DOUG—Well, not *very* lately. Vic, when did we pass that boat? Victor Fleming says we passed it yesterday morning, but I thought it was Tuesday.

MARY—Was it a big boat?

DOUG—Well, not very big. I think it was a sampan. Was it a sampan we passed, Vic? Vic says it was a catamaran. I thought it was a sampan. Anyhow, I jumped over it a couple of times.

MARY—Are you jumping all right now, dear?

DOUG—I'm jumping simply bully. Haven't jumped so well in years. You should have seen me go over the captain's table at lunch today. Never touched a dish.

MARY—I suppose you'll do a lot of jumping in the Orient.

DOUG—I should say so. I plan to jump from Korea to Manchuria. Of course, poor old Vic will take a train. Well, a train or a junk. What are you up to, dear?

MARY—Oh, I'm just nipping around. You know, gadding here and there. I've seen a few nice shows. Have you heard "I Got Rhythm?"

DOUG—How would I hear it? Sing it, baby.

(Mary sings two verses and a chorus of "I Got Rhythm" into the phone.)

DOUG—Ha-cha-cha! That's great!

OPERATOR—Ten minits, please.

DOUG—Get off the wire, Pet! Or line, rather. There isn't any wire, eh Mary? Ha, ha! I guess there isn't any line, either. Well, get off the air. Ha, ha! How's my picture going?

MARY—Oh, fine.

DOUG—That's fine.

MARY—This line is certainly clear, isn't it?

DOUG—I'll say it's clear. Why, you might be right in the next room.

MARY—Oh this science, eh Doug?

DOUG—You said it. Why, I'll bet this is probably the longest ship to shore telephone call ever made! Why, it might get into the newspapers!

MARY—Oh, I'd hate that! After all, our private lives are our private lives, it seems to me.

DOUG — You're absolutely dead right, Mary. How's the weather in New Yorl.?

MARY — Oh, coldish and a little snowish. It was a bit foggish last night, but then it turned chillish. How's the weather out there?

DOUG—Well, warmish. Not a sign of a monsoon. I'd give my eye for a good monsoon right now. Like to see if I could jump over it. Oh well, heigh-ho!

MARY—Did you take plenty of white socks, dear?

DOUG—Yes, dear.

MARY—Underwear holding out?

DOUG—Yes, darling.

MARY—Buttons on all your shirts?

DOUG—Yes, sweet.

MARY—Everything all right?

DOUG—Quite, sugar.

MARY—Well, Doug (yawning) glad you called.

DOUG—So am I. Well, take care of yourself, Mary.

MARY—Be a good boy, Doug.

DOUG—Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

MARY—Don't take any wooden yen.

DOUG—Well, nighty, night, Mary.

MARY—Tootle-oo, Doug.

DOUG—Well—'bye!

MARY—Well—'bye!

OPERATOR—The charge, Modom, is $4,219.40.

MARY—Reverse it, and try and catch the boat with the bill!

$2,000.00 For a Few Days' Thought!

See pages 66 and 67 and read about the grand opportunity to turn your enjoyment and observations of motion pictures into Cash. Then get busy.

Does this look like the most vicious killer in the talkies? *Little Caesar*—pardon us, Edward G. Robinson and his pretty wife, Hollywood-bound. Contrast this with the Robinson below. *Caesar*, loot-laden and gun in hand, awaits the coming of his enemies, the cops

What?

No Guns?

We come to praise, not bury *Little Caesar*—or Edward G. Robinson, now the First Gangster of Filmland

By

Leonard Hall

LITTLE CAESAR walked along Delancey Street, the Broadway of New York's teeming East Side, in the cool of the evening.

About him was a mob of his friends.

He was on no gang raid—merely in search of the Roumanian vittles that charm and excite his Roumanian palate.

And at his heels followed, at a respectful distance, a growing crowd of East Side gamins. You could have hung hoops on their eyeballs. The picture "Little Caesar" was in its third week on Broadway. All these kids had seen it. And now had not *Rico*, their idol, taken flesh to walk among them?

At last one of the kids rallied all his unstrung nerves. He glided up beside the fast-striding *Rico*.

"You're *Little Caesar*, ain't you, mister?" he asked. "Chee—leave me see your rod, will yuh?"

And that's what happened to Eddie Robinson—*Edward* G. Robinson, if you please—since the colossal success of "Little Caesar," the splendid gang picture made by First National from the novel of W. C. Burnett.

In the eyes of New York's thousands, Eddie was *Rico*—not Robinson. The actor squirmed under the barrage of stares. Much as he loves New York, he was more than a little relieved when he mounted the steps of the fast rattler that was to carry him to Hollywood and a fat new contract at the Warner-First National foundries that will bring him $100,000 by next October.

For three years and a half, now, Eddie Robinson—as mild a little man as ever said "please" to a waiter—has been First Gangster of stage and screen.

His career with leer and gun began when "The Racket" was produced in the theater. (It later became a picture with Louie Wolheim in the Robinson rôle.)

Theatergoers who saw Robinson in the part of *Nick Scarsi* in "The Racket" still shiver when they think of it—of his first entrance, one of the most appalling that ever covered a playgoer with gooseflesh.

A silence had fallen on the main room of a Chicago police station. Suddenly the door opened quietly and *Scarsi* appeared. The wide Robinson mouth was a scarlet slit of implacable hate—his little eyes [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Clarence Sinclair Bull

COME on, everybody—return this Girl Scout salute you're getting from a couple of good scouts. It's International Day on the Santa Monica sands. Conchita Montenegro, left, is wearing a gay Algerian beach suit, and at the right Lillian Bond displays a new American gob outfit done patriotically in red, white and blue

Bert Longworth

THEY'RE going to buy this pretty blonde child a pair of roller skates so she can make better time from studio to studio—she's that much in demand! But Warners have a contract! Joan Blondell, twenty-one and a trouper since childhood, scored sensationally in Dorothy Mackaill's "The Office Wife." Now she works all the time!

If Seymour Says It's Good Fashion—It's Good

I Approve 7 Fashions in this One Outfit

— Seymour

You know Carole Lombard. But do you know these 7 fashion points of these clothes of hers?—if you don't you will before the spring is over

1. A two-piece jacket dress that looks for all the world like a suit. But take my word for it, it's a dress—

2. Not only a short jacket but short sleeves. Getting technical—they're three-quarter sleeves.

3. They show the frilly sleeves of the blouse underneath.

4. Only it isn't a blouse. It's a guimpe. Know what that is? It's a false blouse—with only a neck and arms.

5. The dress is wool—a light tweed—a mannish material—but femininely trimmed in sheer ladylike organdie.

6. Shorter sleeves mean longer gloves. Good.

7. Her handbag—thin—flat—like a little envelope—has green trimmings. Fine.

But her hat—not so good, my dear. Its brim is all right—but its crown—too high for now.

And she leans well in fashions, too—against a good looking Sheraton-type table. There's fashion in tables, too.

Get out Your Fashion Adjectives

Get out your adjectives and let 'em start cheering Joan Blondell in this roarin' beach hat.

— Seymour

It sets off her beauty like a great shell found by a mermaid down among the ocean plants.

You'll see lots of these big hats this summer—and probably be wearing one.

Notice her pajamas—(I saw many of these spotted ones at Miami and Palm Beach—and liked 'em.)

They give just the right snap to curves—mighty cute to the eye.

Notice no sleeves—all right with big hats to keep the naughty sun off pretty shoulders.

That's another tip, particularly if your complexion can't get along with actinic rays.

Her shining pearls are in fashion, too. So are her well outlined lips and her lovely eyes—

Swell gal! Swell hat!

Girls will be Girls

Not only will be—But are

—Seymour

It takes a cute thing like you, Sid, to get away with boyish clothes this Spring. The big gals just can't do it.

Sidney Fox—you look girlish in this boyish suit.

Your collar-attached shirt is THE thing to wear with that jersey suit. And the candy-stick tie is a *wow*.

You're all right, Sidney. From the little-boy way of wearing your beret to the tips of your good looking pumps.

Take a tip from Sidney Fox, girls. Dress to your type as she does—then everything will be lovely.

Another kind of girlish fashion is shown by June MacCloy in "Night Life."

A good looking evening dress that has that "mustn't-touch-'cause-I'm-dreadfully-innocent" look.

It's the ruffled, primmish type of dress the girl of the 1880's wore to get her man. White. Blue velvet sash and bow. It couldn't look more girlish.

And—if you like fashion repetition—we'll tell you again that looking girlish is a big fashion trick this Spring.

Hedda's in Fashion

in her hat
also her lips
— Seymour

I give Hedda a hand for her topper—fine straw—a bicorne—with its two points. White-feather trimmed—you'll see more of such frills. And I'll fashion check with Miss Hopper on her make-up, too.

Make-up is more important in fashion right now than ever before. Why? Because hats such as these show not only her face—but all her forehead as well.

Hedda's lovely—also luscioùs, if you please—lips are rouged to a queen's—or rather king's taste. That's a point worth noticing.

Her eyes are made up swell, too. Notice she puts on her make-up in the right way—exactly as you put on a necklace—to fit the color effect she wants. Taste and care—that's the secret of her charm.

Preston Duncan

MITZI GREEN has her lessons to study, like any ten-year-old, but they're not long division and highly improper fractions. You can often find Paramount's wonder-child tucked away in a corner of a sound stage, conning her lines for the day. "You beast!" studies Mitzi out loud, "What—has this woman—been—to you?"

Bredell

IF she isn't First Lady of the Screen, just who is? Ruth Chatterton, poised and lovely as always, as she looks in her latest Paramount picture, "Unfaithful." Ruth has signed a sensational contract with Warners, to take effect when her present agreement expires next fall. Read the why and wherefore across the way

"I Want To Live Happily Ever After"

Says Ruth Chatterton, when asked questions about her new contract

By Ruth Biery

IF you were offered three-quarters of a million dollars for two years' work with the possibility of a million and three-quarters for four years, what would you do?

Oddly enough, Ruth Chatterton took it. And by taking it from one company while she yet had three pictures to make for another, she exploded one of the biggest bombs ever dropped into Hollywood—not excluding those used in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Hell's Angels."

Ruth Chatterton's signing with Warner Bros. in *January*, when she is under contract to Paramount until *October*, has been considered unethical by many. I have personally heard at least a dozen people criticize it in language which left nothing to the imagination.

Why all the excitement?

Because there is supposed to be an agreement among motion picture producers that the company employing a star should have first option on her services when present contract arrangements have expired. That is, according to this mythical arrangement, Warner Bros. had no right to negotiate with Ruth Chatterton until Paramount had finished negotiations with her.

Any such agreement must do away with competitive bidding among producers for contract players! It must definitely keep the salary scale for stars *down* rather than letting the box-office determine the figure. We remember the day when Gloria Swanson was offered twenty thousand a week for her services. That was because her box-office value at that time was so great that the company could afford to pay it. Whether the agreement has existed or not, it is true that salaries have gone down since the days of the Swanson offer.

RUTH CHATTERTON'S box-office receipts? Among the greatest of any cinema star. In three years her pictures have grown in popularity until Warner Bros. signed her for three-quarters of a million dollars, flat, for two years' work and took an option on her for the next two years at a million.

"I've had no battle with Paramount," she told me. "I have none now. They have been marvelous to me. They have given me by courtesy what Warner Bros. give me by contract. All except money. I mean, I have sat in on every story conference—helped produce my own pictures.

"I cannot understand all the excitement of this move! They made me an offer. I turned it down. I took an offer of twice as much. Is there anything wrong in that?

"As for the gamble Paramount took on me?—Of course they took a gamble. A tremendous gamble. And I appreciate it, but appreciation does not make me independent. Money does. At the end of two years more I can really live without working.

"It is true that Paramount signed me when they didn't know whether I would be a loss or an asset to them. I had been out here for months hunting work. I was so broke that I had to borrow money from my manager to live. In fact, I would have returned to Broadway and given up the thought of pictures forever if it had not been for his faith in me.

"I told him I must get work soon. My funds were getting lower and lower. Months passed. 'I will have to go back to Broadway while I have enough to get there,' I told my manager. Several plays were offered me in New York.

"'Wait!' he urged. 'It is only a matter of a few months. How much do you need?'

"His belief was encouraging—especially since it was a belief which went so far as to offer me money. I told him I needed $1,500 a month to live as an actress should live in Hollywood. I signed my contract in June, 1928. He had loaned me $7,500. It was *his* belief which made Paramount gamble. I cannot help but feel that my pictures have repaid Paramount. It has hurt more than I like to say that people have said I am ungrateful to those who believed in me."

WHAT is Ruth going to do when her contract is finished?

"I am going to retire. I may produce a play or a picture; direct one, perhaps. But no more acting. Whether my contract lasts the four years or ends with the second, I will have enough to live in comfort the rest of my life. The only luxury I want is complete comfort.

"France. A villa a few miles from Paris. I have a friend who has one. Thirty acres with hunting preserves. A house which he has made modern with bathrooms and furnishings but which still has the old medieval appearance and feeling. And what do you suppose this place cost?—" she laughed. "Including original purchase price, improvements, furnishings—$20,000. That is my idea of luxury. Servants at $25 a month. Time to read and relax and enjoy while you are still young enough to enjoy. Six months in a chateau like this; six months in this country—California. No worries—no responsibilities.

"Four more years of real work. Good pictures. I want to make my last three for Paramount my best to date. I want them to make all the money they can from me. But I am not sorry about any of the other—I appreciate what they did for me. They gave me the opportunity to retire in four years and live *happily ever after*. Which is the dream of us all!"

Clothes Habits *of* Hollywood

THERE are more freak ideas about off-screen clothes in Hollywood than any place in the world. Read Ruth Biery's amusing story on the subject in next month's PHOTOPLAY.

$2,000.00

For Your

Picture Idea

On another page of this magazine there is an interesting story of Marian Marsh who is to be cast as the heroine of "Beauty and the Boss." Keep her type in mind when thinking out your story. She is a blonde, five feet, two, and weighs 106 pounds. She has been a professional dancer. Warner Bros. are sure she is going to be one of the greatest of the dramatic stars. John Barrymore himself chose her to play *Trilby* to his *Svengali*. By the time she starts making the prize winning version of "Beauty and the Boss" she'll be famous

ATTENTION, PHOTOPLAY readers! Everybody has a story in him. Yes, everybody, and that means you, and you, and you, and you!

Warner Bros. want that story and will pay $2,000 for it. Preferably, they want a story which will fit the title, "Beauty and the Boss," but in addition they may take such additional stories up to ten as they deem suitable, even though they don't fit this title, just so long as they are appealing, human and interesting stories—and will pay that same $2,000 for each one of them accepted.

PHOTOPLAY is cooperating with Warner Bros. to get that story through this new and exciting contest. The rules of the contest are printed on another page. They are simple and easy to follow. Read them! And then, put on your thinking caps, motion picture devotees, make this easy money.

Remember, you don't have to be a literary genius. You don't have to be a great writer. But you do have to be original and interesting. Your story needn't be profound. It needn't be built around a serious theme. But it must be a good story, human, convincing, real, that will make the kind of a moving picture that you, yourself, would want to see.

That very story might be written around something in your own life, or something that you yourself have observed. It might be your brother's story, or your mother's, or father's, or sister's.

If it is, urge him, or her, to write it; or, better still, get together and write it. After all, this PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest is a contest for the whole family. It can be made into a fascinating—and exceedingly profitable—game.

In the evening, after a good dinner, what could be more fun than to sit down with the family and write this story. It might mean that new car, or the payment on that house in the country, or even the start of your own business—the opening up of an entirely new world.

THINK! You've got that story in you. Maybe you've known it right along and always wanted to write it. Well, here's your big chance. It may be worth $2,000.

The big cry in the moving picture business today is the cry for good, interesting and *original* stories. There is always a place in the movies for them. And where could be found a better place to look for them than among the readers of PHOTOPLAY?

Now, just before you rush to your typewriter, a few hints and helps. Before you write your story be sure that it has never been presented on the screen. Your story must be original. That will be the biggest thing in its favor.

Be careful of religious stories, for they might easily offend some one.

See Page 106 For

$2,000.00 in cash for best story idea for title "Beauty and the Boss." Equal amount for other short picture stories accepted

Here's the lad who is going to play opposite Marian Marsh in the winning story. Is he an actor? We'll say he is. Have you seen him as the *Second Lieutenant* in "Journey's End"; with Alice White in "Sweet Mama"; or "The Right to Love" with Ruth Chatterton? He is 29 years old, is six feet tall, weighs 169 pounds, has brown hair and grey-green eyes

Hold a story conference with your family or friends. You may organize a group and have a regular once or twice-a-week talk on a story to fit the title "Beauty and the Boss." It suggests any number of stories from life

The same thing applies to racial problems. Unless you can look upon these subjects with a broad, tolerant and sympathetic mind, steer clear of them.

Stories dealing with historic events and characters are always acceptable, but they are so familiar and have been done so many times in the pictures, that they are apt to be obvious.

Modern-day life, with all of its variety of problems, problems which confront every one of us, offers unlimited opportunities for dramatic and human stories.

Some problem of everyday life which is of vital importance to you at this moment might be the very theme around which a fine moving picture story could be based.

SO think! Get that vital, moving story that is in you outlined in your mind and then go to it.

"Beauty and the Boss" suggests a theme that Warner Bros. are seeking through PHOTOPLAY'S readers. But they'll take nine more if they can get satisfactory ones—ten stories altogether! And $2,000 for each one!

To help the contestants further, Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department for Warner Bros., will write an article for next month's issue of PHOTOPLAY, which will contain suggestions on how to get ideas for stories and what types of stories make the best moving pictures.

Mr. Wilk's expert suggestions will contain many hints and helps to the comparatively inexperienced writer.

Past contests conducted by PHOTOPLAY have vividly demonstrated the keen picture sense of this magazine's readers. Their letters to the editor have shown they know how to criticize and that they know the difference between a good picture and a bad picture.

Consequently, this contest also offers a further opportunity to show that constructive spirit by writing the type of screen story enjoyed by the vast numbers of clear-minded, human movie-goers. Many times you have come home from the theater and discussed the picture with members of your family. You have told each other how, in your opinion, the picture just seen could have been made better.

NOW you have your opportunity of writing a better picture yourself! Not merely criticizing and rearranging some of the plot, but writing an entirely new and original story of your own.

Remember that you don't have to be a polished writer. You don't have to have a reputation. You just have to be yourself and write that story you've got tucked away inside of you—straight-forwardly and neatly.

Read the rules carefully. They'll tell you everything and answer all your questions. And now go to it! You've got plenty of time. Get to work on it. Get the whole family working on it. And win that $2,000!

Rules of Contest

A *Pictorial Visit* to Ramon *Novarro's*

LIGHTS! Action! Camera!—

The whole story of the making of talking films is told by this vivid picture by Stagg, PHOTOPLAY'S staff photographer in Hollywood.

Never before has the camera caught the tenseness of the moments while the cameras grind and the microphone's sensitive ear is alert as it has in this comprehensive view of the making of a scene for "Daybreak," Ramon Novarro's new picture.

The whole drama has been captured by our lens artist. The entire world of motion pictures has been enclosed in one set that is silent save for the voices of the actors and the rolling of a drum.

Let's examine the vibrant scene in detail: The star, seated at the right, is getting a breathing spell while this scene is being made by his supporting troupers. Ramon's playing an Austrian officer in this romantic story.

At the left is the director (seated), his assistants, and one camera crew, with the camera mounted on a rubber-tired "dolly" for the making of traveling shots.

Jacques Feyder, director of Garbo's "The Kiss," is the boss. He's at the extreme left, second from the bottom. Crouching at his side is his first lieutenant. Just above Feyder stands the script girl, watching the details of the scene.

Behind the camera stand the other members of the staff—technicians, electricians, cameramen and assistants.

No tenser faces ever were seen behind a machine gun waiting for an enemy counter-attack!

Set During the *Making* of "*Daybreak*"

Photo by Stagg

There's one exception—the young gent sitting in the easy chair in the center of the picture. He's either taking time out for injuries or waiting to rush into the line to replace a casualty!

In the center, with his back to us, stands another cameraman. He's catching the scene from another angle.

And, at the right, the scene itself. The young actor on the table is making an impassioned address to the other officers, evidently suggesting that it is sweet and proper to die for the Emperor and Country. The young gentleman with the drum is evidently about to let off a sardonic thumping as soon as the orator sits down or is pushed off the table. Only the speechmaker seems to be enjoying himself. The others look plenty bored.

Behind the camera, silent tenseness. On the set, life being counterfeited for the amusement of millions!

The lights are blazing. Across the scene stretches one long microphone boom. Two mikes are visible—the ears of the motion picture. And in the lower right hand corner young Mr. Novarro, taking his ease, has a little smile for himself.

The whole business of making talking motion pictures, caught on one photographic plate.

And from the wall at the rear the late Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, second last of the House of Hapsburg to reign, looks down upon the scene.

Probably wondering what in thunder it's all about!

Exploding *the* Garbo Myth

By Katherine Albert

A veteran picture writer and critic expresses her opinion. And now for the fireworks

"LET'S get down to brass tacks about this mystery woman of the screen."

In the files in our office there is one folder marked, "Garbo, Greta." It lies, not at all mysteriously, between "Gallagher, Skeets," and "Garon, Pauline" and it is full to running over with reams and reams of printed copy ranging from a magnificently beautiful piece of lyrical writing in a national magazine (not usually concerned with picture people) to some pretty cheap twaddle in lesser publications. I've just re-read it all and (although I find much of my own stuff there) I'm pretty dog-gone bored.

Do hear me out—then dust off the old family shotgun, prepare the burning oil, excavate the Spanish torture chambers and do with me as you will. I've simply got to say it.

I'm bored with Garbo! And I believe that because I'm a fairly average person with fairly average tastes there must be others like me. I'm not alone in my heresies. At least I find company in Hollywood.

Here are the facts: Great directors and executives of the cinema who once hailed Garbo as the Bernhardt, the Dusé, the Mrs. Siddons of the screen have confided (behind locked doors and in whispers) that Garbo is no great shakes as an actress.

Co-workers of the famous star who once alluded to her deep silences and aloofness as the epitome of mental brilliance now admit (also behind locked doors and also in whispers) that, in reality, Garbo is phlegmatic.

And others say (but very discreetly, mind you) that what has been called her great artistry is no more or less than a facial trick which in some way piques the imagination.

Well, let's analyze the thing and see where we get and what I get (besides a hand grenade hurled through my bedroom window).

HER artistry? Listen! This occurred on the set while Garbo was making "Romance." Do you remember the scene where Garbo, as the great singer, interrupts an amorous moment to listen to an organ grinder on the street below? She throws him some money from her bag.

Gavin Gordon, as her lover, objects and asks her why she made such a gesture. And the Diva shrugs her shoulders and says, in effect, "Why not? We are one—he and I. Do we not both make music?" It was, of course, one of the most charming lines in "Romance" and the complete tip-off on the singer's character, one of those beautiful bits that make a character live.

But Garbo, herself, objected to that line. "It is silly," she said. "It means nothing. I would never say a thing like that." And only by their coddling her petulance and doing the scene once her way and once the right way was she persuaded to go on. She still thought it a stupid, ridiculous line.

Does such an attitude give you an impression of a finely attuned, sensitive woman, a great artist with a great love of life, a perceptive, rich character? I think not.

Her brilliance? With the exception of her bald statements, "Garbo likes" or "Garbo does not like," I believe I'm safe in saying that Garbo has never expressed an opinion. I remember in the early days when she was first beginning her amazing career and I was in the publicity department I used to go out on the set with what is called a symposium idea. This means that a writer for a magazine or newspaper had requested that I ask the stars for certain of their opinions on various subjects. I grant you that some of these "ideas" were pretty terrible, but others there were that might have promoted a little interesting discussion.

INVARIABLY Garbo said, "Oh, dot's silly. I do not want to be quoted." That was all right and she was, in those days, just beginning to build up that tremendous reputation of mystery. We weren't anxious to have Garbo quoted, either, but I used to say, "Very well, you won't be quoted, but just between ourselves what do you really think about the question?" And Garbo always answered, "Dot's silly."

Her intellectual, lonely life? A very excellent reporter trailed Garbo for one day and recounted her activities. The story was good because it was about Garbo, but stripped to the bare facts, it was the most average twenty-four hours you can imagine. She dined at a little Mexican restaurant (where many stars go and continue to go) with a friend, attended a puppet show with him and the next day went to a party which was also attended by a large portion of Hollywood's foreign colony. But you thought Garbo didn't go out? You thought she didn't like people and parties? Uh-huh. The twenty-four hours with Garbo was as dull and ordinary as twenty-four hours with your next-door neighbor.

NOBODY has ever had such a place in the film firmament. Nobody has ever had such a hold on the imaginations of the people.

Garbo has been publicized as not liking people, not liking parties, not liking to go out, not liking Hollywood. I saw her one evening at one of the most select and brilliant of gatherings. The few people there were the real intellectuals of the colony and not a word of the banal chatter

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Is she a mystery woman or like your next-door neighbor? The writer, who knows her, says there is no mystery about her

Now it's Bobby Coogan

NO sir—you can't keep the junior Coogans off the screen!

So we might as well introduce Jackie's little brother Robert, half-past five, now under contract to Paramount and playing *Sooky* in the production of "Skippy."

There they are, up above, very brotherly and nice. Once a Coogan, always an actor, the copy book now says.

Pa Coogan didn't want it so. Neither did Mother Coogan. They figured that Jackie was enough kid actor for one tidy little family—millionaires after his long and successful career as a youthful star.

But the trouper blood will out.

Dad Coogan took young Bobby by the hand one day last summer and led him to the Paramount Studio to see Jack make a scene for "Tom Sawyer."

"I want to play in pictures!" remarked Robert, apropos of nothing much.

"Son," said his father, "you can be a fireman, or a policeman, or President of the United States. But actor—no!"

Paramount needed a tot to play *Sooky*.

The part was difficult to cast. *Skippy* himself was to be played by Jackie Cooper, an "Our Gang" alumnus.

Sooky presented difficulties. He's a sad-eyed, bedraggled little mite. One day Jack brought Robert to the studio, and Director Norman Taurog asked him if he wanted to play in "Skippy." Bob, thinking it was a new game, said yes. And before he knew it, he was tested and accepted for the part, and signed at a fat salary. For isn't he a royal Coogan?

Bobby is now exactly as old as Jackie was when the latter became famous in "The Kid." He has the same enormous and wistful eyes—the same childish helplessness that made twenty million women want to take the five-year-old Jackie to their hearts.

Will history repeat itself once more? Keep your eye on Bobby!

THE ABSENT MINDED MOVIE USHER GETTING MARRIED—
"Seats without waiting in the balcony, sir!"

Our Garbo*

Twinkle, twinkle, little Garbo
How we wonder who you are!

Up above us all so high,
Like a moonbeam there you lie.

That mysterious way of yours
And eyes that many adore.

Please show us "Inspiration,"
We all support your station.

And you who like the rain so well,
Come to Portland, it is swell!

(*Ed. Note. This poem by Miss H. B. of Portland, Ore., is selected as the outstanding Garbo tribute of the month. But what looks like a gratuitous sock at Portland's climate is respectfully referred to the Chamber of Commerce of that up and coming city.)

Anything for a Snicker

Soon after the Buster Keaton-Kathleen Key Scratch-and-Screech thing, Sidney Skolsky, of the *New York Daily News*, addressed this wire to the comic—"HEAR YOU ARE OFF KEY." . . . Hollywood reports that a pall of smoke has been hanging over the district recently, hampering the making of outdoor shots. Undoubtedly the smoke of burning options. . . . Connie Bennett is said to rate $800 every working hour under an agreement with Warner Bros., establishing a new union scale for high-powered blondes. What I'm sore about is that she doesn't get a cent for dull Sunday afternoons. . . . Fountain pen pistols are reported being sold in Hollywood, but that's nothing new. Why, the old-fashioned fountain pen has shot many a star dead out there! . . . The first all-Greek talking picture has been made in New York. This is not to be confused with some of the mouth-full-of-oatmeal talkies made in English studios. . . . Mitzi Green, the kid phenom, has been insured for $1,000,000. O Death, where is thy sting? . . . The talkie sensation of Vienna just now is "Drei von der Tank-

Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

steller," which seems to mean "Three from the Filling-Station." Now for a sequel entitled "And Just Look at the Tires, Too, Ed." . . . Gary Cooper has just burst out with a canary colored car with pale—ah, so pale!—green trimmings. Add Lupe and a dash of bitters, shake well, and get a Beverly Hills cocktail. Heigho! Great place, Hollywood!

The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize goes, without a tussle, to Oscar Levant, composer who has written the scores for many Radio Pictures.

Oscar is sitting in a Hollywood beanery, assaulting a poached egg when a flip extra girl from the home lot swishes by.

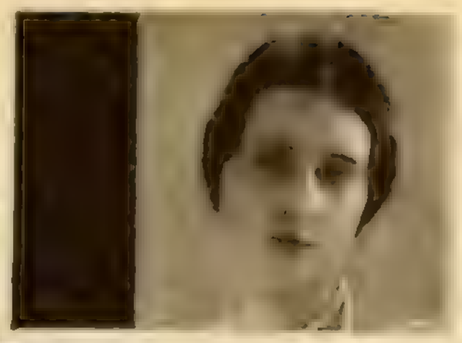
"Hello, baby!" she says.

Oscar fixes her with a song-writer's eye and says: "Mr. Baby to you!"

Getting Personal

Serge Eisenstein, noted Russian director now south of the Rio Grande shooting pictures, had a terrible time persuading Mexicans and the Mexican government that he wasn't Dr. Albert Einstein, the big relativity man. . . . Two months ago Senor Torres Arias was in New York looking over pictures to buy for his Teatro Variedades, Panama. Today he is President of the Republic of Panama. Boy, a couple of the same! . . . Evelyn Laye, co-star of "One Heavenly Night," gets a divorce from Sonny Hale, London song and dance man, who the next day marries the corespondent, Miss Jessie Mathews, of the stage. . . . Pearl White, who has been in Paris trying to crash French talkies, has returned to Egypt defeated, accompanied by her rubies. . . . Oh, these Cubans! One Havana paper expressed sadness about the visiting Nancy Carroll, calling her "a disappointment for the fans because she even got freckles." Our adorable Nancy! And those are the people we freed! . . . A book on philosophy by the late Milton Sills is awaiting publication. . . . Georovesti, a Roumanian hamlet, recently saw its first movie. Twelve peasants were hurt in a mad rush for the exits when a locomotive seemed to be rushing right upon them from the screen. The only wreck was the interior of the theater. . . . A big winter for Carl Laemmle—"Uncle Carl" of Universal these many years. He has just celebrated his sixty-third birthday, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the picture business, and the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of Universal City. . . . George O'Brien and John Ford, Fox director, have left Hollywood for a two-months' tour of the Orient. . . . Mary Nolan, high-powered blonde, now has a body-guard in Hollywood. He's Ray Robertson, her brother, formerly a motorcycle cop. . . . Mary Pickford is mentioned again as a Broadway starring possibility, this time in a show for William A. Brady. They'll hoist her behind the footlights yet. . . . Gloria Swanson has added a fully equipped private theater to her Beverly Hills home. It is wired for sound. . . . Anita Page still set at Metro. Contract renewed for another year. . . . Sylvia Sidney, who's getting a big Paramount play, appeared in Fox's "Thru Different Eyes," and caused no stir.

Vanderbilt..



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, nee Gloria Morgan, who lives in Paris, says: "Not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with Pond's!"

Morgan...

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, is known for her clear, vigorous complexion. She says: "I have used Pond's for years."

Astor...

Lady Violet Astor, daughter of an Earl, has violet-blue eyes and a rose-leaf skin. She calls Pond's four preparations "delightful, practical, effectual."

Belmont..

Mrs. Morgan Belmont has Titian hair and ivory skin. She says: "Pond's Method will keep your skin clear and fresh in less time at less cost."

Drexel..

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr. is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. She follows Pond's Method and says: "Pond's is wonderful!"

du Pont....

Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont is a blonde with exquisite skin. She uses Pond's because they are "pure and good and keep one's skin always at its best"

Aristocratic women owe the beauty of their skin to this safe, gentle care

THINK how significant it is that these six aristocratic women, to whom no luxury is ever denied, agree in choosing for the care of their skin the simplest and best of all beauty preparations — Pond's.

Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent position a perfectly-groomed complexion is essential — it is the first social requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest to be had despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it always exquisite.

Pond's Method — Four swift, simple steps, followed faithfully every day, assure the radiant charm of your complexion:

1—During the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float all the clogged dust, dirt and grime up to the surface.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, softer, more absorbent. Peach color and white.

3—Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone, firm, promote lovely natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face, but wherever you powder . . . arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelous to keep your hands soft, white, unchapped. Use always after washing.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

At bedtime: Never fail to cleanse your face and neck with Cold Cream and Tissues.

• • •

Tune in on Pond's Afternoon Tea every Tuesday afternoon at 5 P. M.—E. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women Speakers. N. B. C. Red Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. R 114 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1931, Pond's Extract Company

"Keep the line of Youth

says

RICHARD DIX

R. K. O.
Radio Pictures' Star

Learn the Complexion Secret
9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars know

"THE woman who wants to keep her charm must keep her youth!" says Richard Dix . . . star of the R. K. O. production, "Cimarron."

"And certainly there seems to be no reason these days to lose this endearing charm! Every day here in Hollywood I meet actresses no longer young as birthdays go, but still radiantly attractive—still with that compelling something that causes all the damage to men's hearts.

"Every woman should learn the complexion secret these screen stars know!"

The stars do know the secret of growing lovelier each year—birthdays hold no terrors for them.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap is the secret," famous screen beauties will tell you. "This lovely soap keeps skin youthfully aglow." 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses have used it, *regularly,* for years!

Hollywood, Broadway, European stars find Lux Toilet Soap perfect for every type of skin!

Because they are so dependent on it, this fragrant white soap is found in theaters everywhere—is *official* in all film studios.

Your skin will love it, too!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX

99

that Birthdays cannot steal!

(below)

NANCE O'NEIL, lovely star of countless productions, has used Lux Toilet Soap for years. She says of this white soap: "I find Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for the very smooth skin required on the screen. I am devoted to it."

(below)

ESTELLE TAYLOR, beautiful star, another of the 605 important Hollywood actresses who use this soap. She says: "A star *must* have beautiful skin. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me in keeping my skin heavenly smooth."

(above)

IRENE DUNNE, delightful Radio Pictures' star who came to the screen from the stage, says enthusiastically: "Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous for the flawless skin the close-ups require!"

Toilet Soap..10¢

A Twelve-Year Miracle in Hollywood!

At the left is the only real snow storm ever photographed in a little California town called Hollywood. The gentleman is Director William Beaudine. The lady, then an actress in Christie Comedies, is now Mrs. M. C. Levee, wife of a Paramount executive. And the scene — Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, hub of the film colony, as it appeared twelve years ago, with the famous pepper trees. Look above! The same corner today, busy and metropolitan. At left center, the Taft Building. The white line marks PHOTOPLAY'S offices

Bright April Beauty need never.. never fade

For the Saline Method brings new youth and beauty

MAKERS of lotions and creams—how essential you are! Your delicate blends, your pure and lovely products are vital to the loveliness of women.

But in spite of all the good your products do, there is a radiance—a clarity of complexion, that can only come from within. For all the good of creams is undone unless the woman who uses them keeps herself internally clean.

She who would guard her complexion, who would retain her youth, her sparkle and her charm, should turn to salines to assist her creams and lotions. She should know Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica insures that internal cleanliness which is the source of health and fine complexions.

How well the women of Europe know the virtues of the saline method! Each season's end sees the beauties of Paris, of Vienna, of England turning to the famous spas—there to drink in new youth, new loveliness from the healthsprings of Vichy, Wiesbaden, Aix.

For saline waters sweep away impurities from the blood. Headaches, rheumatism, colds—acidity, digestive troubles—yield to this new cleanliness within. Youthful sparkle and loveliness come back again.

Physicians, here and abroad, have long prescribed the saline way of cleansing the system. And Sal Hepatica is the *American* version of the saline method.

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. For one whole week, keep perfectly clean *internally*. Feel youth come singing into your veins—watch radiance reappear in your face. See how your skin clears.

Send for our free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the saline path to beauty and health.

★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

© 1931

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-41, 71 West St., N. Y.

Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

International

Guess! The Russian boots, the mass of orchids, the face—you're right! It's Pola Negri, in London to open a vaudeville engagement. Doesn't our girl friend look—er—plump?

at nine-thirty for photographs that morning. She refused point blank. The hour was "ungodly." They changed it to ten-thirty. She agreed but failed to appear. She promised to come an extra day when the picture was finished. They called for four weeks, then gave up the ghost and did without the pictures.

Furthermore, she was aloof on the set, ritzed the other players and made herself so generally disliked that to mention the name Bennett on that lot is to bring forth a good old-fashioned razzberry!

Perhaps the wisecracker who remarked that a new haberdashery was needed in Hollywood to provide hats big enough for Miss Bennett wasn't such a wisecracker after all!

LUPE VELEZ, the Riot of the Rio Grande, is a free-lance actress now.

Universal didn't take up its option on Lupe, and when she finishes work in "The Squaw Man" for Metro, she'll be on the loose among the studios.

And there'll be probably plenty of takers for her stormy services on the lots.

"THE ROYAL BED," the Lowell Sherman-Mary Astor mythical kingdom picture which has been shown here and there, hasn't a sign of a bed in it—royal or otherwise.

There's a royal desk, in the film—but no one curls up on a desk but a newspaper man after a rough night.

There have been so many squawks that Radio Pictures, the producers, are going to release it under another name from now on. How about "No Royal Beds"?

FIFI DORSAY admits that she packed the theaters during her recent appearance tour. "They shouldn't haf sent me. I make so good, I come home and demand that they pay me much more money."

She played her home town of Montreal. At first, the city of her birth made fun of her and refused to acclaim her because she had said she came from Paris. "Was she ashamed of us?" the papers questioned. But Fifi made a public apology, explaining that she only did as her managers ordered, and Montreal forgave.

"They forgave so much that I never knew a person could have so many relatives. We did not have half so much at the funeral when my mother and father died. I had eight grandmothers! So I took my one own grandmother to the show and introduced her."

The vivacious Fifi also kissed the boys in the audience until the censors came in and stopped her.

Then she kissed the old men.

Incidentally, she met Fred Berrens, her fiance. "I meet him only to find I don't love him. I am now free lancing in love!"

A successful trip, all around, we take it!

PEVERELL MARLEY admits that he still loves his former wife, Lina Basquette, and that there may be a reconciliation in the immediate future.

"She is the most wonderful girl on earth. Yes, I still care for her. I wouldn't be surprised if we went back together again."

He was behind the cameras, where Lina found him. He is photographing the German version of "The Big House." He admitted that he could never be a hoofer, a dancing partner for Lina as she had desired.

ALICE WHITE'S situation is one of the main topics of Hollywood inner politics. Her name was billed down in "The Widow from

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Preston Duncan

Did you ever see a cuter picture of a fuzzy-headed youngster than this? We presume to doubt it, though we won't start an argument. This sparkling-eyed tike is Master Richard Blue, son of our old friend Monte, who was a star for years. Dick is happy, because Dad's acting in talkies now

DR. ALLEN ROGERS, Ph.D.
University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazelli Medal, 1920; Author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.;
Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry;" Pioneer worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed an unique experiment.

They have examined, tested, analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate's is superior.

Let them say why. "Colgate's," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after tests, "because it has the ability to get into crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason — since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.

25¢

The price is important—but the QUALITY—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder—Colgate's comes in this form, also.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 1030, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name _____

Address _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

International

Something new in the goggle line. Estelle Taylor demonstrates the new race-track or opera glasses, which are worn like spectacles. The near-sighted can use them for any purpose

Chicago" in spite of the fact that she gave one of her best performances. A fan wrote her from Washington, D. C., that he went in to see "Naughty Flirt" on the opening night without knowing that any other woman but Myrna Loy was in it but that the reviews in the papers gave Alice White the credit.

This matter of *blacklisting* has always been a mythical proposition.

Alice was called to one studio for a test after she left Warners.

When she returned to ask about it, she was told it was satisfactory but they could not use her until she had made a picture elsewhere.

She made no more tests for large companies until after Ruth Chatterton signed with Warners. Then she made a test for Paramount and has since made three for M-G-M where she is being seriously considered for the lead in "Cheri-Bibi." The other companies are said to have considered it a breach of etiquette for Warners to sign Ruth Chatterton.

Evidently the other companies have decided that this means a lifting of any ban against Alice!

ANN HARDING'S troubles with Pathe are on the way to complete patching, if they aren't quite smoothed out already.

Some Hollywoodians remember that Ann also kicked up a fuss about making "Holiday" —her greatest hit to date—and that she insisted on helping with the direction.

They hope she will not make the mistake others have made, in trying to direct as well as act.

Miss Harding is under contract to Pathe until early in 1932.

While she is now getting $1,300 a week—not big star money—it is recalled that her husband, Harry Bannister, is also being carried by Pathe at $1,000 a week, and he doesn't work for weeks at a time.

Moreover, Pathe says they gave Ann a bonus of about $20,000 when she was out on loan to Fox to make "East Lynne."

Hope Ann isn't losing her head. She has a chance to be one of our very greatest stars—if she just doesn't get too ambitious.

CHARLES (EX-BUDDY) ROGERS stands at the crisis of his screen career.

From now on he'll have to *act*. He knows it, and is working harder than ever before.

A year ago he was the flappers' idol. They flocked to see his pictures, they mobbed theaters where he was appearing in person. A few months ago, and very suddenly, Buddy found himself on the chutes.

Paramount gave him a new contract before the old one expired—$3,000 a week, and more for his personal appearances. Now he's got to fight for his place in the screen world.

He's to be featured in a picture with Dick Arlen.

Here's what Rogers says about it.

"A year ago it would have broken my heart to see my name sharing the lights with another. Now I'm glad. I couldn't carry it alone, and I know it. Besides, I play a gangster. Maybe as a gangster I can show them. I'm going to make good."

Well, everybody just got tired of the too-good-to-be-true boy in pretty sappy parts. Time for a new deal. Okay, kid. Go on and put it over!

ALL of Hollywood grieved with Lawrence Tibbett in the recent loss of his mother. Again it was an illustration of the trite but true saying that "The show must go on." Larry was just getting ready to open a new opera at the Metropolitan, so that he could not even attend his mother's funeral, and his sister returning from the funeral was stricken with pneumonia and one of his boys with 'flu.

We should have explained that Mrs. Tibbett died in New York, while visiting Lawrence, but was brought to California for burial.

The funeral was from the "Wee Kirk O'Heather," the same church from which Milton Sills was buried.

Lawrence sang the only solo at Milton's funeral.

WHEN nine women work an average of eighteen hours a day on a picture *without men*, displays of temperament and indications of jealousy are *expected*.

Director William Beaudine admits he was afraid of the consequences when he began "The Mad Parade," the all-woman war picture starring Evelyn Brent, and featuring Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Marceline Day, Fritzi Ridgeway, June Clyde and Irene Rich. He

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

Half-
and-
Half-

But all Cream

—Seymour

All the girls in the audience who don't own pajamas will now be excused while they go out and get some.

June MacCloy's a sailor gull in these pajamas. But gull or boy—as Fred Allen says—she's all right, eh?

White jersey makes it—colored flannel trims it. Half-and-half they call it.

Meant for the beach. But you can wear it around the house, if you insist.

The Stanley Korshak Blackstone Shop Originals Take Their Smart Lines *from* GOSSARD Moulded Figures

"The lines of today's clothes reveal the idealized, rather than the natural feminine figure. Gossard foundation styles, months in advance, accurately guide the designer to a correct interpretation of the silhouette. Smart women find that modern clothes show their lines to best advantage when worn over a Gossard foundation," says Stanley Korshak, head of the Blackstone Shop of Chicago. The Blackstone Shop has gowned Chicago's social leaders and debutantes for many years. Chicago's fashionables have faith in Blackstone originals — because they are always so delightfully wearable.

THE Blackstone gown, pictured, heralds a new note for Spring—fabrics cut on the diagonal, and dependent entirely upon the foundation garment for its lines! Shapeless on the hanger—it takes on charm and line when worn over a Gossard foundation, and clings to the figure with a smoothness hitherto unknown. The lovely Gossard combination is of dainty peach lace with narrow sections of hand-loomed elastic at side back. It is finished with an eight-inch lace flounce ...Designed to mould the figure to slim curves. *Model 1630*

GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

The H. W. Gossard Co., *Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.*, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

And he said he NEVER would marry!

Kenneth was known as a man's man. Charming and gracious as he was to all women, none had ever swept him from his cool detachment. But now he found himself standing breathless, almost awkward, before the bronze-and-ivory radiance which was Helen.

Hair a warm brown upon which an autumn sun might have cast a ruddy glow . . . eyes of the same coppery-brown faintly flecked with jets of flame . . . the creamy skin of a gardenia misted in rose . . . mocking lips of pomegranate red. Under his enraptured stare, a slow flush mounted her throat, the gay mischief in her eyes departed.

As ardent now as he had been aloof before, Kenneth soon separated her from the friendly gathering—and guided her to the still seclusion of the library. There, the man who vowed he never would marry, eagerly renounced his cherished freedom for the glamor of the bronze-and-ivory lady!

• Behind the looking glass

Helen's beauty had been no gift of the kindly disposed fates. Her complexion had once been sallow and uneven of texture, her lips without color, her brown eyes lustreless.

It was the satin mask of Pompeian Powder in Rachel tone . . . it was the glowing touch of Pompeian Bloom (a creamy rouge) in Oriental tint . . . and the deep vividness of the new Pompeian lipstick . . . that had transformed her to a thing of living beauty.

• There is one such an ensemble for you

No matter what your skin coloring or texture, there is a Pompeian tone in each cosmetic to give your complexion a radiant glow, to bring out a beauty which may not be suspected now.

So fine and so skillfully blended are the ingredients, that Pompeian powder and rouge cling lastingly to the skin and avoid frequent re-touching. And, because of the millions of women who choose Pompeian toiletries above all others, they are the most economical you can use.

Pompeian Powder and Pompeian Rouge are beautifully encased in generous packages and cost but 60c each; the lipstick likewise is only 60c.

Order your own particular beauty ensemble today – all drug and department stores carry Pompeian. Also 10c sizes available at 10c stores

Pompeian Toiletries include:

Beauty Powder	Powder Compact	Dusting Powder
Bloom (Rouge)	Night Cream	Massage Cream
Indelible Lipstick	Day Cream	Talc

Each is priced at 60c (Talc, 25c)

A book to assist you

Mme. Cordet, famous beauty specialist, has studied all types of feminine beauty. For each of them, she has designated the Pompeian cosmetics required to make the most of the individual's charm. This booklet is included in our coupon offer.

Loveliest Art Panel of All

The new Pompeian Art Panel is the most beautiful we have ever offered You will wish one for the colorful charm it will lend to your walls

• Be sure to PRINT name and address

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet,
Dept. 16-4, Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream

Name

Street Address

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POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

The Pompeian Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. . . . (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N. Y., and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

Mary Carr, the well-remembered mother of "Over the Hill" and many other pictures, is bankrupt. Our sorrow is tempered by the thought that maybe her family of big children will help

also admits that Louise Fazenda's sense of humor was the only thing which saved the situation.

Whenever one of the others tried to steal a scene or thought someone else was trying to steal it, Louise wisecracked them into forgetting about it.

One scene was completed in which Lilyan called Fritzi a rat. But Lilyan repeated her line. "You *rat*—" Fritzi made ready to answer.

"Who says I'm a rat?" Louise got to her knees. "Who says I'm a rat?" She crawled. The girls laughed. The unpleasantness was forgotten.

And just to make doubly certain, Louise managed to cook a cake or fry chicken or make cookies almost every day of the shooting, bring them to the set and keep the other girls so interested in their tummies that they forgot their war-frayed dispositions.

CHEVALIER played his five shows a day at the Paramount Theater in New York with a temperature of one hundred and two and a bad case of the 'flu.

A nurse accompanied him to all performances and he rushed home to bed between shows.

ESTHER RALSTON'S talkie comeback was suspended almost as soon as it had begun.

She's gone into retirement to await the arrival of a little stranger some time in June. She and her husband, George Webb, are tremendously happy about it. They want a son.

She made a big hit in "The Southerner," with Lawrence Tibbett, and other producers began demanding her beauty and services for their pictures. But it was not to be—at least, not for a good long time. For Esther faces motherhood joyfully. And the nursery's ready.

THE extras have their troubles just like the stars.

In a certain picture an old bit-player was told to put on disreputable clothes and emit loud screams every time the camera turned. "No, sir," he said. "Not for that $7.50 check I don't holler all day."

IT'S in Will Rogers' contract that he's not to be required to submit to fan-magazine interviews—because he might inadvertently give away a joke he could sell.

But Dorothy Mackaill went him one better the other day. A magazine writer wanted to do a story about her love life. She turned it down. "I should give away my love life," she protested, "when it might be a best seller!"

ULTRA-IMPORTANT Clarabow Note:

For the first time, the Bow's eyebrows are the same color as her flaming hair. They used to be black.

LEW AYRES has *again* settled his difficulties with Universal and will remain on their payroll for another six weeks, at least.

During "All Quiet on the Western Front," he was receiving $250 a week. When we recall he was at Pathe for $50 and had only "The Kiss," with Greta Garbo, to his credit in the big picture class, that was not bad. After that, he received $500. A few months ago, following a misunderstanding with the studio, he was raised to $1,000.

Now, after "The Doorway to Hell," comes another misunderstanding and a raise which we understand brings him $1,250 weekly. Rows pay, we take it.

BUSTER KEATON has a little white frame dressing bungalow next to Jack Gilbert's pretentious stucco near-mansion.

The other day Mr. Keaton strung a clothes-line from his frame-corner to Jack's stucco one and hung a string of red flannel underwear on it.

ACCOMPANIED by Gene Markey, screen writer, novelist of note, and Ina Claire's ex-beau, Gloria Swanson can be seen any morning following the little white ball around the Rancho golf course.

Very good for the figger!

This Markey lad, by the way, is quite the gallant of Hollywood. He can say just the nicest things.

All the girls like to meet him. He has the finest line of compliments and is not stingy with them.

BEBE DANIELS passed her solo flying tests a few weeks ago, and now holds a pilot's license.

COINCIDENCE:

January 4, 1930: Doug Fairbanks returns to America from Europe.

January 4, 1931: Doug Fairbanks leaves America on trip to the Orient.

And, of course, divorce-denials are issuing from Pickfair as quantitudinously as pickles from a Heinz plant.

Mary gave Doug a going-away present. It was a sleeping bag, so Doug can stay warm nights even though not between the Pickfair blankets.

Well, if it isn't Enid! Welcome back to the camera. Enid Bennett, who has been busy raising three youngsters of her own, has come back to play *Skippy's* mother in that film

COLLEEN MOORE lost a several-thousand-dollar diamond bracelet at the Hollywood premiére of "Trader Horn."

She advertised in all the papers.

A colored woman returned it to the theater. Said she had picked it up outside the lobby the night of the opening of the African picture. She got two hundred dollars reward.

THE working title of the newest Chevalier picture was "The Smiling Lieutenant." It's all about the difficulties a handsome young lieutenant gets into.

Paramount asked its writers for new title suggestions.

One piped up with:

"The Officer's Mess."

Oh, well . . .

WELCOME home, Enid Bennett!

The beautiful blonde leading woman retired from the screen several years ago to devote herself to taking care of husband Fred Niblo and their three children.

But a call came from Paramount that just couldn't be denied, and now Enid is playing *Skippy's* mother in the picture being made about the adventures of that child in Percy Crosby's famous cartoons.

Well, Enid should know all about mothering *Skippy*, with three youngsters of her own at home.

NEVER mind what anyone may tell you—Rudy Vallée has a sense of humor in operation.

As you probably remember, three gay college boys tossed him a few elderly eggs and senile grapefruit while Rudy was singing on the stage

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Money Is No Joke

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

he gets, annually, from his typewriter. A quarter of a million is a safe guess.

Through the McNaught Newspaper Syndicate, he sells two newspaper features—a daily short article which you'll find on the front page of many newspapers; and a weekly Sunday article, which you've undoubtedly seen in your favorite Sunday papers.

Aside from that, he writes an occasional book, which brings him in steady royalties.

Well, then, there's two sources—films at $900,000 a year, and writings at $250,000. Total, already, $1,150,000 a year.

NOW comes radio. Last year, certain toothpaste makers, apprehensive that they were being outradioed by the Amos 'n' Andy toothpaste broadcast, looked about to see what other opposition they could scare up.

"How about Will Rogers?" someone suggested. So they went to Will.

"Please broadcast for us," they begged.

"Sure," grinned Rogers, "If you'll pay me."

"How much?"

"Oh, about ten thousand a night," suggested Will, not thinking they'd pay it.

"Okay!" they said.

And for thirteen successive Sunday nights, Will Rogers talked for about seven or eight minutes into a microphone—and socked another $130,000 into the bank.

Well, the total's going up: $30,000 for saying yes to chewing-gum people; $900,000 a year for making movies; $250,000 a year for typewriting new and used wisecracks for newspapers; $130,000 for talking into a radio microphone for less than two hours altogether . . . .

Add to that his real estate income. He has invested his moneys wisely. He is one of Los Angeles' foremost property holders. And Los Angeles real estating can be very profitable. There's no guessing how much, or how little, he's made in his real estate venturings. He'll never tell himself, because he's as close-lipped about his business affairs as he is loose-lipped about other people's affairs. But total it all up, and it's a safe bet that his income is better than a million and a quarter a year.

His present wealth has been estimated at anywhere from $2,000,000 to $10,000,000 with Rogers himself saying nothing except that he's kind of shy on cash, whenever people want him to buy anything.

But in contrast to all this acquisitiveness on the man's part, and in utter fairness to him, it must be told that he's generous, charitable and unstingy. He likes to get money, but he doesn't squeeze it till the eagle squawks. Authentic tales are told of his generosity.

For instance, there was the time he cashed a fellow-actor's check for $300. He folded the check and put it in his pocket. Next day, the other actor summarily lost his job, and was decidedly up against it.

Rogers heard of it. He called a mutual friend, tore the jobless actor's $300 check in half, and sent it back by the friend. "He needs it more'n I do," he grunted. That was all. And last year, when Los Angeles' Community Chest was hard put to it to raise its quota, Rogers stepped into the breach.

Not with any huge cash contribution from his own coffers. He guarded those well. Instead, however, he agreed to make personal appearances at a downtown Los Angeles theater—a thing he rarely does. He drove a hard bargain for his salary for a week of stage appearances. He made them pay him $12,500. And he turned every cent of it over to the Community Chest.

And then they still talk of the time his closest friend, Fred Stone, was hurt in an airplane crash on the eve of the opening of the new Stone play on Broadway. They made much of how Rogers flew east and at the eleventh hour, took his friend's place in the show, out of pal-ship.

But they neglected to state that Rogers collected $4,000 a week salary for the stunt.

OF course, with all these millions, Rogers can afford things nowadays. He owns, as has been mentioned, all sorts of property in Los Angeles. For a while, he was owner of one of Beverly Hills' finest homes—"the house that jokes built," is what sightseeing bus megaphoners used to call it. But he's sold that and lives, with his family, on a great 250-acre ranch in the hills between Los Angeles and the sea. He has a great stable of polo ponies, and plays polo virtually every Sunday before a crowd that pays from $1 to $5 admission. He's not even playing polo for nothing!

He owns about a half dozen automobiles.

But with all this millionairing, he still affects Hollywood's extreme sloppiness. He's almost always to be seen in dirty, bedraggled clothes, his hair all askew. He doesn't own a dress suit, and his dressiest outfit is a double-breasted blue serge. He won't have a telephone in his house. He maintains, in short, the make-up of the ignorant cowhand.

But the funniest joke he ever used is the one he always uses—the line he starts so many of his talks and writings with: "Well," it goes, "all I know is what I read in the papers . . . "

Now, Mister Rogers, you know there are a lot of people who read the papers, too. But they don't know how to make a million or more a year!

Here's A *New &* Simple Card Game

Star and director play a round of "Cromwell" between scenes of "Unfaithful." Ruth Chatterton and John Cromwell mix coffee and a hand of the game he invented. From her wary expression looks as though Ruth expected some skull-duggery!

HOLLYWOOD'S latest craze in card games is not "according to Hoyle" but, nevertheless, has taken a huge toll of victims. Introduced by John Cromwell, Paramount director, it has been named "Cromwell" by members of Ruth Chatterton's "Unfaithful" company, where it was first played.

Between-scene waits find Miss Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Juliette Compton, Paul Cavanagh, Donald Cook and others pursuing their luck with the game. A combination of several card pastimes, it resembles "Rummy" more than any other game.

It may be played by two or more players Each player is dealt seven cards and the dealer places the pack face down on the table and turns up one card.

Players then begin play on this card, given the preference of either following suit or pairing a card from their hands with the turned-up card. The card played by each person determines the play for the one at his left. If suit cannot be followed or card played, players must draw from the deck until they can play. All eights are wild and may be played at any time and called any suit preferred by the player. If an eight is the first card turned up, it must be buried in the deck.

The first player playing out all cards wins and points count against those held by remaining players, with aces scoring eleven, face cards ten and all others at face value.

When draw has exhausted the deck, play continues as long as any players can meet the "suit or pair" requirements.

If none can play and all hold cards, the person with the lowest number of points left in hand wins.

in HOLLYWOOD
they advise this way
to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Palmolive is recommended by 76 of the 80 beauty experts in Screenland's capital

Here's the popular "Jim," beauty specialist to numbers of stars. *"It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction that 76 of the 80 Hollywood salons recommend Palmolive Soap, and we specially use and recommend it in our complexion advice to stars."*

James Chadwell

1608 No. HIGHLAND AVENUE

HOLLYWOOD knows. Hollywood can't afford to guess. Beauty is too important, movie cameras far too faithful to permit haphazard facial care. So 76 of the 80 Hollywood beauty experts insist upon one thing, to begin with. "Use Palmolive Soap," they say.

When the close-up flashes, you look for YOUTH! And youth means, first of all, a schoolgirl complexion. Here's the way advised by 76 experts in the center of Screenland: first, a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water applied gently to face and throat. Then, a thorough, refreshing rinse with warm water, and an icy-cold after rinse. Ice (wrapped in a towel or piece of linen) is advised by many beauty specialists. And, after that, make-up.

Over 20,000 experts say so!

You can't imagine a more worldwide beauty rite than this twice-daily treatment. For there are more than 20,000 experts (licensed, operating specialists . . . every one) who recommend regular use of Palmolive.

This pure soap has attained its worldwide popularity because it is made of those priceless beauty ingredients—olive and palm oils . . . which harmonize so well with the favorite face creams.

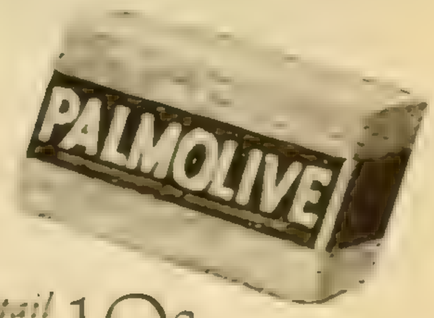
You can begin this popular facial this very day. And the price of Palmolive—just 10 cents, you know—makes it the least expensive beauty treatment in the world.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Youth! Freshness! Natural loveliness! That's the trend in beauty today, and such loveliness depends on keeping that schoolgirl complexion."

"Palmolive Soap I find most effective in cleansing complexions."—Ruby Hume, Russell Beauty Salon.

"I advise the use of Palmolive twice daily to provide really thorough cleansing," says Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy, Ann Meredith Shop, 6734 Sunset Boulevard.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

TANGEE

"Lips must look natural"

SAY AMERICA'S GREAT FASHION AUTHORITIES

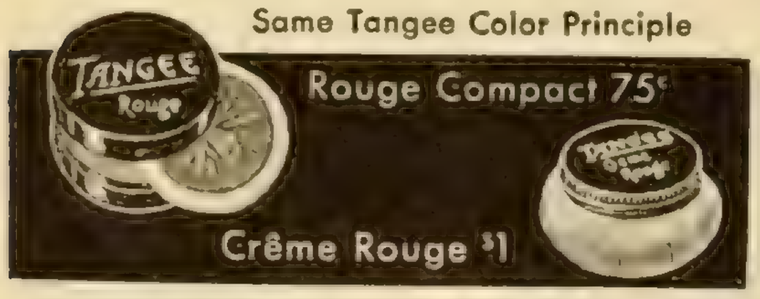
VOGUE says: "All Paris is creating more natural appearing make-up. A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very *feminine, individual* mode. Avoid lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring." ©

HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P4
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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

MARION LESSING ("Seas Beneath," Fox) is a beautiful blonde youngster on whom Fox is counting heavily. The daughter of Professor Otto Lessing of the University of Illinois, she went to Vienna in 1925 and entered on a stage career there. Coming back to America, she made several appearances on Broadway. Her work in shorts led to a Fox contract.

WILLIAM GAXTON ("Fifty Million Frenchmen," Warners) has long been prominent in musical comedy and vaudeville on Broadway. A San Francisco boy, he came East and appeared with great success in "The Music Box Revue," "Connecticut Yankee" and "Fifty Million Frenchmen." He is married to Madeline Cameron, musical comedy actress.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS ("The Criminal Code," Columbia) is a twenty-year-old-girl from Seattle, Washington, who appeared on Broadway in choruses and almost overnight jumped to leading rôles in pictures. She was a chorus girl in the first "Little Show." She is now under contract to Columbia. Her real name is Halverstadt.

DONALD DILLAWAY ("Body and Soul," Fox) is another stage juvenile to click in Hollywood talkies. Don was born in New York twenty-three years ago. On the stage he appeared in "Fast Life" and "Courage." Coming to Hollywood, he played in "Min and Bill" and "Mr. Lemon of Orange." Then Fox placed him under a nice contract.

HELEN BRODERICK ("Fifty Million Frenchmen," Warners) was long one of vaudeville's favorite comediennes, with her husband and partner, Lester Crawford. In addition, she appeared in many musical comedies, among them "Fifty Million Frenchmen." She plays the same rôle in the film. She was one of the late Jeanne Eagels' best friends.

WILLIAM MORRIS ("The Gang Buster," Paramount) has been on the stage for many years. His wife and their four children are also of the theater. The most famous is Chester, now a United Artists star. Father William, many years ago, was Modjeska's leading man. For a long time opposed to picture work, he was at last led before the camera on the Coast.

FLORENCE BRITTON ("The Devil to Pay," United Artists) played her first picture rôle in the Colman film, and was so well liked that Samuel Goldwyn put her under contract. She's a twenty-year-old San Francisco girl who had but a brief experience on the stage, in stock. She has auburn hair and gray eyes. As Colman's sister in "The Devil to Pay" she impressed greatly.

CLARK GABLE ("The Easiest Way," M-G-M) is an Ohio boy who began in the theater as a stock actor in his early twenties. Now, at twenty-nine, he has signed a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and seems to be set for a career in talkies. Clark is six feet, one inch tall and weighs 190 pounds. He has brown hair and gray eyes.

Teeth . . lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care

This thrift dentifrice is thorough, yet so gentle in action

HOW fool-hardy to brush sound, lovely teeth with any but a safe gentle dentifrice which has proved itself in the hands of millions.

Before creating Listerine Tooth Paste we made an exhaustive study of tooth enamel. We examined its structure. We tested its varying degrees of hardness, case after case. We learned that people of today have less sturdy teeth than their ancestors.

Our next duty was to discover cleansing and polishing agents that would be harmless to the precious enamel surface. At length we found, and included them in our dentifrice. Thousands have thanked us for them.

For the sake of your teeth, we ask you to use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how swiftly but how gently it cleans teeth—erasing fermenting food particles, discolorations, and tartar. Note the lovely luster it imparts to the teeth. Observe their soundness year after year under this gentle care.

In all the field of dentifrices there is no purer, more carefully compounded one than this. In every way it is worthy of the Listerine name. That you can obtain it for 25¢ is due entirely to modern manufacturing methods and mass production. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

25¢

It saves you enough to buy a toilet set

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

FASHION SALUTES

A GRACEFUL NEW NOTE

Photographs by Ray Jones

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, *beautiful Universal star, demonstrates the versatility of present-day fashion. Shorts and shirt for tennis. A soft and subtle satin gown for afternoon. And for moments of relaxation, a feminine gown, charming and comfortable.*

NEVER were styles more truly feminine than in this year of Fashion, 1931. Frills are everywhere. Dresses are flowy . . . with clinging, *revealing* lines that are both graceful and alluring. How they do set off the figure!

Ah, that's the point! The figure's the thing, says Fashion. We must be slender, to be sure—but slimly rounded. We must remember calories, but not forget complexions, vitality, glowing health. And that's why so simple an addition to the diet as *bran* is very, very important.

For unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

All this danger may be avoided by simply including Kellog's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet. ALL-BRAN isn't fattening—it adds health instead of calories. It provides the roughage needed for proper elimination. It also adds iron which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the nut-sweet flavor—the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, in soups and omelets; cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at* 10.30 *E. S. T. Also* KFI *Los Angeles,* KOMO *Seattle at* 10.00, *and* KOA *Denver at* 10.30.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"THE MODERN FIGURE"

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. A-4, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

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Cooking *in a* Kitchenette

A scene typical of many modern homes, where kitchenettes have solved space and servant problems. It's from the two-reel Educational comedy, "Three Hollywood Girls"

WHILE kitchenettes have narrowed the scope of cooking, they have enlarged its perplexities. The housewife who is newly transplanted from a roomy, old-fashioned kitchen to a "new-fangled" kitchenette, is apt to stand with a frying pan in one hand and a double boiler in the other, wondering where she can find room to set either one, much less both of them!

And, when she tries to cook a dinner that begins with soup and ends with a homemade dessert, she is inclined to grow actually sentimental about the little restaurant around the corner!

But, like everything else, it's all in getting used to it! After a while, Mrs. Housewife discovers that there are desserts which can be prepared hours ahead and tucked away in the ice-box until time to be served. That one vegetable can be cooked, and one raw vegetable, such as chopped cabbage, can be combined with a salad like lettuce and tomatoes, and served with salad dressing. That coffee can be made right at the table or on a side table in a percolator, or coffee essence or granules can be added to hot water in a jiffy.

There are many short cuts to help the kitchenette cook, and many ways to simplify her serving. And there are plenty of simple but excellent recipes she can substitute for some of the more complicated and space-taking ones she used to follow.

HERE are a few suggestions for kitchenette cooked meals. The first recipe is for a nourishing, filling luncheon or supper dish. It's called *Shrimp Wiggle*. You need:

1 cup shrimps
1 cup canned peas
4 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter and add the flour which has been mixed with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour the milk on gradually. As soon as sauce thickens, add the shrimps, broken in pieces, and the peas, drained from their liquor and thoroughly rinsed. Serve piping hot, and pour over thin slices of toast if you like. A real treat for lovers of sea food.

If fresh shrimps are not available, there are many good brands of canned shrimps.

Baked Rice with Cheese is substantial enough to serve for luncheon without meat, and will take the place of potatoes and a cooked vegetable at the evening meal. The ingredients are:

¼ lb. grated cheese
1 cup steamed rice
¾ cup sweet milk
3 eggs
1 tablespoon butter

Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs. Beat the yolks and stir into them the cheese, rice, milk and butter. Then fold in the beaten whites. Make into patties and bake twenty minutes.

A green salad—lettuce with French Dressing will do nicely—should be served with this dish.

The following is an excellent recipe for French Dressing.

1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons olive oil

Rub the mixing bowl with a garlic bean, (but be sure that the flavor of garlic is not offensive to those who are to dine with you!). Mix lemon juice, salt and pepper in the bowl, adding oil slowly and beating constantly. Chill and serve cold.

AND here is a recipe for Baked Apples that makes them a real dessert—one that's good and good for you, too.

Peel and core as many apples as desired, filling the center of each apple with a tablespoon of honey. Bake for an hour in a moderate oven, placing a little water in the bottom of the pan to keep apples from burning. Sprinkle with chopped nut meats.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

This is Mrs. White

You probably know Mrs. White yourself . . . have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house...and her children, too...*and yet always has time for other things!*

She plans her housework

And you've wondered how Mrs. White (or Mrs. Jones as the case may be) manages to do so much. Her secret? She *plans* her housework. She budgets her cleaning time. Our free book tells exactly how she does it.

She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely—makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)

And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do . . . and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless...and *happy!* How does she manage?

FREE booklet

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells Mrs. White's whole plan. Interesting and helpful. Send for a copy. You'll be very glad you did. Use the coupon.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N4 P4-31
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost "A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock."

Name.....

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City..... State.....

Good Dress Here —*like it?*

— Seymour

A good spectator sports dress—worn by Karen Morley in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

The jacket follows the title. Short—it doesn't meet the skirt.

The sleeves—three-quarter—don't meet the wrist.

White—with bright contrast—patriotically and fashionably—red and blue—good.

And her tri-color scarf—she can wear it or wave it.

Good hat, too—brimmed and lifted off the face and forehead.

"I've found a perfume to register *Me*"

says LILLIAN ROTH

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never *quite* believed it, don't you know.

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello Me! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . I like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . . '

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"

Keeping the Mood of Seventeen

Face Powder... in smart, subtle shades. *Dusting Powder*... an exhilarating finish for the bath. *Compact* . . . in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen's naive charm. *Brillantines*... both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. *Sachet* ... like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. *Toilet Water*... ... the characteristic Seventeen scent. *Talcum* . . . fresh, clean, fragrant. *The Perfume* . . the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.

His supper club bill was . . $38

Her gown, spoiled by carelessness . . $79

At the blue-and-silver supper club where *he* was entertaining *her,* they chatted and danced with verve. At least they began that way—but what a horrid ending! And it cost *her* $79.

The club got closer and warmer as the evening wore on. *She* perspired under the arms, and presently her little jade satin gown grew damp. She knew that the dress was ruined—that the perspiration stains were sure to fade its color. And she was in terror of underarm odor—so fatal to charm. So *she* turned gloomy and silent.

There went the evening, utterly spoiled. *He* thought *her* very difficult indeed. *How* Odorono would save *her* both men and money!

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF

ODO·RO·NO

ODORONO REGULAR (*ruby colored*)
—provides the most lasting protection of all preparations for use in preventing underarm odor and perspiration—3 to 7 days. It is for application at night, before retiring.

ODORONO COLORLESS
—instantly effective and quick-drying, is for those who like to use Odorono quickly. Apply at any time . . . day or night. Odorono Colorless gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.
Dept. 4Q1, 191 Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Odorono Colorless, and Odorono Cream Depilatory. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

To Clara Bow's Public

(With apologies to Shakespeare and Mark Antony)

Friends, Americans, Fellow Fans, lend me your ears;
I come to condemn Clara, not to praise her.
The evil that she does flames out in every newsprint,
The good is hushed and hidden from our sight.
So let us defame Clara. The noble Daisy
Hath told us that Clara was extravagant.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault
And grievously hath Clara answered for it.
Hereafter, accusations flung by Daisy and the rest—
And Daisy was her honorable friend—
Come I to speak of Clara's calumny.
She was our pet, glorifying "It" for us.
But Daisy says she was extravagant;
And, sure, she was her honorable friend.
So are we all, all honorable friends.
She hath brought many of us to the theater
Whose money did the movie coffers fill.
She hath made us laugh, and thrilled us
By her joyous acting. But she is extravagant.
She hath spent her money freely to benefit her friends;
Did this in Clara seem extravagant?
Her money is her own to spend it as she likes.
When that her friends have cried, Clara hath wept.
Fame should be made of sterner stuff.
I speak not to disprove what Daisy spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
We all did love her once, not without cause.
What cause withholds us then, to stand by her?
O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is there with Clara in her need
And I must pause till it come back to me.

—Gertrude C. Ball

Heart Throb

I had one of those grippy colds. My sister was in bed with a broken collarbone. My mother was ill with nervous indigestion. My father looked worried. The maid was leaving within the week. I knew I'd scream if I remained in the house a moment longer. I flung on my things and left the house, feeling like a scooped out pumpkin. (That's what grip does to you.) I went to the movies.

Two hours later I sang all the way home. It was snowing but when I got to my door I felt exhilarated—thrilled—happy—laughing. The talkies had snatched me out of life for two hours. I am grateful.

Phyllis-Marie Arthur

Catherine Dale Owen, charming featured player in the Radio Pictures' production, "Behind Office Doors." Beside her is Apollo, a modern Telechron model, with moulded black case and chromium fittings, priced at $15.

Look for these Telechron* Clocks in Radio Pictures' new production, "Behind Office Doors"

MOVING PICTURE production demands accurate timing for efficiency. Movie accessories must be modern, smart and well-designed. Telechron Electric Clocks qualify both ways. That's why Radio Pictures Corporation says, "When we need a clock on the RKO lot, we call for a Warren Telechron!"

A number of Telechron Clocks appear in "Behind Office Doors," supporting Mary Astor, Catherine Dale Owen, Robert Ames, Ricardo Cortez and the rest of the stars in this entertaining RKO picture. Watch for them when "Behind Office Doors" is shown at your local theater!

The amazing accuracy of each Telechron Clock is assured by a Telechron Master Clock in the power house. Besides telling time, Telechron saves time! It never needs winding, oiling or regulating. And only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial bring this Telechron service.

You can have in your home, clocks just like those that tell time for the stars. There's a dealer near you, listed under "Telechron" in the classified telephone directory. He has many models to show you. Stately grandfather's clocks. Graceful tambours for the mantel. Quaint banjos for the wall. Attractive uprights for desk or table. With deep-toned chimes, illuminated dials and other interesting features. See them.

Telechron Clocks range in price from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $30 to $1000.

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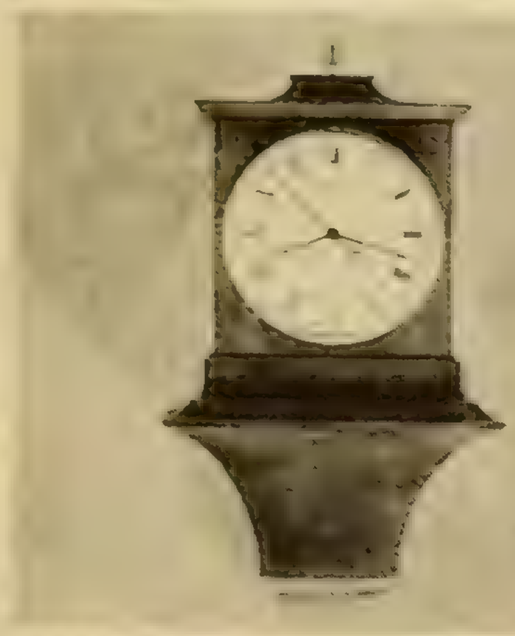
WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Telechron



SURREY—Mahogany case. 15 5/6" high. $33

JEFFREY—Mahogany case. 10 7/6" wide. $18

R-804—Mahogany case. Westminster chimes. $40

Questions & Answers

"Cimarron" has stirred up hundreds of questions this month, and leads in interest at the moment. Here are Richard Dix, Irene Dunne and little *Cim* driving into Osage, Okla., to settle

"CIMARRON"—Edna Ferber's thrilling adventure story of the rise of Oklahoma from early pioneer days to statehood—brings a comparative newcomer to the screen in the rôle of *Sabra Cravat*—Irene Dunne, from Louisville, Kentucky. Inquiries poured in this month as to where anyone so perfectly suited to the part was found. The answer is simple—Radio Pictures signed Miss Dunne on a long-term contract after having seen her as *Magnolia* in Ziegfeld's production of "Show Boat." She played in a musical picture—"Leathernecking" and after tests were made of a number of girls they gave her the part in "Cimarron" because she looked eighteen and could talk in the quavery voice of a woman of seventy. Her hair is a beautiful copper-color and her eyes are grey. She is five feet, four and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. You will see her next in "Bachelor Apartments." She has a beautiful singing voice.

L. R. LARCHMONT, N. Y.: Yes, L. R., you must be right because everyone thinks as you do that Richard Dix was *Yancey Cravat* come-to-life. His next picture will be "Big Brother" but he is not directing himself. He is under contract to Radio Pictures.

GRACE KLEIN, WILLISTON, N. D.: Well, Grace, I hate to have to tell you that you are wrong and your friend Fran is right. It *was* Lewis Stone who played in "The Prince of Head Waiters" and the story was about a boy who does not know his father. Now the argument is settled you and Fran can kiss and be friends.

I. J., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: Yes, your informant was correct. Ruth Taylor married Paul Zuckerman in March, 1930. She now lives in New York—on Park Avenue, and has a small son, born last December. She is very happy and says she has no idea of going back into pictures.

MARY ESTELLE GRACEY, LONG BEACH, CALIF.: John Boles has two daughters and I'm sure that if you write him he will send you an autographed photograph. He is under contract to Universal Pictures and is at present working in the screen version of Charles Norris' novel "Seed."

MRS. MARIE LEONE, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.: Your friend has got Harold Lloyd's picture "Feet First" mixed up with "Safety First" which he made some years ago. There is some similarity in the way of thrills, but "Feet First" was never made before.

M. O. DRUM, GALESBURG, ILL.: We hear that Pearl White is running a casino in Biarritz in the south of France. Dorothy Dalton married Arthur Hammerstein, a theatrical producer, and lives on Long Island, N. Y. Ella Hall played in Cecil De Mille's "Madam Satan." Harrison Ford expects to go back on the stage. If you've seen "Seas Beneath"—a Fox picture—you've seen Francis Ford.

M. J. ROBBINS, M. D., LUNENBURG, VT.: Some of Constance Bennett's most recent pictures are "Common Clay," "Sin Takes a Holiday" and "The Easiest Way." A letter addressed to the Pathe Studio will reach her.

LESTER DAVID, NEW YORK CITY.: Jackie Coogan has light brown hair and brown eyes. He is sixteen years old, weighs ninety-eight pounds and is four feet, ten inches tall.

FRANCES E. PETERSEN, HARTFORD, CONN.: If you were in New York you could see Jack Whiting playing the part of a movie hero in a new musical comedy called "America's Sweetheart." He will be thirty long years old next June and is married to Beth Sully, Doug Fairbanks' former wife and mother of Doug Jr. "Top Speed" and "The Life of the Party" are the names of two pictures in which he played.

HELEN KATHERINE EISENBERG, LONACONING, MD.: David Manners' real name is Rauff Acklom. He was born on April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His eyes are grey-green and his hair is brown. He weighs one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and is six feet tall and married to Suzanne Bushnell. Lew Ayres was to have played in "Dracula" but he did a picture instead with Joan Bennett called "Many a Slip." I can't tell you who he likes best—Joan or Lola Lane. We'll have to be patient until Lew makes up his mind.

MARIAN KENNEDY, KIRKWOOD, MO.: In "Madam Satan" you saw Reginald Denny as a vagabond king in the masquerade on board the zeppelin. The part of "*Water*" was played by Doris McMahon. Don't tell anybody, but we think Maurice Chevalier is about thirty-six years of age.

MILDRED MYRICK, NORFOLK, VA.: Listen carefully, please Mildred! Mickey Daniels plays *Freckles;* Grady Sutton plays *Fat Boy;* and David Sharpe plays *Cute Boy.* And they all play in Hal Roach Comedies.

W. F. B., WINNIPEG, MAN.: Summon Old-Man Arithmetic and figure this one out—William Farnum was born on the Fourth of July, 1876. How old would he be now? He played at the Fox Studio in "A Connecticut Yankee" with our old friend, Will Rogers.

ED. C. CREIGHTON, CHILLICOTHE, TEXAS: Well, Ed, it's like this—some curly-top players answer to the names of Charles Chaplin, Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Regis Toomey, John Gilbert, Phillips Holmes, and Bob Montgomery, while others less fortunate are Chester Morris, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Richard Arlen, Fredric March and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—all straight.

VERGEL BELLSON, ST, PAUL, MINN.: Marion Davies and Bill Haines are two good examples of January 1st birthdays. Betty Compson was born on March 18, 1897, with that very name. Genevieve Tobin was a child actress—educated in this country and abroad. She is blonde, with grey eyes, weighs one hundred and nine pounds and is five feet, three inches tall, born November 29, 1904. She was on the stage for a number of years and last July she signed with Universal on a long-term contract. Her last two pictures are "Seed" and "Fires of Youth."

H. D. BRAY, HAZLETON, PENNA.: Mae Clarke made her début in the world on August 16, 1910, and her début in the talkies in June, 1929. She was reported engaged to John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband. Mae was divorced last year from Lew Brice. Her latest picture is "Men on Call."

MARY LEW, LINDSAY, ONTARIO: If all rumors are true Charles Bickford, will be back in talkies soon. He's a product of Cambridge, Mass., married and has two children, boy and girl.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 220 W. 57th St., New York City.

"Under these stars lies Youth"

MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY
"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

By Frances Ingram

YOU would recognize her name at once if I were to mention it. She is almost as well-known as her very well-known husband. And her portrait, showing her with her three charming children, was recently reproduced in rotogravure sections all over the country.

It was last November when I first met her. "One glance—and you'll know that I've been mistreating my skin frightfully," she said. "But I haven't time for long complicated treatments. They've told me about you—several of my friends. Now what *can* be done for a skin which has spent the summer on the Maine coast and the autumn behind the hounds—in Virginia? Wind and sun and *weather* are bad enough. But worse still, what used to be tiny lines in my skin are becoming wrinkles!"

I know she has followed my Milkweed method ever since I explained it to her—for not long ago I saw her again.

"Don't I look years younger?" she said. And I wasn't flattering her a bit when I told her that she did! Her skin was exquisite—clear and smooth, with scarcely one tiny line left to say to the world, "She's past thirty-five."

* * *

Her case is so like that of hundreds of women who write me. You yourself can accomplish wonders by following my starred way to a young skin. First, keep your skin *deeply, immaculately clean* with Milkweed Cream . . . it is a remarkable soothing cleanser. Then—follow the quick, effective directions below.

1 **THE FOREHEAD**—*To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

2 **THE EYES**—*If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

3 **THE MOUTH**—*Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

4 **THE THROAT**—*To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.*

5 **THE CHIN**—*To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.*

6 **THE SHOULDERS**—*To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES . . 50c . . $1 . . $1.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-41
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

At 10:15, each Tuesday, tune in on WJZ or an associated station, to hear "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram." And send for her free booklet "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

Name_____

Address_____

THE CIGARETTE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN..

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the diction in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public *taste-tests* of the four leading brands show how convincingly even a few puffs tell OLD GOLD'S taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

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OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

Short Subjects *of the* Month

NOW that the technique of short subjects in sound has been pretty well mastered, the one and two-reelers are becoming largely a matter of personalities.

Of the comparative newcomers, Andy Clyde and Marjorie Beebe, developed by Sennett, are among the outstanding. Their latest pictures are reviewed in this department this month.

THE COLLEGE VAMP
Sennett—Educational

If you like whiskery Andy Clyde, you'll love this picture. He plays the ineffectual dean of Baldwin College who keeps hopefully trying to squelch a bunch of students who are too much for him. And then, alas, he is framed with the devastating Yola D'Avril!

COURT-PLASTERED
Warners—Vitaphone Variety

Another recent arrival on the laughing screen is Helen Broderick, one of the best comediennes of the hard-boiled variety we have. In this one-reeler she and her husband and partner, Lester Crawford playing a murderous manicurist and prosecuting attorney. Very funny!

PETE AND REPEAT
E. W. Hammons

This short introduces a couple of blackface comedians to the screen. Their picture names are Seben and 'Leben, and they hold promise of developing into sound laugh-makers, a pun. Here they play the village blacksmiths who get into the clutches of escaped convicts.

LOVE BUSINESS
Hal Roach—M-G-M

The old reliable "Our Gang" kids, which gets new faces but goes right on, does one of its customary little comedies. Two of the youngsters fall for teacher. But this series shows signs of growing stale. The dialogue is slow, and too adult for kids. Needs pepping up.

A HAPPY LITTLE HONEY-MOON
Christie

Glenn Tryon, formerly a feature player, appears in this short. He and Vera Marsh are newlyweds and the leading figures in a mystery-melodrama with plenty of laughs. A brutal robber tries to get away with their $10,000 wedding present—and is given a chase.

BIGGER AND BETTER
Hal Roach—M-G-M

This is the latest in the "Boy Friends" series, with three pretty flappers and three nice looking lads having good, clean fun in an adolescent way. Mary Kornman and the rest of the youngsters furnish mild entertainment in a typical young-folks romantic comedy.

CAME THE PAWN
Columbia

This is another of the shorts directed and played in by the diminutive Eddie Buzzell. It's a one-reeler suitable for adult audiences particularly, with Eddie as a radio announcer at the slumber hour. He describes marital trials—and the scenes are acted at the same time.

ONE YARD TO GO
Sennett—Educational

Here's peppery little Marjorie Beebe doing some of her best work in a pretty conventional little college comedy. You'll probably only remember the football game at the end, but that has punch enough to make up for previous low spots. Frank Eastman is the dashing hero.

KNIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS
Radio

Still another in the Radio series, starring George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, and one of the weakest of the lot. Karl brings Arthur, his pal, home for Christmas, and the rest of the comedy is largely a rough-and-tumble brawl at the old family fireside. Slapstick.

SLEEPY HEAD
Warners—Vitaphone Variety

Little Frankie Orth and his big French wife, Ann Codee, contribute another chapter to their Vitaphone series of fun films. Frankie invents a snoring machine to fool his wife into believing he's home when he isn't. It has laughs, but a lot forced.

JUST A BEAR
Sennett—Educational

Our friend Andy Clyde hasn't quite as much to do in this as he might, but he'll hand you some snorts and chuckles as a great big silent man of the North Woods who gets all tangled up with a bear. He gets especially swell support from Patsy O'Leary and Harry Gribbon.

SEEIN' INJUNS
Pathe

This one is sure-fire slapstick of the kind we've always loved. It stars that amazing little bundle of comic talent, Daphne Pollard. Doing her familiar cockney character, Daphne takes her little boy to a wild west show. The kid gets lost, and then the fun's fast and frenzied.

MY HERO
Warners—Vitaphone Variety

This short features Eddie Foy, Jr., son of the famous comic who delighted our dads in days gone by. He's aided by Dorothea Chard, a pretty minx from the stage. Eddie plays a fresh college youth who mistakes a hold-up for a fraternity initiation. Pretty mild drollery.

HELLO, RUSSIA
Universal

Our beanpole friend, Slim Summerville, goes right on with his series of war comedies, and this one's very funny in spots. Slim plays the bugler of an American Army unit in Russia, with Eddie Gribbon as a tough sergeant. As usual, the boys fight over a girl—this time, Olga.

Everybody's asking me

about the new "individual" hair tonic Packer's Scalptone

Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.

"An 'individual' hair tonic, which can be made just right for my particular kind of hair?"... Ever since I let out the news about Packer's Scalptone, letters have been pouring in on me—from radio listeners, from magazine readers—all saying, "*Really?* A personal preparation for *my* hair?" And it *is* just that.

Your own prescription for your own hair . . . Scalptone—made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap—is more than just a hair tonic. It's an absolutely new preparation that you can vary yourself, to suit *your* kind of hair. It's as individual as if your initials were on the bottle! If your hair is oily, you may have Scalptone in a slightly astringent form and if your hair is dry, you may have Scalptone as oily as you need it. Yet you only have to ask for Scalptone!

Here's how it's done . . . In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone, there's a little tube which contains oil of sweet almonds. (You probably know that oil of sweet almonds is recommended for dry scalps.) If your hair is oily, you won't need this oil. You massage Scalptone, just as it comes from the bottle, directly into your scalp. If your scalp is dry, you uncork the tube, and pour enough of the oil into the Scalptone to make it right for *your* hair. If your hair is very dry, you may need all of the oil. That's all. But it's the simplest, most sensible way I've found for years to give hair the sparkle, the life which is its natural right!

For any hair can be lovely—if the scalp it belongs to is really healthy and vigorous. Regular massage with Packer's Scalptone will help your scalp to keep "young." Scalptone is antiseptic, too, so that it's a help in fighting the dandruff enemy. Your druggist should have Scalptone by now—if he can keep up with the orders! If he hasn't it yet, send me his name and address and I'll try to see that he has some for you at once.

JEAN CARROLL

PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the Makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-beauty depends on scalp-health

Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even it it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Then massage daily with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks *regularly* with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate pine tar. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap Shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

For 10c in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25c I will send you samples of all three. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-D, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose $1.00 with your note.

Perhaps like CASE Number 91

Coarse Pores are *Your* problem

PROOF!

"The statements made in this advertisement are in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists . . . They are known to me as specialists of the highest professional standing."

(Signed) Walter J. Highman M.D.

(ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS)

Once each week careful skin examinations were made by the supervising Dermatologist in each of the 14 cities.

ON THE morning of August 19th, Miss Mary M—— appeared at the office of a noted Philadelphia physician.

"Case No. 91" . . . so he designated her in his case-book " . . . *coarse, enlarged pores* . . ."

Then he instructed her to wash the right side of her face each night with the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap for 30 days. Using any other preparation of her choice on the left side of her face.

Simultaneously, in this and 13 other cities, 611 other women followed this same interesting daily beauty procedure for 30 days.

In Miss M——'s case, as in 82 out of a total of 113 cases of enlarged pores, Woodbury's Facial Soap seemed, literally, to transform the texture; pores rapidly became less conspicuous; the skin became finer and silkier.

Woodbury's benefited Acne in 106 cases and restored normal skin lubrication in 196 cases of excessively dry or oily skin.

In case after case the evidence was built up—that no other cleansing method equals Woodbury's for the care of the complexion.

For your complexion's sake, won't you follow the findings of Science . . . and at least try Woodbury's? Start this proven beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . at but 25¢ a cake . . . may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or send coupon for generous samples.

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MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

804 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Exploding the Garbo Myth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

that usually characterizes as small a community as Hollywood was uttered. Garbo came. A hush fell across the group. She completely wet blanketed the crowd. She was obviously bored and went home early. She literally said and did nothing.

I have talked to many, many people about Garbo, people who know her intimately (and there are more of them than the stories about her would lead you to believe) and I have yet to have one of them give me the slightest evidence that her silences are a mask of deep thought.

Now she does have *something* on the screen. She's not had so much since talking pictures (with the exception of "Anna Christie," a ready-made part) for the reason that the talkies require a new technique which Garbo can not easily learn. But in the silent days, and later, perhaps, too, there was something to whet the romantic appetites of all those millions of fans who go to see her, who adore her, who become maniacal over her.

As a person I can only gather that she is very sweet to her friends and both stubborn and petulant on the set, that she's done a lot of nice things for people, and that she is a shrewd business woman who keeps mysterious because she knows her limitations and because she is bored (as most of us are) when she's with people who are over her head. Oh sure, I may be wrong. I may not be mystic, nor psychic, nor attune enough to get her.

ON the screen—well, I believe that it's a trick. That something about those lack lustre eyes, that sullen mouth, that high brow, that pale, clay-like skin appeals to the imaginations of people. Rudolph Valentino had a dead nerve in one eyelid. It gave that eyelid a droop. And a nice, wholesome, Italian boy became the sinister, mysterious dream lover of a million women.

Garbo appeals in the same way. I do not want to hurt her, for she does care about the things written of her and she reads them, yet she must realize that her personality has now become public property and the facts must be met if we're to keep ourselves honest. Mind you—Garbo's a nice girl. No criticism can affect her while she makes good pictures. She's invariably lovely and kind to the new actors and actresses who work with her. She is touched by illness and sadness and expresses herself in flowers and gifts to those who are ill or sad.

But the Garbo legend is a myth—and don't let anybody tell you anything else. And her "great art" is something quite outside herself like the art of Clara Bow and Lupe Velez and other emotional machines.

Heart Throb

Came the casting of my lot in a strange city on the other side of the continent. That I was city-bred had not inured me to unfriendly faces, to loneliness.

The Cinema! Stars whom I had seen in countless dramas and accepted or rejected insofar as their REEL performances had been good or bad were now REAL companions. My profound gratitude goes out to them for the happiness they brought me during dark hours fraught with despair, nostalgia and heartache.

George Wilton, Jr.

Jeanette Loff, Universal Star

FILM STARS say: "Safest · simplest · most satisfactory"

John Boles, Universal Star

93% of all Universal featured players adopt this modern method. A significant fact that every home manager must heed!

★ *Every Suds, Every Rinse, timed to the Second. Scientific devices time every bath under the multiple-suds method, developed at the American Institute of Laundering—million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry.*

APPEARANCE is vital to screen success. Filmdom's favorites must always look their best. So 93 per cent of all Universal featured players—stars, character actors, directors and technical men too—send their clothes to the laundry.

They know present-day laundry methods will safeguard their valuable garments, send them back fresh, spotless. They know fragile washable frocks and delicate linens will be handled with the utmost gentleness, and dainty colors will be preserved in original beauty.

You too will delight in the beautiful work done by the up-to-date laundry. And you'll be astonished at its trifling cost! For just a few pennies a pound you can be free from all the worry and strain of home washday. There's a laundry service for every purpose, for every family budget.

Eight million home managers now "let the Laundry do it." And year by year the number steadily grows.

The present-day laundry way, using only rainsoft water and the *multiple-suds method*, is an amazing advance over old-fashioned washday methods. Phone a present-day laundry in your community this week, and say goodbye to all washday bother. Take this easy route to leisure and happiness! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

★ *"Puff" Devereaux, personal maid of Frances Williams, Star of George White's Scandals, putting away the petite dancer's freshly laundered linens; Miss Williams is only one of the many stars who "let the Laundry do it."*

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Adds Gloss, Lustre—*to lifeless, Dry, Dull Hair*

Leaves It Easy to Manage

IF your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

Just put a few drops of Glostora in the palm of your hand and pat it on your hair before you wave or comb it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THIS would be a red-letter month in any year, but it happens to be April, 1921, and a great event is on tap for all devotees of the movies.

"The Kid" is charming the country—Chaplin and baby Jackie Coogan are going through their practically deathless pantomime, and critics and public have joined hands and are dancing in the streets.

Our Mr. Burns Mantle, conservative always, says he doesn't care to state right out that "The Kid" is the greatest motion picture ever made—but the inference is that he thinks it is.

The country discovers all over again that Mr. Chaplin is a genuine genius. And that cute Coogan baby!

(Flash ahead to 1931—ten roaring years. The country rises to cheer "City Lights," Chaplin's first picture in a long time. Jackie Coogan, in long pants, signs with Paramount. But, oh, those memories of "The Kid"! How about a revival?)

AND here's another picture of early spring, a decade ago. A slender little stage star named Arliss—George Arliss—has just turned out a picture made from one of his theatrical successes. It's "The Devil," written by a promising Hungarian playwright named Molnar—Franz Molnar.

The picture kicked up no sand. Our critic, praising Mr. Arliss' "suave" performance, says the film itself has little to hold the interest. The star is supported by Sylvia Breamer, Mrs. Arliss, and a young fellow named Edmund Lowe.

"THE DEVIL" was soon forgotten, and Arliss went back to new stage triumphs.

(In 1931? Oh, the star is just First Gentleman of the talking screen, with a hatful of medals, including PHOTOPLAY'S golden award for "Disraeli"!)

SEE what you can make out of the list of the beautiful ladies—and one lad—who adorn our portrait gallery this early post-war April—

Alice Calhoun, May McAvoy, Gladys Walton, Charles Ray, Gladys George, Lucy Cotton, Estelle Taylor and Gloria Swanson.

Some are here—others are there—and the galleries go on.

A SYMPOSIUM on marriage this month . . . Some of the thoughts we print on the eternal subject . . . Cecil B. DeMille: "If genius is too great for marriage, it is poor genius." Marshall Neilan: "Motion picture people are human. Very often they crave the fireside and the simple life." William S. Hart: "Man was made for woman, woman for man." Anita Stewart: "Marriage is the culmination of all emotion." . . . There! Now we know all about marriage, don't we?

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, the Belgian poet and dramatist, contributes an article to this month's issue. It's called "The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies."

Here's what he had to say—"The cinema ought to be an art, but it has become an industry. The business men who direct it are beginning to suspect that if it founders as an art, it will founder as an industry."

WE devote a page to the red-hot news (in 1921) that Marguerite Clark is returning to the screen!

Nothing in the earlier history of pictures had caused more real sadness than Marguerite's retirement after her marriage to H. Palmerston Williams of New Orleans. A prime favorite, that pretty little girl, and the fans missed her. So this month we announce her return, to the tune of a page of pictures.

"Scrambled Wives" was the title of the picture that was to bring her back, after a year as housewife. But she soon returned to the hearth—where she has been ever since.

THIS month we fictionize the picture made from "Sentimental Tommy," by Sir James M. Barrie . . . Quite an exceptional picture. . . . It brought out Gareth Hughes with a great performance whose promise was never quite lived up to later . . . It gave May McAvoy her first fine part, preparing her for the most brilliant job she ever did—the rôle opposite Barthelmess in the unforgettable "Enchanted Cottage." And a very young lady named Virginia Valli was well met in a supporting rôle.

The unforgettable baby. Jackie Coogan as he looked in the days of "The Kid" with Chaplin—the picture that gave him to the screen

AMONG the pictures of the month . . . Dorothy Phillips and James Kirkwood in "Man, Woman, Marriage" . . . Mr. Tod Browning's production of "Outside the Law," with Priscilla Dean, Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman. Mr. Browning later made a talkie of it—years later . . . Miss Betty Compson justifies her stardom by her work in "Prisoners of Love" . . . The famous horse-story, "Black Beauty," comes to the screen in Vitagraph form . . . Mary Pickford's new picture is "The Love Light." It draws a panning . . . "Mamma's Affair" is Connie Talmadge's latest. Kenneth Harlan is her leading man . . . Fatty Arbuckle's a hit in "Brewster's Millions."

GOSSIP from all over movieland, as of a decade back:

Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are *engaged*, dears! Wallace is the well-known leading man, and Doris is the peachy little girl who came to fame opposite Doug MacLean in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave."

That pretty girl is still appearing in the Kodak ads. (Sh—it's Eleanor Boardman!)

Hobart Bosworth and Mrs. Cecile Percival have just been married. Very few knew that Hobart was divorced from his first wife, Adele Farrington.

Bill Hart says that when his Paramount contract is up he's going to retire and write books "for the youth of America."

Adrian designs many of the gowns you admire on the screen. His original creations are often made of Skinner's fabrics.

Clinging evening gown designed by Adrian for Joan Crawford's forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture (as yet untitled). Skinner's Triple Georgette lends itself to the slender, graceful lines achieved by this distinctive dress.

Modeling masterpieces

"Skinner's Crepes combine the perfect texture and draping qualities needed to visualize and appreciate a new model long before the lines of the dress are actually completed."

. . . ADRIAN

For many years leading motion picture stars have owed the smartness of their gowns to Adrian. At his studio in Hollywood, this noted costume designer has direct and far-reaching influence on the world of fashion. Nothing short of the best will do in his selection of materials. Hence a preference for the quality that has made Skinner the most famous name in Silks.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco

Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

Skinner's Silks

Crepes	Georgettes	Chiffons
Crepe Satins	Shantungs	Sport Fabrics

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

You will love MELLO-GLO because *it stays on longer.* Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks.

MELLO-GLO Face Powder *prevents large pores* and coarse skin texture. If you wish to possess and *retain* a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 43)
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name_____

Address_____

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields
Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymer
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Myrna Loy
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Nat Pendleton
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Jillian Sand
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Bebe Daniels
John Darrow
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr.
Noel Francis
Ralf Harolde
Hugh Herbert
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay
John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
Olsen and Johnson
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
June MacCloy
Una Merkel
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston
Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff
Andre Luguet
Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell Gleason
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi
Charles Murray
Mary Nolan
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Ina Claire
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane request that their mail be sent to them in Beverly Hills, Calif. No street address is necessary.

JOHN HELD, JR.

SPONSORS OUR

"Letter of Congratulation"

CONTEST

$2050.00 in 70 cash prizes

YOU MAY WIN $1000.00

SEACREST
OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

Dear Katherine:

It is wonderful that Fred is to have the district managership. Everyone in the old crowd is so pleased. When will you be moving back? We have already begun to plan a round of dinners and dances in honor of your triumphal entry.

With best love to the children.

Agnes

Tuesday

ONE of the finest things in life is the unselfish pleasure we feel at the success and achievement of some one dear to us. But we are so often remiss in our expression of that sentiment . . . particularly when the message must needs be written instead of spoken.

And what a pity that we should be so careless! For even the briefest of notes to the adoring parents of a new baby . . . to the woman whose husband has received a promotion . . . to the girl whose engagement has been announced . . . to the boy or girl just graduated from school or college . . . will repay us a thousand-fold in the happiness it brings to them.

Write such a letter for the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest. It may be to any one at all on whom some honor has fallen. And it has a chance to win a total prize of $1000 . . . or one of twenty-three other cash prizes in this monthly contest . . . or one of 100 awards of Eaton's Highland Vellum. It's very simple to enter. Read the rules on this page. This is the third and last of the monthly contests.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

During February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. are offering prizes for a particular kind of letter. For April they will award prizes in the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest as follows: first prize, $150; second prize, $50; third prize, $25; five fourth prizes, $15 each; five fifth prizes, $10 each; ten sixth prizes, $5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of $850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series of contests, making it possible for some one to win a total of $1000!

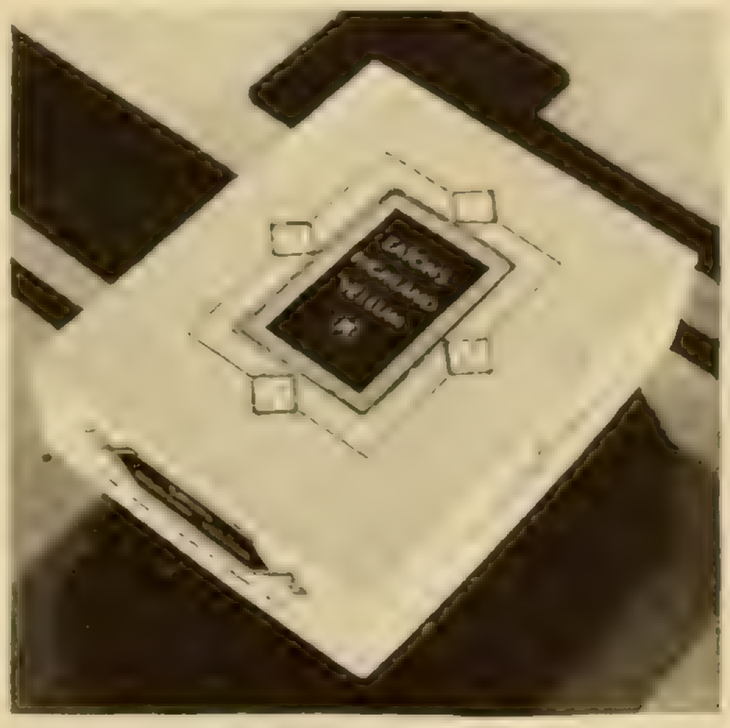
All letters in the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest must be in the mails by midnight of April 30, 1931.

Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Letter of Congratulation" Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters. No letters will be returned.

The winners will be announced in the October issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr., famous humorist.



The note of congratulation is doubly charming when written on attractive stationery. The splendid writing surface of Eaton's Highland Vellum and Eaton's Highland Linen, is popular with men and women alike. 50c to $3.50, wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

She WANTS *to know* BUT *she* "HATES *to ask*"

Then why not send for this booklet of facts?

NOW and again a young wife enters her married life with knowledge of the necessary facts clear and true in her mind. But she is the exception—not the rule. Most women are faced with a problem. Naturally they hate to ask others. And when they do, they are more than likely to be disappointed by the information they receive. It is all so confusing, so conflicting.

Danger in poisonous antiseptics

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the antiseptic. Much as doctors and trained nurses approve of surgical cleanliness, they will *not* approve of poisonous antiseptics. They know the dangers—deadened membranes, areas of scar-tissue, interference with normal secretions.

But *Zonite* is different. Zonite is the safe and effective germicide for feminine hygiene. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Zonite booklet tells all facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This up-to-date booklet is a thorough education on the subject. Read it—and there will be no need to ask anybody. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *Both in U.S.A. and Canada*

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PH-14
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name .....
(Please print name)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

"The girls began to call her 'Polly good-for-her' because when they offered her something good to eat she frequently answered, 'but it isn't good for me.'

"She had begun to wear trimmer clothes to suit the trimmer lines of her figure. She had brushed her hair back from her face. She had become much more particular about the brands of powder and rouge that she used. And she made a point of getting enough sleep—actually left parties at the height of the fun because she had to be up early the next morning and needed her rest.

"SOME of the boys were real put out about it at times, but she just let them do the worrying. If they didn't like it, they didn't need to ask her, seemed to be her attitude.

"One day when the girls were kidding her about having become so precise in her habits, and were probably looking at her new prettiness a little jealously, she made a remark which did a lot to alter my own way of living and thinking.

"And what you said about Polly shows that you have something to learn, too.

"She said that the doctor to whom her mother sent her for treatment had told her there is no more fallacious saying than that 'beauty is skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone.' He told her that beauty comes right out from the core of one's being, from one's state of mental and physical health.

"He showed her how she was ruining her digestion by overindulging in desserts and palate-tickling foods, instead of 'majoring' in the life-giving ones. He said that the best complexion in the world could be ruined by continued intestinal disturbances. He taught her how to combine soap and water with some well-selected preparations for the care of her skin. He explained the necessity of spending a certain length of time outdoors every day, of drinking plenty of water, of letting the mind and body rest for the next day's activities.

"And he evidently scared her just a little—told her she would be old and gray before her time, would lose the promise of beauty that was already there if she continued to disregard every rule of health.

"I don't mean that she didn't ever backslide—stay out late the night before an important exam, or stop for a butterscotch nut sundae an hour before dinner. But she didn't make a practice of these things. Most of the time she was temperate and careful. And, believe me, it has paid her to be. I think she's more than pretty now. In this last year she has actually become beautiful. Maybe that's because she is doing such interesting work, and her face lights up so when she talks about it—which, as you know, is practically all the time!"

"I'LL say it is!" was Marge's final contemptuous comment as she suddenly realized they were at her station. She seemed determined to find something to criticize in the absent Polly, even though she had been well talked down by the more fair-minded girl.

As she turned to leave the train, I caught my first glimpse of her face. And I fervently hoped that she had taken Polly's experience to heart.

Her poor, abused skin fairly cried out for some of the treatment Polly had given hers.

I'll wager that by this time she is beginning to prove for herself that beauty is far more than skin deep.

CLARE LOUISE:

You neglected to mention your age, Clare Louise, so it is difficult for me to judge what you should weigh. If you are between seventeen and twenty, however, your weight is correct for your height. Use a light rachel powder and a medium rouge, matching your lipstick to your rouge.

COLETTE:

Perhaps in trying to eradicate the pimples you are causing those little brown spots of which you complain. My complexion leaflet will help you. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, as there is no charge for this information.

You are a trifle underweight, Colette, but your measurements are in excellent proportion.

JACQUELINE:

Warm water should be used for shampooing, but it is an excellent practice to use cool or cold water, as you prefer, for the final rinse, to close the pores.

Unless your skin seems to require it, it might be well to use the cold cream only in the daytime, and not at night. Young skins like yours need only a little protective and preventive care.

MARGARET:

Your weight of 125 pounds was exactly correct for your height and age, so I feel you made a mistake in reducing to 105 pounds. A growing girl sometimes needs a little extra weight. If you are careful not to over-indulge in pastries and candy you will find that you can eat without giving any thought to your food, except to enjoy it, and your normal weight will return as a matter of course.

Yes, I think your natural eyebrows must have been more attractive than the too-thin ones you now have. You can shape them a little, if necessary, but let them broaden out a bit, just as they were in the beginning. That extremely thin line is no longer fashionable, and it certainly was not pretty.

LEONA:

These are the colors that should be most becoming to you: deep, rich reds and wine; terra cotta, buff and apricot; mahogany and bronze-brown; dark, soft greens with bluish cast, avoiding the olive greens; dark blue, ivory and cream white.

K. B.:

Mary Brian is a very interesting, attractive type, and if you are somewhat like her she will make an excellent model for you to follow. But no girl wants to make herself just an imitation of someone else—even if that someone is as charming and popular as Mary. Let Mary be your general guide to clothes, hairdressing and manner, but don't stifle your own individuality in an effort to be a mere "carbon-copy." I'm sure she wouldn't be flattered by that, and you wouldn't be happy.

Use a light rachel powder, a medium rouge and matching lipstick. Your best colors should be rich, vivid blues; amber, creamy yellows and beige; most shades of brown; flesh pink and coral; ivory and cream white; and clear reds that are not too vivid.

Next month I am going to tell you some of the methods the screen stars use to preserve their good looks. Almost every actress has some little beauty secret of her own that has helped to preserve the loveliness of skin and hair and figure. I begged for a few of these "secrets" and promised I would tell them only to PHOTOPLAY'S almost a million readers!

"No Other One Like You"

"OUR DANCE," a voice was saying. Helen turned, but there was a startled look on a strange face. "Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I've made a mistake!"

Helen blushed scarlet. She had feared something like this from that moment in the dressing room when she had seen Betty Ward arrive in a dress exactly like her own.

When she had bought the dress, Helen had thought of ways she might change it. It wasn't quite becoming, anyway, but it seemed the best value for what she could spend and the shop had assured her it was one of a "special lot."

How she got through the evening she never knew, but this was certain—never could she wear that dress to the club again. A thousand times Helen had wished she could make her own clothes. She knew so well what she would like to have—just what color of fabric seemed to put a glow in her cheeks, a new sparkle in her eyes. Just what lines set off her figure—what decorative touches spoke for her as she really was. Never yet had she found in the shops a dress that completely satisfied her. If only by some magic means—

And then—just then as though her wish were heard and answered, Helen learned that there *was* a way that she could create for herself the lovely clothes she wanted—yes, Helen who had never sewn a stitch in her life. Right in her own town there were waiting for her the personal help of a sympathetic teacher, wonderful electric machines to use and every convenience one could want.

Never had she known such happy afternoons as those that followed, when she pored over fashion pages of the magazines, explored the tempting, colorful fabric counters and then watched a dress grow to loveliness—just as she had hoped and dreamed. Not just one dress, but another and another at unbelievably little cost.

No wonder she laughed a joyous little laugh in her heart when, at the club, a voice—no longer strange—whispered, "This is our dance. I'm sure because—well, in all the world there's no other one like you!"

• • •

If you would like to know how you can learn to make your own dresses, free, at the nearest Singer Sewing School, telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your community. Simply look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Or send the coupon below and full information about this new plan will come to you at once.

• • •

Haven't you wished for the skill to make clothes that really express your individuality? You can have them now; for modern patterns, modern methods and the modern Singer Electric have made all sewing a delight. And the Singer Sewing Schools are ready to give you just the help and the confidence you need, without one cent of cost to you. There is one of these Schools not far from you, where you will be guided step by step through the making of the dress of your choice. You will be shown how to select a becoming design and materials, and how to make, fit and finish your dress completely, to the last distinctive bit of decoration. In just a few fascinating afternoons or evenings you will learn the modern methods that will make forever simple the creation of your own smart clothes.

SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

Conducted by **SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.**

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.
Dept. D-118, Singer Bldg. New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

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All rights reserved for all countries.

Beauty TELLS Beauty

PHOTO BY GRANCEL FITZ

"Never fear—
LASHES STAY SOFT
with this new cosmetique"

A CHIC WOMAN said: "I like a slight dark accent on my lashes. Nothing else is quite so flattering. But I just *won't* use ordinary cosmetiques. I don't want my lashes to be brittle or *'made-up'* looking. What shall I do?" ... Have you tried the new Liquid Winx? It was created for just this need—a cosmetique that *won't* make lashes brittle. For it *softens* as well as beautifies lashes. A new discovery—the Double Treatment formula—makes this possible. The new Liquid Winx gives the lashes a smart, *natural* and flattering accent. But—no matter how often you use Winx, lashes stay soft and silky! . . . . .

Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof. 75c—at department and drug stores.

For those who prefer the solid form cosmetique, Winx offers Cake. (*See the illustration above.*) *It is packed in a charming silvery compact which fits into the flattest handbag. $1.00.*

winx
for Lovely Lashes

Rules of $2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 66-67

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros.
Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street,
New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive $2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of $2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of $2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all stories submitted as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or substract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of $2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....
Address

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture!* **AT LAST—**

TRADER HORN

FILMED IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

Based on the famous novel by **TRADER HORN & ETHELREDA LEWIS**

Directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE
with
HARRY CAREY
DUNCAN RENALDO
EDWINA BOOTH

is completed and has been proclaimed greater than "THE BIG PARADE" greater than "BEN HUR," in fact

"THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME!"

See it at your favorite theatre

A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER
All-Talking Picture

Hundreds of thousands of new smokers change...develop ...progress...graduate to Marlboros. Help us put into words the *REASONS* for this ever-increasing recognition.

First Prize $100 Cash

100 PRIZES TO SMOKERS

THOUSANDS of cheap cigarettes, of course, are still sold for every carton of Marlboros. But... past year's figures show Marlboro sales forging ahead at a record-breaking rate. Can you say *why?*

We know many reasons. We want *yours.* For the best hundred reasons submitted before the last day of next June, we will award 100 prizes as listed. No strings. No conditions. Write in your own words your own reasons for changing to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

100 Prizes!

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$75
Third Prize	$50
Fourth Prize	$25
5th to 10th each	$10
11th to 50th each	$5
51st to 100th	Library package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

Good Reasons for Changing to Marlboros:

Marlboros are machine packed, *tips DOWN!* Nobody's fingers—not even your own—can soil them.

IVORY TIPS

Are Lip Insurance

...they prevent dangerous infection. Protect torn, chapped, or rouge-roughened lips.

Ivory Tipped *or* Plain, Marlboros show always a dainty hostess. Particular people are careful to avoid cheap cigarettes for dinner and bridge party guests. Smart debutantes recognize Marlboros as a suitable accessory. Successful men demand Marlboros as the cigarette of distinction.

You, yourself, may have just progressed... developed... graduated to Marlboros. Write us a few words about *your* reasons. This courtesy may win for you one of 100 prizes.

SELECTED winners will be published in magazines and newspapers. No fees or payments beyond the prizes. We cannot undertake to return suggestions nor enter correspondence. Prizes duplicated in any tie. Judges, R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris & Co., K. M. Goode, advertising consultant, and Lee Brown, advertising agent.

Contest Closes June 30th, 1931

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
119-C FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MARLBORO
Mild as May

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO AFFORD 20c FOR THE BEST

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

of a Boston theater. The tune was "Give Me Something to Remember You By"! They did.

One of the lads went out of the freshman class at Harvard on the first bounce.

And here's where Rudy's sense of humor came in. The next time he broadcast over the radio he announced his approaching holiday in Florida.

"And when I'm down there," said Rudy, "I hope to have the opportunity to autograph a few grapefruit for my friends!"

YOU haven't forgotten yet, have you, how Hollywood used to thrill over the story of Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens?

And the surprise that came when Alma, after her cure, divorced Ricardo.

Now here's another facet of the picture. While Alma lay on her deathbed a few weeks ago, Ricardo was working at First National studios, utterly unaware of how dangerously ill his one-time wife was. And not until he read in the papers, the following day, that she had died, did he have an inkling that she had been ill.

AFTER it is all over and all is said and done, perhaps there was nothing in Alma Rubens' life as pitiful and tragic as her funeral. I had known Alma for many years and I attended her funeral because I felt I wanted to pay my respects. I quickly turned away.

Her mother, in order to give everybody a chance, had put a notice in the paper that the funeral would be public, at the little church in Forest Lawn. And while there were at least a thousand sightseers on the outside stretching at the ropes, they came only to see the stars that might be present at the funeral and they did not want to come inside the church, nor did they come. They were looking only for picture people and not interested at all in Alma Rubens. There were no picture people there.

On the inside of the church there was a mere handful of thirty-five people, and the nearest approach to a picture person was Ricardo Cortez' brother.

To me it was one of the most pathetic things I ever heard of.

THERE is a big to-do about the signing up—that's what they call hiring them in pictures—of Mme. Chanel to design clothes for the lady United Artists. Far, far be it from us to intimate that business is bad in Paris and that Mr. Sam Goldwyn sold the lady on the idea that it would be good publicity for her Paris shop. Incidentally, it is also good publicity for United Artists.

FOUR years ago, when Tom Mix was writing for PHOTOPLAY, he said:

"Wives even get together and frame their husbands, feeling the need of new jewelry. Anything to get their feelings salved with diamond dust. You can go into the Ambassador, or the Biltmore, or the Montmartre and count the diamond bracelets on the arms of the women present and tell exactly how many times their husbands came home stewed in the past year."

Maybe Tom was cynical even before he was divorced! He goes on:

"A man hasn't got a chance against a woman in a play like that. The quicker he finds out her objective and surrenders to it, whether it is rubies or emeralds, the more years he will have to be a sucker in."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

FOREMOST AUTOMOBILE

Out of approximately 44 different makes of American automobiles, the Cord offers the exclusive advantages of front-drive.... When introduced about a year and a half ago, the Cord was an original, distinct advancement against the background of all other cars. Since then, its margin of fine-car leadership has widened daily due to the experience of the increasing number of Cord owners. . . . That it is foremost in design, is evidenced by the great number of 1931 models patterned after it. both here and abroad. . . . Now for the first time a Cord is available at the extremely low price of $2395.

BROUGHAM $2395 · SEDAN $2395 · CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET $2495 · CONVERTIBLE PHAETON SEDAN $2595 · Prices f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

CORD

FRONT DRIVE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

AS the late cowboy, Art Acord, rides other ranges, further word comes of his suicide, not so long ago, in Chihuahua, Mexico.

It seems that, with fortune lost, Art had determined to try one more screen comeback. With another American, an unimpeachable informant tells us, he had planned to be kidnapped and held for ransom by Mexican bandits.

But it all fell through. An attempt to recoup in Mexico failed.

One suicide try at the Palacio Hotel failed—his American friend knocked a bottle of cyanide from his hands.

But, in his room Art had hidden another bottle of the poison. With this he accomplished his tragic purpose.

And in Hollywood, where his body had been brought by former comrades-in-arms, Art, wearer of the *Croix de Guerre* for gallantry in action in France, was laid to rest with all the military honors that had been dear to him in life.

THERE is dancing on the village green in Hollywood and gay carols are being sung up and down the boulevards.

Eric Von Stroheim is about to begin a picture.

The actors who have been cast are preparing to build new homes in which to deliver themselves of progeny.

By the time the picture is finished, the children born during its making will be ready to play juvenile leads.

NOW we learn that "Cimarron" cost $1,750,000—in round figures —to produce.

We, old cynics, agree that the picture was worth it.

TWO former picture favorites have been favored with vaudeville bookings by Radio-Keith-Orpheum.

One is Blanche Sweet. The former Mrs. Marshall Neilan opened in Elizabeth, N. J., in a singing specialty. She is asking $2,500 a week for her work.

The other is Rin-Tin-Tin.

The famous dog star is now trouping the country and he and his master draw down $1,250 a week.

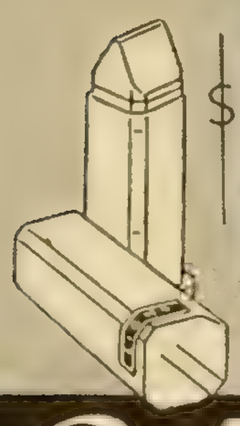
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

The camera moves into the department store! Here it's shown taking a ride on the escalator from Women's Doodads, on the second floor, to Gent's Thingumbobs, on the third. Director William Wellman, to the right of the camera, is filming a scene for "The Public Enemy"

ENTRUST YOUR LIPS TO YBRY

A kiss in the dark ...never requires later explanations in the light if it's Lipstick Ybry she wears! Truly Permanent—Smooth—Pure! Scented with world's costliest parfum and simply does not come off.

Featured at best shops



$1. AMAZINGLY LOW FOR A FRENCH CREATION

5 flattering shades

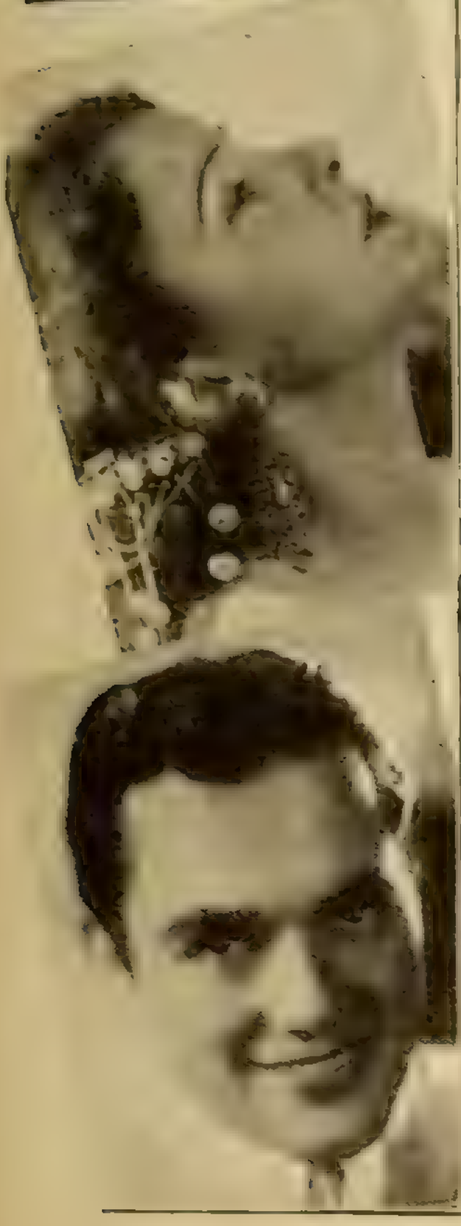
PARFUM Ybry Pronounced EE-BREE PARIS

Ybry, Inc., Dept. P-4, 50 W. 57th St., New York City
Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....(PLEASE PRINT).....

Address.....



New De Luxe Edition of the

Stars of the Photoplay

"Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

250 Reproductions in Rotogravure of the Stars, and the facts you want to know about them

DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires—which ones foreign titles?
The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?
The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?
How much Loretta Young weighs?
Where Chevalier was during the World War?
That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?
What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?
That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?
Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?
The name of Irene Rich's husband?
Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?
Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?
The real name of Lew C[illegible]?
What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?
How many times Alma Rubens has been married?
How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?
Where Bebe Daniels was born?
How old is Marie Dressler?
Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?
How Jack Oakie got his start?
Gilbert Roland's nationality?
Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?
That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

The answers to these—and hundreds of other questions—just the information that you and your friends want can be found in "Stars of the Photoplay."

Size of "Stars of the Photoplay," 7¼ x 10½ inches; individual portraits, 5½ x 7½ inches. A biographical sketch accompanies each portrait.

You can obtain this remarkable book with an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for only $4.00. "Stars of the Photoplay" sells regularly for $1.25; an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY $3.75. The regular price of the two combined is $5.00. You will, therefore, save $1.00 by taking advantage of this unusual offer. We recommend the combination offer, but if you want only "Stars of the Photoplay," just send $1.25.

This combination offer is an ideal Birthday gift. If it is to be sent as a gift, insert the name of the person to whom you wish it to go, on the coupon, and your own name on the extra line at the bottom provided for this purpose, also state date of birthday, and a proper notification will be sent to the recipient.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine [STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY] PH. 4-31
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find $..... ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ cash, for which send me
☐ The New De Luxe Edition of "Stars of the Photoplay" and enter my subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for 18 months effective with the next issue.

(Special Rate: $4.00 U. S. and possessions; $4.50 Canada; $5.00 Foreign.)

☐ The New De Luxe Edition of "Stars of the Photoplay"—now only $1.25.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Gift from (name)..... Birthday.....

TRY THIS PERFECT WAVE SETTING FLUID

at our expense

YOUR name and address on the coupon will bring you, free, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set . . . remarkable new greaseless finger-waving fluid that dries so rapidly and leaves your hair in soft, glossy waves. *Leaves no residue.* Does not make hair gummy or sticky. Beneficial to hair.

New low prices... 35c and 60c (Formerly 50c and $1.00) at drug stores, department stores, hairdressers. Ask for Wildroot Wave Set by name. Beware of imitations.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

Coupon brings FREE SAMPLE

THE WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P-4, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free sample Wildroot Wave Set
Also a sample of your new Liquid Cleansing Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

EY-TEB Patent Pending

Luxuriant Lashes Instant—Secure Your Lashes

any length or thickness

in 10 *minutes*

The magic of Ey-teb lashes added to your own—cannot be detected from natural lashes even under the magnifying glass test—simple to apply. Not affected by water or cleansing agents—one application lasts weeks—cannot injure your eyes or own lashes—nothing like them before.

Send this advertisement with your name and address and $1 for special trial size (several applications), post-paid. State brown or black.

Take this quick step to beauty today!

Ey-Teb, Dept. A, 275 W. 23rd St., New York City

No More Foot Pain

Amazing relief for you. Stops burning, aching, tender, swollen, calloused, torturing feet. Foot troubles mastered in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like. One application works wonders. At all druggists. 35c. *Send postcard for free Booklet "Care of Feet."*

MEDCO CO., Dept. L-4, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

And Lina Basquette has been singing in a cafe at Miami. It's reported that she and ex-husband Peverel Marley are about to kiss and make it all up.

PAULINE STARKE is recovering from a serious nervous breakdown which sent her to a California sanitarium for over a month.

Pauline, the wife of Jack White, comedy producer, hasn't been seen in pictures lately.

POLLY MORAN was standing by the studio gate, her bright new teeth which have replaced the old crooked ones in the front of her mouth, glistening.

"Say, do you want to see Polly Moran's double?" one passer-by asked another. "Looks exactly like her except her teeth ain't crooked."

Then Polly knew that all the pain had been worth it. The teeth had been perfectly good, by the way.

Polly just got tired of seeing herself on the screen with big protruders.

Polly gave out for publication that she had four taken out. We'll let you in on a secret. There were nine and she went through lots of suffering.

ANN HARDING sings a song in "East Lynne."

And, she says, the only reason she consented to do it was because she had occupied the dressing-room bungalow originally built for John McCormack on the Fox lot!

ESTELLE TAYLOR returned from several months in New York with her seventy-two-year-old grandmother, the little Quaker lady who raised Mrs. Dempsey. The trip was a riot for Estelle. On the first night, she opened grandmother's bag and found one nightgown, one set of dominoes and eleven boxes of pills.

Estelle was worried about the rich food grandma was eating and remonstrated at hot cakes, sausage, fatty meats, etc., which were always followed by three dyspepsia pills.

"I've lived seventy-two years and I guess

Underwood and Underwood

They're off! The honeymoon pair, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, snapped outside the door of their cabin on board the S. S. Augustus, just before the liner churned away for Italy. "We're not going to smart places or do the conventional sight-seeing," said the happy groom. "We're just going to get a modest car and go places having a good time."

The honeymoon, hope Charlie and Virginia, will last three months

I should know what to eat by this time," was the answer.

When Estelle posed for pictures at the Los Angeles station, grandma noticed that all the ladies' hats sat well back on the head, exposing the forehead, according to the latest fashion. She pushed hers high. "Does that show enough of me?" she asked the photographers.

Her only comment when reaching the Dempsey mansion on fashionable Los Feliz Avenue was: "You live too far in the country, granddaughter. I like to be close to the stores and excitement."

JUST one of Hollywood's little accidents that turned out to be to everybody's advantage.

They were shooting the final scene for "Beyond Victory" where Bill Boyd, Jimmy Gleason and the others in the cast are celebrating the armistice in Paris. Their arms are loaded with champagne bottles. Bill's line is, "Isn't it great all the shooting and noise is over?"

And just as he said it for the microphone, the carbonated water in one of the prop champagne bottles blew off the cap. The actors were actually startled but the cameraman didn't stop grinding and that is the laugh fade-out of the picture

WALKED onto the "Strangers May Kiss" set the other day to the strains of a popular piece played by an orchestra.

Since there is no music in Norma Shearer's new picture we discovered that the boys were the same ones who played for all of Norma's silent pictures. When the talkies pushed out the set musicians, Norma said, "They've played for me so long and made me so happy that I'm going to keep them for between shots."

That was two years ago and she's still paying the same boys from her own salary.

THERE'S a midget who has discovered a new gag on Hollywood Boulevard.

Out of work, he peddles apples.
They're crabapples.

ELISSA LANDI had to break a mirror in "Body and Soul." She hesitated. Director Alfred Santell said, "We'll break six mirrors. I won't ask anyone to do what I wouldn't do myself."

Charles Farrell, Donald Dillaway, Humphrey Bogart, Dell Pruett (secretary to Santell) and the director broke six separate mirrors.

A few days later, Charlie Farrell's mother passed away after only a few hours of illness.

And it was only the day after the breakage that Al Santell sat in his car at Malibu Beach with his rare first editions and collection of unusual salt and pepper shakers huddled high about him waiting to see if his house would burn in the big Malibu fire. Louise Fazenda's, separated from Santell's only by Karl Dane's place, was blazing. Santell's was saved. Now he wonders whether the hot hours of fear which he put in waiting for his home to go took care of his ill luck.

The others admit, also, they are waiting for the results of the ill omen.

IF Walter Pidgeon's hair is gray in his next picture, don't blame it to make-up. Blame Hollywood's practical jokers.

At eight o'clock the other morning he was awakened to receive the Rolls Royce he had ordered. An hour later the Packard people called to deliver their latest model. Another hour and another make appeared. The climax came at four P. M. when the Elks club called to ask what time he wished the orchestra and entertainers he had hired for the evening to report for duty.

The automobile companies were left holding the sack since Walter had put in no orders, but Walter held it for the orchestra. A woman calling herself "Mrs. Pidgeon" had ordered it and Walter, the confirmed bachelor, had to pay for it.

Which reminds us that the same trick was played on Greta Garbo recently. Only the

"I use Kleenex and know my complexion's *safe*"

Why cold cream should always be removed with Kleenex . . . a beauty talk with one of the loveliest actresses of the screen.

Marian Nixon

SUCCESSFUL beauty culture inevitably must start with super-cleanliness. Yet many women fail in this—their first and greatest duty to their complexions—in the very cleansing process! They attempt to remove both cleansing cream and dirt with a greasy, bacteria-laden "cold cream cloth" or a half-soiled, unabsorbent towel. And then wonder why blackheads threaten . . . why pores grow large and relaxed.

Beautiful women of the stage and screen have discovered that nothing *cleans* like Kleenex. Kleenex . . . the delicate, powerfully absorbent tissues that attract dirt like a magnet.

One of the loveliest of famous Kleenex users is Marian Nixon. Miss Nixon understands the importance of cleansing. "I shouldn't feel my face was clean unless I used Kleenex to remove the cleansing cream," she says.

"Why take chances with half-clean towels and cold cream cloths? These methods are inefficient and unsanitary, often leaving a residue of powder and fine dirt in the pores."

"Occasionally I see girls invite skin trouble by ignoring recognized methods. This has always seemed absurd to me. When there's one *right* way, why take chances? I use Kleenex, and know my complexion's safe."
MARIAN NIXON

Use for Colds—in Place of Handkerchiefs
Kleenex prevents constant self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. It is used once, then discarded.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in three sizes — 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send a free supply of Kleenex

*Name*_____
Please print name plainly

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. PH-4

Now! Make Up Only Once A Day

—*Instead of Every Hour!*

A New Idea from Paris that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking. No Drying. No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"

A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long*. Instead of making up every hour, vou make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with one of his famous clients, Hope Hampton, beautiful stage and screen star.

You use it on your cheeks, too—just a touch with the finger-tips—and thus have the color of your cheeks blend perfectly with the color of your lips.

different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above.)

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box. 9 different colors. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus

Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe, Inc.

cars came to the studio. The practical joker had not known her home number. One advantage to remaining "mysterious."

WORD was sent to Bill Boyd's house that he was wanted at Pathe for retakes on "Beyond Victory."

"He can't report," came the answer; "he's got to stay in bed, according to doctor's orders. Laryngitis."

"That's okeh," the studio answered. "We just want to make retakes where Bill's in a hospital bed."

The doctor said it was all right, so Boyd, laryngitis and all, was taken to the studio and put back into bed before the camera for two days' shooting.

HELEN KANE goes well with the natives in Honduras.

Enid Bennett's brother, marooned on a cocoanut plantation in that region, took along his trusty victrola to while away the hours. The boys were startled when they heard a voice coming from this strange device, *but* when the Baby-Talk Girl's voice reaches them, they do a nip-up and get all excited. They don't speak a word of English.

Maybe boop-boop-a-doop means something in Honduran, or whatever they speak down there.

ESTELLE TAYLOR is another Hollywood poet. It's surprising, how many film actresses turn to verse now and then. Here's one of Estelle's—

Don't eulogize my corpse
And buy me roses
And weep
And sniffle
And get red noses.
For I will be there
With my sense of humor
And stand by your side
And laugh at the rumor
I'm dead.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Boles or Novarro?

In my opinion Ramon Novarro is the only star in pictures who could take Rudolph Valentino's place.

AGNES PETERSON,
Pasadena, Calif.

Why do critics rave about Ramon Novarro all the time? Why not boost a really good singer and actor, a second Valentino—John Boles? He has the best singing voice on the screen.

AGNES GEARHART,
Toledo, Ohio

John Boles should go to dramatic school because, while I'm willing to admit that he's handsome and has a good voice, he's nothing but a collar ad which after half a reel gets to be mildly boring to say the least.

S. BOSWELL,
Baltimore, Md.

Million Dollar Productions

Grand finales! Dazzling costumes! Splendor! Magnificence! I marvel that the producers don't realize that we would exchange all this for just a bit of human pathos—realism—heart interest.

A picture is built upon the emotion it arouses, and these "million-dollar" productions only leave us awed, with a feeling of unreality.

M. BARRON,
Petaluma. Calif.

TYPEWRITER NOW ½ PRICE

All Standard Makes
Lowest Prices and easiest terms on World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. Save over ½. Mfr's. original price. Your choice sent on 10 days' Trial. EASIEST TERMS EVER OFFERED—PAY ONLY 12c A DAY. All standard size—late models. Fully Guaranteed.

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DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR

It's easy to impart that bright, shining, youthful look to streaky, age-telling gray hair. Just comb in Brownatone, clean, odorless and harmless. Also splendid for toning down unnatural bleached or henna shades. Any color from golden blonde to jet black. Used by millions for 20 years. All dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for test bottle.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. F-12, Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

Pokes and Posies

Brickbats:

The acting of Rudy Vallée.
Inept movie titles.
Strong, silent heroes with one word, "Yeah?"
Theme songs.
Inebriated actors.
All-dancing, all-singing squawkies.

Bouquets:

Bored expression of Ronald Colman.
Quiet resignation of Garbo in "Romance."
That fit-to-be-kissed loveliness of Lillian Roth.
William Powell's polish.
Janet Gaynor's virginal wistfulness.
Sound cartoons.

ARTHUR MARBLE,
Brigham City, Utah

Old Loves and New

The actresses who starred in pictures around 1923 and 1924 don't appeal much to the theater-goers of today. We don't want them. They must make way for the new and better actresses.

ROBERT M. FORD,
Iowa City, Iowa

I think it's a downright shame the way the old stars who are well-known to the movie public have to give way before the new ones. It's not that the new ones are any better; it's only an everlasting desire on the part of the producers to introduce new faces.

FLORENCE LONDON,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Jack Gilbert

What a come-back Jack Gilbert has made in "Way for a Sailor."

Gone is the sentimental twaddle, and our Jack emerges a regular he-man, and does it to perfection.

BETTY R. STRACHAN,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Jack Gilbert died a pretty awful death in "Way for a Sailor." I think M-G-M have carried their little joke too far.

BERNICE GUSTAFSON,
Norfolk, Nebr.

Whose Voice?

Constance Bennett has the clearest, sweetest and best voice I have heard in any talkie.

MRS. JONES,
Gadsden, Ala.

Kay Francis has the best female voice on the screen. After hearing her, I never want to see another silent picture.

DORIS ROSENBERG,
Cohasset, Mass.

Just What You Think

The Glorification of the American Girl is now passe.

It has become the Glorification of the American Gangster.

What must foreign nations think of the United States?

IDA MCGEE,
Canton, Ohio

Cimarron!

"Cimarron!" What a picture! What a cast! What a director!

Except for one little fault the four of us who went to see this picture think it the finest thing we've seen.

We had all read the book and felt that the last scene—the statue of the pioneer—should have had a close-up of the face to make it very

More *Glamour* added to your fingertips by this new Nail Make-up

Excels in brilliance, say women in 8 fashion centers "New way to Fascinate," writes Beauty Editor in Budapest

IN all the fashion centers of the world beautiful women are making men's hearts beat faster . . . with the alluring brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish.

Guthy Böske, well-known Beauty Editor in cosmopolitan Budapest, writes: "Every woman of fascination recognizes in this gleaming new nail make-up a way to make her hands more fascinating, surer of their effect.

"Cutex Liquid Polish never fails you," she says. "It is the result of 16 years of specializing in manicure preparations only. Its brilliant lustre is unmatched and lasts for days. It never makes your fingers unsightly by cracking or peeling or discoloring. It goes on so simply, so smoothly, and dries in a moment!"

This Polish contains no unnecessary perfume to make it more expensive, to conflict with your own favorite scent, or to dim its lustre . . . and there is a range of six smart shades to choose from.

Just as fastidious women all over the world do, you, too, can keep your nails flawless, appealing. Follow the directions in the little booklet enclosed with every Cutex preparation.

Just this easy manicure once a week and a few minutes' attention each day to cleanse and push back the cuticle . . . your nails will always be romantically lovely! Every new aid for beautifying the nails has started with Cutex.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Put your Nail Polish to this Test:
Does it . . .

1. dry in 30 seconds?
2. never crack, peel, or discolor?
3. last a whole week?
4. sparkle always with smart lustre?
5. come in sturdy bottles, easy to open?

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢ each . . . Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, together . . . 50¢.

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)

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191 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

_____

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Cutex Liquid Polish ONLY 35¢

Tips the fingers with romance

clear that it was a statue of Yancey Cravat.

E. H. BOOTH, JR.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Illicit

That picture "Illicit" is going to do a lot of people a lot of good. Every married couple should see it.

I heard two women seated next to me in the theater discussing it after the picture was over.

They were telling of married friends of theirs.

One said, "I'm going to make George and Mary see this. It will open their eyes and probably patch up their troubles."

FREDERIC BASCOMB,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I enjoyed "Illicit." It is a great picture and I'm strong for Barbara Stanwyck.

But, tell me, do ladies of the screen really wear these skin-tight nighties such as Miss Stanwyck wore?

I had a suspicion there was a girdle under it.

MARY ATKINS,
Harrisburg, Penna.

Your Answer Is in This Issue

Do you mean to tell me that lion really pounced on Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn"?

And how under the African sun could that girl live in that country and be whiter than whitewash?

I'm just asking. I've got my money's worth out of the picture and I'm not complaining.

It's a great picture.

IVAN SIMPSON,
Sioux Falls, Iowa

Laughs Kill Laughs

"Charley's Aunt" was a distinct disappointment to me for the simple reason that the laughter of the audience completely drowned out the dialogue.

I believe that this is the greatest drawback of the talkies.

MARTHE WITTEKIND,
Columbus, Ohio

Scandal Sheet

How much more dramatic it would have been if they'd ended "Scandal Sheet" after Bancroft had killed Brook.

The newspaper background was very convincing but Mr. Bancroft's too-relentless characterization of the managing editor made us hardly blame Kay Francis, his wife, for rushing into the arms of the infinitely more charming Clive Brook.

MRS. HENRIETTA CRILE,
Larchmont, N. Y.

Will Silents Return?

There is no doubt the day will dawn when the public will want a silent picture for desert. Why should such excellent stars as Chaplin, John Gilbert and Jannings—true artists in pantomime—not still be great?

You'll never find another lover like Gilbert. Can he help it that "love" is a silent language and the talkies are asking of him the impossible?

ELLEN KONGSHANG,
Detroit, Mich.

We Thank You

Quite some time ago there appeared on your pages a Brickbat bewailing the erroneous belief that PHOTOPLAY had spoiled the appearance of one of her issues by printing on the cover, "The Most Imitated Magazine in the World." But now I cannot help but notice the truthfulness of the words on said cover.

Ironically, I offer another—and perhaps bet-

ter—pet phrase: "Often Imitated, But Never Equalled."

BILL CONEYS,
Englewood, N. J.

Let's Have Plots

Producers should cut out trying to use one plot for a dozen different pictures

WM. H. JUASHA,
New York City, N. Y

Well, It's Out!

We, in Poland, admire powerful American film production, but we are tired of song and dance films.

There is too much syncopation, rhythm, theme song and noise. Such a tone film as "Love Parade" one can hear ten times without getting a headache, but this day's jazzmania is indeed too tiresome.

YOLA FRANKOVSKA,
Poland

And Why, Pray?

Keep young Fairbanks out of love scenes.

J. SWEET,
Montreal, Canada

Too Many Gunmen!

For a period of time there were complaints galore about musical comedy talkies; and now that they are fewer and better, along come gang pictures.

Another crusade will have to be started against these.

MRS. JULES S. LAKE,
New Orleans, La.

Yep! It's a Mystery

It puzzles me how a ninety piece orchestra crowds in to help the hero and heroine with their sharps and flats in the big hit number, whether they be far out on burning desert sands, high above the clouds or driving through a rainstorm.

How come?

AL SCHMIDT,
Memphis, Tenn.

Alas!

I would have gone to see Norma Talmadge in a silent picture under any circumstances, but in "Du Barry" her acting was so stilted and unnatural and her voice so harsh and uncultivated, I do not care to ever see her again.

E. H. BARRON,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

She Is Good-looking

I'm tired of hearing Marie Dressler called homely and ugly! Just because she can stretch her jaw like a rubber for our amusement and because she can play wonderful character parts is no sign that she isn't nice looking in private life.

MRS. JAMES W. MITCHELL,
Martin's Ferry, Ohio

Welcome, Mickey!

After many years of forced endurance of the pie-throwing comedies, the Mickey Mouse cartoons come as a welcome relief.

Intelligent movie-goers are greatly impressed by the genius, thought and patient work which have been combined to make these the most entertaining comedies ever shown

MARGARET LETTICE,
Evansville, Ind.

What? Even Now?

Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I would rather see America's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford, as

MAKE YOUR MOUTH BEAUTIFUL

Chewing DOUBLE MINT is the new way. Beauty of lips and flash of smile will attract the man of your dreams. Thus your happiness and security may actually depend on your possession of a fascinating mouth. As exercise keeps your body lithe and young, so it will help keep your delicate facial muscles supple and attractive. Mother Nature's own perfect and natural means of forming lovely lips and of giving you gleaming teeth is through the chewing exercise of masticating your food. But since modern food is so soft the daily chewing of DOUBLE MINT has become a very necessary factor in modern life.

Why should

GRAY HAIR

make you older than you are?

I could save countless women many a heartache if they would send for my FREE SINGLE LOCK TEST PACKAGE.

Gray hair is so unnecessary. In over 30 years I have shown millions of women the way to ever-youthful hair. You need no experience. Merely comb clear, colorless liquid through your hair. Youthful color will come—color that matches perfectly your own hair whether it be black, brown, auburn or blonde. Results are natural-looking—nothing artificial. Your hair stays soft and lustrous—waves or curls easily. You can wash it without fear of fading. No danger of rubbing off on hat-linings or linen.

3,000,000 women gained youthful hair by making this sensible test

I want to show you, too. You can make the test at home without risk or expense on a single lock snipped from your hair. I only ask you to see for yourself. Your druggist can supply the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee . . . But why not send for Free Complete Test Package now?

Famous Single Lock Test Package FREE
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✓ *CHECK COLOR OF HAIR* ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

the child who captivated our hearts with her pranks and hardships than in the rôle of a silly French flapper in "Kiki."

DOROTHA CONNOR,
Kane, Penna.

A Vote for France

Are all French girls like Fifi?

Let's go to France, but stay away from Sweden.

IMOGENE PARSONS,
Buffalo, Okla.

Betty Is All H. and B.

One gets all "hot and bothered" about movies.

I'm hot because there is a gag that never fails newspaper columnists lacking filler for their stick—

"The mentality of the average movie audience is that of a nine-year old!"

I'm bothered because those columnists suppose an audience likes the trash resignedly sat through just because hard-earned money has been paid to see a show.

BETTY VOORHEES,
Dana Point, Orange Co., Calif.

Are You Shy? Read This

A man I know of owes a great deal to the movies. He is very self-conscious and hard to talk to. However, when the "movies" are the subject of conversation he is immediately at ease.

He forgets his shyness and talks very well and very interestingly.

MARION H. DEVERGNIES,
Haddon Heights, N. J.

Nosegays for Fred

Not many of us have suave Colmans and sophisticated Brooks for brothers or husbands, but who of us does not have a Fredric March in the family?

His portrayal of *Paul* in "Laughter" was so true, so human, he won my whole-hearted admiration.

Hats off to Fredric March for a perfect performance!

MRS. J. Y. BLAKE,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

We Blush—And Print It

PHOTOPLAY is taking its place among the really smart magazines in America; in fact, the whole world.

This stark but happy fact is evidenced in the neatness with which some of its writers are putting the ha-ha on Hollywood and some of its hams.

The most clever article in the November issue is by Bogart Rogers, entitled "Bogy Man Turns Actor." It is simply swell! The panner Jim Tully gets panned and plenty; and smartly and satirically!

Fine magazine, this PHOTOPLAY.

ALAN E. PHILLIPS,
Hollywood, Calif.

Too Many Carbon Copies

Repetition is not "the spice of life." We fans are becoming surfeited and bored by the continuous sameness of pictures we see today.

As sure as life. death and the income tax is the fact that if a motion picture goes over big with the public there will be multitudinous others of that ilk just as soon as Hollywood can produce them.

GEDELLE B. WILSON,
Columbia, S. C.

She Doesn't Like Remakes

It's particularly annoying to expect to see something "new and different" and discover that it's simply an old silent picture one has

FRECKLES

The Ugly Handicap To Fair Complexions

Now is the Time to Get Rid of Those Homely, Rusty-Brown Spots

This is a very trying time for fair-complexioned women; Spring sun and winds bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now.

But fortunately there is also a treatment for those unsightly blemishes so simple and reliable that no one need stay freckled. A few nights' use of Othine-double strength will rid your skin of freckles and restore its natural fairness and beauty. It is seldom that more than an ounce of this dainty white cream is needed.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not fade out even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.

OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH

THERE is no introduction which carries the dignity, prestige, or personality of a well-arranged business card. A tab of perfect business cards will be sent in response to your request.

The JOHN B. WIGGINS *Company*
Established 1857
1153 Fullerton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WIGGINS
Peerless Book Form
CARDS

seen before with new players, a new title and embellished with a sprinkling of music.

DOROTHY V. SCHULTZ,
Providence, R. I.

Two Idols Go Ker-Plunk

After seeing Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check" I've decided that if they can act I'm a writer.

The boys were plumb good on the air and the wife and I used to stop fighting long enough to listen in on them, but we'd have been better off if we hadn't gone to see them because they won't be the same to us again.

They're good where they belong, so give them "the air" from the screen, and oblige

BOB ROBINSON,
Ft. Worth, Kan.

She Likes Happy Landings

I don't mind if there is a little sorrow in the stories, but I like everything to turn out all right in the end.

ELEANOR F. MOORE,
Philadelphia, Penna

Be Serious, Marie!

I saw "Caught Short," and while it was funny, I do think that Marie Dressler is too fine an actress to do low comedy.

It seems cruel to me to see her in silly situations.

A person able to put over the part she had in "Anna Christie" shouldn't have to throw pies to get a laugh.

MARIAN GRIFFITH,
Plainfield, N. J.

Hold the Line

The movies a moral prop! They are to me.

A diet is the only thing that keeps me thin. But a diet is like a bath. It doesn't do any good unless you keep it up.

Here's how the movies come in. Every time I am tempted by potatoes, I run to the movies. The sight of the slim, beautiful stars is a moral prop to me.

A chocolate éclair leaves me cold. After looking at Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides," how could I betray myself, by guzzling salted almonds? I am thin today and the movies keep me so.

HELEN LEWIS,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Swindle, Swindle Little Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

See how he puts things across. Notice how he reads his lines. Watch his hands, and his feet, and his face. If you keep your wits about you, you'll soon be a big star. I'll be watching these rushes very closely."

AFTER the usual delays they went into production on the picture and Tommy, experienced in the petty indications that mark the atmosphere of a set, realized that he was being favored. The actor from the legitimate stage did not sense camera angles and Tommy realized after the first day or two that the director was not giving him helpful breaks. Time and again Tommy was upstage of the star; repeatedly he found himself so placed in the shot that his picture was full-face, close-up, while the camera was shooting over the shoulder of the featured player. This, he realized, was a most amazing procedure, indicating lack of experience on the part of the legitimate actor and an unfriendly attitude toward him on the part of the director.

Djer-Kiss
KERKOFF, PARIS

FACE POWDER

In the mood of Modern Fashion

Modern fashion permits each woman to be the artisan of her own beauty. It is the mode to accent one's personality rather than to mould one's self into a preconceived type. The many fine nuances of color-tone in Djer-Kiss makes it possible for every woman to adopt the Djer-Kiss face powder shade that is best suited to her complexion . . . the natural color scheme of her hair, her eyes, her skin. For day and night make-up the soft, soothing, texture of Djer-Kiss face powder achieves the effect for which fashionable women strive.

THE DJER-KISS ENSEMBLE

For bed linen and intimate apparel Djer-Kiss Sachet. For beautifying the face, rouge and lipstick. After the bath, Talcum. And for the final touch of fragrant elegance Djer-Kiss perfume.

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How to Bathe-

Try this modern luxury and beauty-treatment—FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. But there was also a time when even to discuss the body was considered improper. Now, dresses are designed without backs, and bathing suits are made without much of anything at all—so that we simply must notice the bodies of others and have them notice ours.

Nowadays, therefore, the bath should be more than a tubbing—it should be a beauty treatment. That is why the Bathasweet bath has become a habit with so many women.

Bathasweet not only makes the bath as fragrant as a flower garden, but more important still, it softens the water so that it cleanses the pores more perfectly. Bathasweet enables water to *dissolve* the impurities in the pores and to *keep* them dissolved. How well it does this is indicated by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. As a consequence, skin-imperfections disappear, and the body takes on that glowing smoothness which is the height of loveliness.

BATHASWEET

Try Bathasweet at our expense. Send for a free sample. It will convince you how important Bathasweet can be to your appearance and how much it adds to the joy of bathing. *At drug and department stores, 25c, 50c, $1 and $1.50.*

FREE A can sent free, anywhere in the United States, if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. D., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

They worked so many nights that it was a week before the three youngsters had an evening together. Tommy quickly noticed a change in Danny.

"YOU'RE not yourself tonight, Danny," he pointed out half-way through their buffet dinner. "What's up? Now that you're a big business man, I suppose weighty matters clog your mind."

Danny looking up suddenly, frankly said, "I think I'm going to lose my star contract."

"What do you mean?" Tommy demanded. "Who're you going to lose?"

"You," Danny returned.

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Tommy laughed. "Do you think because I'm getting a little successful I'll cut out your commission? You're a fine friend to have!"

For a moment or two Danny made no answer. Then, at last, he said slowly, "I saw the rushes on your picture today, Tommy."

"Did you? How do you like them?" Tommy asked eagerly.

"You do a grand job. Everybody says so. That's going to be a good picture, too."

"I certainly hope so," Tommy beamed. "There's an awful lot of talk about it on the set."

Danny lapsed into silence again. Tommy regarded him quizzically. "Say," he said slowly after a moment, "on the level, Danny, have you got the idea I'd run out on you? Why, you're my best friend."

"I never had any doubts about you, Tommy," Danny explained, "but they put it up to me pretty strong at the studio today. If you weren't my best friend, I'd never lose you."

"Meaning what?" Tommy asked.

"Well, that producer nailed me after he saw the rushes. He told me that you were a great actor in the making and the studio was willing to undertake the making provided they could deal direct with you."

"What do they care about that?" Tommy asked surprised. "They don't pay you anything. If I want to give you ten per cent of my contract, I don't see where they need worry about it."

"That's not the idea," Danny said. "He claims that he can make stars in a year's time and any that he makes he must deal with direct so no agent will hold him up after the actor gets to the top."

"Are they going to demand it?" Tommy asked.

"FROM the way they talked, I guess they are," Danny answered. "And I'll tell you something else, Tommy. When they do, you tell 'em that you'll square things with me all right and deal direct."

Tommy thought things over at some length, then said, "Of course, I can't afford to lose the opportunity of becoming a star, Danny. But no matter how much money I get, you still get ten per cent of it. There don't have to be any contract for that."

Here's Tommy! Mr. Meighan, emerging from several years' retirement at his Florida home, is again in Hollywood, busy making pictures on the Fox lot. He's shown here with Gene Sarazen, famous pro, contemplating a shot that wandered into the rough

Danny smiled at this evidence of friendship.

"Anyway," Tommy pointed out, "if they really want me, why not let them buy my contract from you? In that way you'd get a lot of quick capital, Danny. I'd love to see them do that. Then I could sign with them direct."

"Don't think I missed that chance," Danny smiled. "I told them I was ready to negotiate if they wanted to buy your contract."

"What did they say to that?"

"They said that there were too many boys they could make stars without buying any contract. If I wanted to insist," he told me, "on selling the contract I have with you, they would take another boy and make a star of him and not even exercise the second option in your present contract with them."

There was silence for a moment

"Oh, they got it on us all right," Danny terminated.

AFTER a long pause Jean cut in. "Of course," she said, "we can't let Tommy lose his chance to be a star. Therefore, if the studio does insist upon dealing direct, we'll have to let them. The financial arrangements about the ten per cent will, of course, go on no matter what happens."

"Well, that's darn nice," Danny said. "I appreciate it a whole lot. In any case, I told them I'd step out of the picture if they wanted to negotiate direct with you. You know I wouldn't stand in your way. I guess they will negotiate, too," he added slowly. "Gee, it's a great thing to have friends like you in business, Tommy."

So the supper came to a happy conclusion and the three went out to see a picture together. They sat in the darkened theater and whispered their various reactions to the efforts of the people on the screen. On their walk home from the theater, Tommy dilated considerably upon the talents of the great star from the legitimate stage. "He's a great fellow personally," he pointed out. "But he doesn't understand camera angles. The director over there is giving me plenty of breaks. I hardly know him, so I don't see why he should. But it isn't my place to raise a kick about it."

"I guess you're an actor, all right," Danny laughed. "Can't you see what that means?"

"It's a mystery to me," Tommy admitted. "If you've got any ideas, I'd love to have them."

"Do you know what they're paying that star?" Danny demanded.

"No idea," Tommy admitted.

"Forty-five hundred a week," Danny said laconically. "That's all, Tommy."

"Jiminy!" Tommy exploded.

"YES," Danny went on, "and they're talking fifty thousand flat a picture now, with bonuses if the picture takes over six weeks to make."

"Then I should think," Tommy snapped, "that they'd give him every break in the world! He's got to go over big!"

Danny grinned. "I'm not so sure about that," he said. "If he does go across big, it means that they'll have to pay him that fifty thousand every picture."

"If he goes across big they can afford to," Tommy suggested.

"Oh, no, they can't," Danny sneered. "Not if they can get you, kid, to imitate him!"

Tommy stopped short there on the sidewalk. "Say," he said, "I never realized it before, but that's just what they told me to do. Watch his face and his hands and his feet; see how he reads his lines. . . . I don't want to be an imitator. Anyway, that star is too nice a fellow."

"You shut up a minute," Danny cut in excitedly. "If I didn't think you had good sense, I'd never have told you this little angle. This movie thing is a racket, Tommy. I've seen enough of it to know. I've talked with big business men, and with people who have been stars for a long time. The only thing it's got to offer the people in it is money. You've got to

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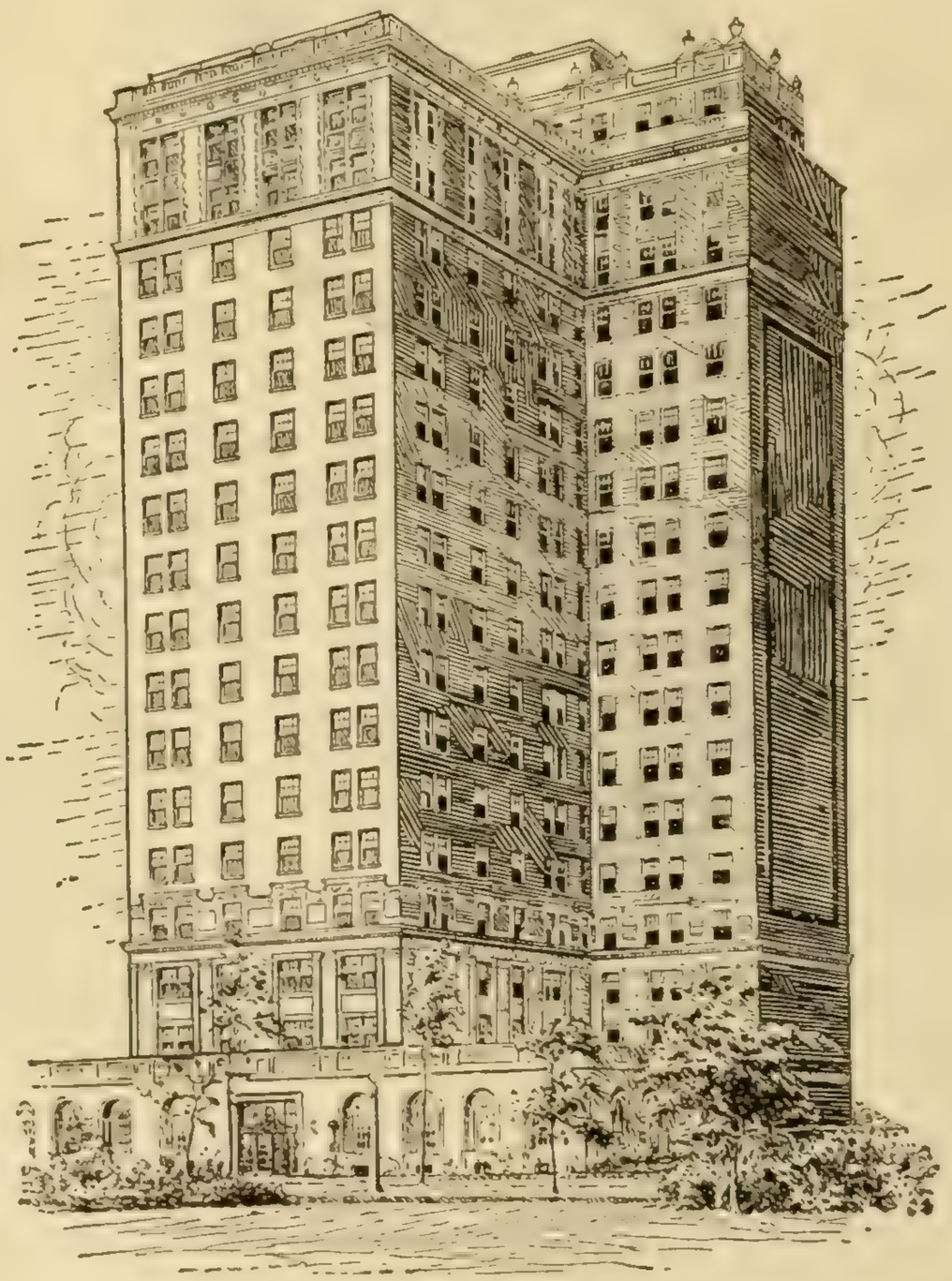

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figure that all you'll ever get out of it is money. Men rise to stardom on the whim of a befuddled producer. Anything that comes as easy as that can vanish just as easily. I've thought this all out. You've got to keep your mouth shut and do as you're told."

Jean caught him by the arm. "Danny's right, Tommy," she said earnestly. "All there is out here for anybody is money. There is no art and there is no real achievement. It's all tinsel. . . . Publicity that's bought and paid for through the nose, Tommy. A great play will live forever because it's printed in book form and mirrors the work of genius for all generations to come. The greatest picture ever made is nothing but mandolin picks a year after it's first shown!

"AN actor can't ever express himself in pictures. He follows blindly the orders of a blind director. That's the way the business is run and that's the way we've got to look at it. Danny's absolutely right, sweetheart. Our whole happiness depends upon this thing. You've got your big chance, and it's my big chance and Danny's too. You've simply got to do what every one has done before you. What some one else will do now if you don't!"

Four days after the completion of the picture and its treatment in the cutting room, Tommy was quietly notified of a preview in the Santa Monica theater. Fifteen or twenty of the executives of the studio attended this preview and Tommy sat among them. He listened eagerly to their comments and looked at the screen with a mild stupefaction. A great actor was in the picture, but with the mechanics of direction and cutting arrayed against him, his effectiveness did not exceed forty per cent. Time and again scenes actually carried by this man reflected credit upon other actors.

As they left the theater the producer himself laid a hand on Tommy's shoulder. "Drop in and see me tomorrow morning, Tommy," he said casually. "I've something in mind I want to talk over with you."

"Yes sir," Tommy nodded. "I'll be glad to. What time?"

"Well, make it eleven-thirty."

At eleven-thirty next day Tommy was in the office. At twenty minutes of two he was admitted for the conference.

"It's this way, Tommy," the producer began abruptly. "You looked pretty good in that picture, but I guess you know why, don't you?"

"Well, I'm very glad you think so, sir. I tried very hard to learn."

"You didn't do badly at all. You've got a future, young man. Provided we make it for you."

"Yes sir," Tommy nodded.

"I understand you're tied up with this young Grindle, the agent?"

"Yes sir, I've a contract with Danny. We started together, you know."

"Well," the producer said frankly, "it's every man for himself in this business, Tommy. I'm sick and tired of being badgered by agents who have prior contracts with my actors. I promised myself I'd never again make a man important if I had to deal through an agent."

"Yes sir," Tommy said dubiously.

"I'VE decided I can make you important. I can make you famous and rich."

"I'm mighty glad to hear that, sir," Tommy nodded.

"But I can't deal through an agent. Nothing against Danny Grindle, you understand. A fine young kid and all that, but I just don't deal any more through agents."

"I see, sir."

"If you can get out of your contract with him, I'll sign you up on a new contract here, Tommy. I'll start you out at a flat two hundred dollars a week and let it run without option for twelve months. I'll put a clause in the contract, stating that if you make good I'll double your salary the second year, making it *four* hundred a week. If you want to agree to this, I'll start the wheels running to build you up at the box-office. That means, Tommy,

that you've got a good living for the next two years and after that you can be a star."

Tommy wet his lips nervously. It was such a moment as this of which he had dreamed for years. To have an all powerful producer refer to him as a future star, was unspeakable joy. But he decided to be cautious. "I've got a legal contract with Danny," he said. "Of course, I haven't the capital to buy it from him."

There was a suggestive quality in his voice which the producer did not miss. The great man shrugged his shoulders and reached for a cigar. "That's your problem, Tommy. There's too many fine kids around Hollywood to take your place if you can't arrange this. I'm not interested in buying any contract."

"I DIDN'T mean exactly that," Tommy ventured. "I just wondered how I'd square it with Danny."

"Well, if he's your friend, he won't stand in your way," the producer pointed out. "I'll go even further than I've said. I'll guarantee you two hundred dollars a week for one year. I'll put an option in the contract increasing to four hundred and fifty for the *second* year. I'll do that," he said magnanimously, "just to show you that I mean business. If you've got good sense, you won't miss a chance like that."

"No sir," Tommy said eagerly, "I'll not miss it, sir. I'll find a way to fix this up with Danny."

"All right, go and do it. Be back here at five o'clock this afternoon with a written release. Wait a minute. I'll fix this." He pressed a button which summoned a secretary. To the young lady he said, "Go to Mr. Levy, our lawyer. Tell him to draw up a proper form of release to be signed by Daniel Grindle, releasing Tommy Raridan from any and all contractual arrangements between them. Explain to Levy that I want this release so worded that we can sign up a new contract with Raridan."

"Yes sir," the girl responded.

To Tommy the producer snapped, "Be back at five o'clock with that signed release. You can get it in the next half hour. I think you've got good sense, kid."

As Danny signed the release, he said, "You're on your way up, all right. Nothing can stop you now. What a break for them, too!"

"What a break for me, you mean," Tommy interrupted. "Two hundred bucks a week with pretty good assurance that I'll get four fifty next year, and seven hundred after that. Jean and I don't need any more than that. I've got no ambition to be one of these ten thousand a week fakers."

"After you finish and release this picture," Danny went on, "you'll be worth at least two thousand a week to these people, and they'll be getting you for ten per cent of your value. That's why they're pushing you to the front. That's why they crossed up the big stage star who came out here with his forty-five hundred a week salary. They don't want people like that when they can get by with youngsters at two or three hundred a week."

"CAN you blame a business man for that if he finds it possible?" Tommy queried.

"Motion pictures aren't all business," Danny protested. "That's where the big mistake is made, Tommy. A producer owes more to his public than he does to his treasurer's report. That producer who fulfills first his obligation to his public, need never worry about his treasurer's report. But these producers out here are too short-sighted to see that fact. Don't misunderstand me," he went on, "I'm as happy over all this as you are, except that there are certain features about it I see that you don't see."

"Well, what are they?"

"You're the victim of a grab," Danny insisted vehemently. "They're using you to cheat big actors out of their accustomed salary in the first place; and in the second place, they're using big actors as a threat over your head in order to cut your salary to a minimum.

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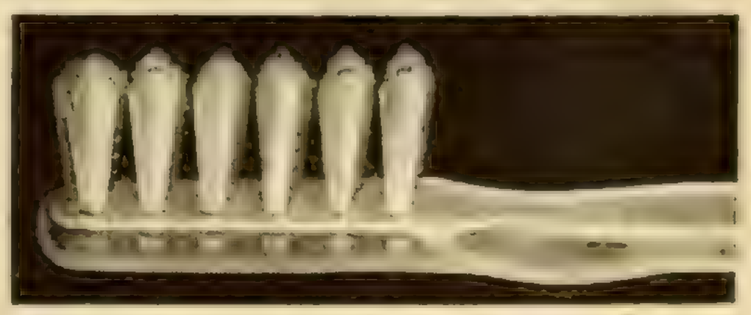

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It's the same old Hollywood army game and it makes me sore."

Tommy could see that it was quite possible Danny was right in his various contentions. This, however, seemed unimportant to him. At last his break had come in the studios. The daily food problem had been solved majestically and completely. On a salary of two hundred dollars a week, one hundred eighty of which remained his, Tommy could be perfectly happy.

HE was so completely dominated by his love for Jean and hers for him, that he viewed life and the future entirely through lenses of bliss. Anything that enabled him to marry Jean must be a gift direct from the gods.

The picture was finished almost on schedule and after a cursory cutting, which followed two previews, was released. For no particular reason that any one could lay a finger upon, it instantly began doing unexpected volume in the business world. It was a winsome picture with a happy illusion not easily dispelled and the public accepted it for its reflection of folk lore in the outer world of which Hollywood knows nothing. It became a first class money getter. In Hollywood itself, as a result of this productivity, it became a bone of contention. The director of the picture, of course, laid claim to all its glory. The star himself insisted that he had lifted a mediocre story into the realms of prosperity by his own powerful interpretative art. The producer, in contrast with these two individuals, bestowed credit upon his own god-like supervision, plus his foresight in inserting a new face into the picture, plus his judgment in the selection of the director and his gifted alterations of the original story submitted by the author.

The sum total of these cogitations, however, was an immediate and hungry desire to get another story comparable to this one and make another picture that would be an excellent money getter. The mysterious executive offices of the studio assumed a feverish atmosphere predicated upon much darting about by authors, supervisors, executives' assistants, producers, directors, actors, technical advisers, script girls, camera men and secretaries. Out of all this, Tommy Raridan, unexpectedly, emerged something of a hero. He was called once again into the producer's office and it was explained to him that his work in the recent picture had been such as to warrant starring him in a vehicle of his own. The producer explained that a story similar in nature to the one made by the famous star of the legitimate stage with whom Tommy first worked, was in course of preparation for him. He slapped Tommy on the back and shook him by the hand. He smiled happily and chortled gleefully that he should have foreseen this success for Tommy and made it possible, while Tommy himself had risen to the heights of opportunity and capitalized the chance for him.

TOMMY returned gleefully to report to Jean and Danny this newest of amazing developments. Danny received the news in a sulky silence. Jean permitted herself to be wafted away again on the wings of imagination. Tommy read the excellent notices in the newspapers and fan magazines which followed his work in the last picture. He had become news and conjecture framed his name.

"There's no need in waiting any longer, Jean," he said to the girl. "Let's get married right away. I can furnish a little flat and we can go on from there. After all, it's each other we want. I hate to think of you with the old mob outside of the gate while I'm riding the crest of the wave on the inside of it."

"Sure," Danny nodded, "you two might just as well get married. You'll be a lot happier and I suppose it will be grand publicity for both of you anyway. Maybe as Mrs. Raridan you could get bigger parts, Jean, and I'd make some money out of this, too." He finished with a laugh. So the engagement was announced publicly and because of Tommy's recently attained identity, great interest manifested itself.

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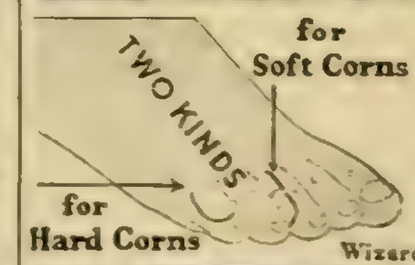

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Tommy went into his first starring vehicle with an enthusiasm Hollywood stages had not seen in years. No matter how many hours he may have toiled, or how aching might be his eyes from the kleigs, or how reeling his head from the endless dialogue sides, Tommy always trudged to the projecting room to see the rushes of his picture. His naturally provocative manner, coupled with his high determination, reflected in his work. His unction was indisputable. Some conceded his stardom grudgingly, others happily, none there were, however, who denied that Tommy Raridan had arrived and the studio had made a real discovery.

Invitations began to reach the young performer, and they included his fiancée, Jean Appleton. In this manner he caught the gossip of executives and bigger figures in the celluloid world.

At various house parties he heard various pictures discussed and the personalities of the screen gone over with a view to isolating their particular fitnesses for parts.

He took infinite pride in finding himself included in these weighty conferences. It was at such an affair that he met again, personally, the star from the legitimate stage with whom he first had performed.

"HELLO, there," the star greeted him cordially. They shook hands and the star led him off into a corner. "I'm glad to see you, youngster," he said. "They tell me you're knocking them dead over on the lot."

"I've had some pretty lucky breaks," Tommy admitted.

"Well, there's a whole lot to that, of course. But you've got something else besides," the star said in friendly tones. "You'll learn sooner or later, kid, that they don't pick you up out here just for the sake of picking you up. You've got a lot to sell, or they wouldn't be buying it."

"Thank you," Tommy said wholesomely. He had a natural liking for this eminent person, had always felt vaguely disturbed about a rumor that he was one of the man's well-coached imitators. "You've always been sort of an idol of mine," he went on smilingly.

"I'll return the thanks," the star smiled. Then ruminatively, "I hear a lot about you, Tommy."

"They are going fine for me, thanks," Tommy smiled.

"Paying you plenty of money?" the star grinned.

"Nothing like they pay you," Tommy said. "But a lot for me. I'm only a youngster getting started."

"A gold mine," the star said sagely, "is never a youngster and never old. As long as it's worth anything, it's worth the gold it can produce."

"I suppose that's true," Tommy nodded uncertainly. "I don't quite get what you mean, though."

"You will as you grow older," the star said. "I don't want to pry into your business, Tommy, but I would like to know what they're paying you over there. I've heard rumors, of course."

"I DON'T mind telling you," Tommy said frankly. "I get two hundred dollars a week for the first year, four hundred and fifty for the second and seven hundred for the third."

"Holy mackerel!" the star exclaimed. "On the level are you working for two hundred dollars a week?"

"That's pretty good for me. It was only a short time ago that I was working for seven-fifty a day when I got a chance to work."

The star groaned. "Gee, kid, you certainly are dumb!" he said. "I don't mean to be offensive, but it kinda burns me up to see a youngster treated like that. Another thing, I've learned a lot about this picture racket myself since I got out here. They gave me a fine kicking around. I don't feel any too friendly toward them."

"I shouldn't think you would," Tommy ad-

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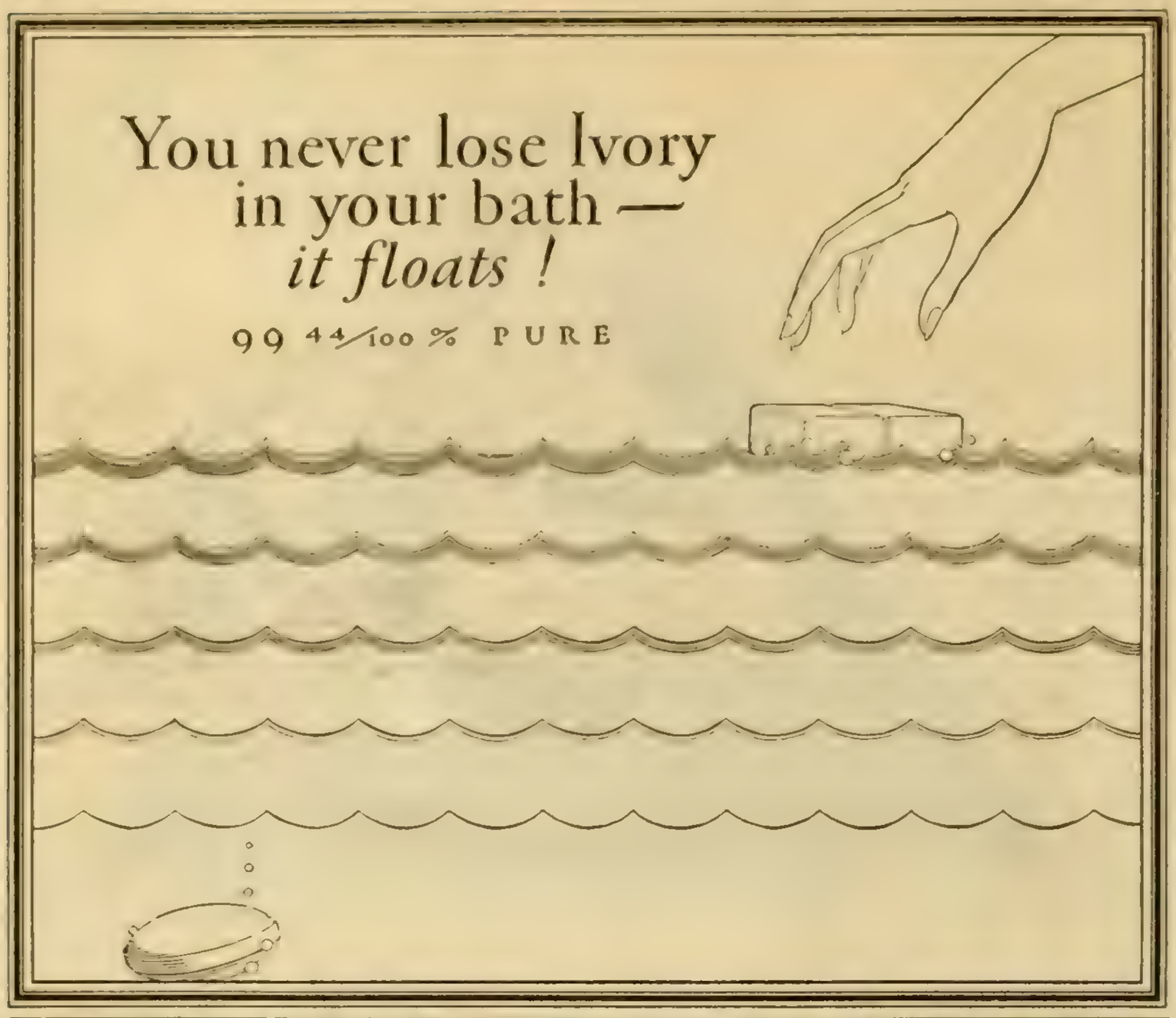

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mitted. "I guess they did kick you around in the cutting room."

"They weren't so sweet to me on the camera angles either," the star suggested.

"I'm awfully sorry," Tommy began to explain.

"You aren't to be blamed," the star laughed. "You'd be a sucker not to go for that, sonny. I hold nothing against you. In fact, I feel pretty friendly toward you."

"I hardly see why you should."

"Well, I'll show you," the star laughed. "I must confess I don't feel friendly toward the producer who tried to ruin me out here in order to save himself forty-three hundred a week. You're starting a starring picture now, aren't you?"

"YES, sir. I just started on it," Tommy said.

"Well," the star laughed slowly, "if you hadn't been a pretty good imitator, Tommy, they'd be paying me forty-five hundred or five thousand a week to make the same picture now. This is just a racket out here. That producer is a gyp artist and I know it, so I can do you one grand turn and square matters with him at the same time."

"How come?" Tommy smiled.

"Didn't you do business through an agent before you signed up direct?"

"Yeah. Danny Grindle. You know him?"

"Sure I do. And I'll have a talk with him in my own way . . . Now take me around and introduce me to that little sweetheart of yours, Jean Appleton."

Ten days after this conversation, Tommy's starring picture was well into production. Sets had been built; agreements with performers signed; a director brought in on an outside contract and altogether an investment in excess of a quarter of a million dollars already been contracted.

Then it was that Tommy heard the news at which the star had hinted.

He was called one day from the set into the producer's private office.

There, to his astonishment, he found Danny Grindle.

Danny had assumed a suddenly important air and his attitude toward the producer was really that of a dictator instead of a vassal. The producer was red in the face.

"What kind of a frame-up is this?" he bellowed as Tommy entered the room.

"Frame-up?" Tommy demanded in amazement. "I don't know what you mean."

"Pretty smart little crab, ain't you?" the producer bellowed. "I treated you like a white man. Why can't you be the same to me?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Tommy insisted. "What is it, Danny? What's gone wrong?"

Very pompously and with a sly wink in Tommy's direction, Danny took to pacing the office floor while he explained.

"I've just served an injunction on this gentleman," he pointed out. "He cannot go on producing that picture you're starring in, Tommy."

"BUT why not?" Tommy insisted. "There's already almost a quarter of a million spent on the picture."

"That's of no consequence to me," Danny said almost flippantly. "Your services were gained by fraud and coercion. Through deception I was impelled to release you from a perfectly sound and legal contract you had with me. The fraud is quite clear, and my attorney stands ready to proceed in the matter."

"It's a damned swindle," the producer insisted wrathfully. "It's a plain hold-up, that's what it is."

"You shouldn't excite yourself like this," Danny said to the man. "It's very bad for the digestion, you know. I have the testimony of two directors, a camera man, and a great star of the legitimate theater, to indicate what your scheme has been. You ruined the performance of a great and expensive star while

teaching this lad to imitate him Then you forced him under duress to break his contract with me and sign direct. Your present contract is so rendered invalid and I own his services."

"Well, what do you want?" the producer roared.

"THERE," Danny nodded. "That's much better. I want a contract for two years, without option, guaranteeing Tommy Raridan two thousand dollars a week, payable through my agency. That's all I want, and that's all I'll take. When you are ready to sign up on that basis, we'll go ahead with the picture."

The producer sank back into his luxurious chair and looked murder though he remained inarticulate.

Danny turned to Tommy.

"This gentleman already realizes that there is no possible way he can get around this thing unless he wants to throw two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of picture out the window and confess to the world at large why he did it."

Tommy could not find answer. The producer finally regained control of himself. With an eye that was livid but hopeless, he spoke to the rising young agent.

"It's you fellows that make a racket out of the motion picture business," he said. "I admit you win. If you can get any satisfaction out of robbery, go over and tell Levy to draw the contract on the terms you state."

Without further argument, Danny bowed and left the office bound for the attorney's.

"I NEVER knew anything about this," Tommy began to explain.

"I know damn well you didn't," the producer retorted. "I don't hold anything against you, Tommy. Anyhow, even at two thousand a week, if that damn little fool knew it, I got a bargain in you!"

There is a wedding due in Hollywood and instead of a flat, there will be a new home on the brown, treeless, sun-baked peaks of Beverly Hills.

How do you like Evalyn Knapp's new sports jewelry? It looks like celluloid, but isn't, being non-inflammable. Those circlets on the wrist are nice to stick hankies through

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Bristles of highest resiliency—shaped accurately for direct cleaning! That's why you will say "Tek is the best tooth brush I've ever used." Tek, with its extra quality and plus value, costs no more than your old brush. Tek, sterilized and Cellophane-sealed; at your dealer's 50c. Tek Jr., 35c. Guaranteed by the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

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The deep curve formed by your thumb and forefinger is similar in shape to your dental arch. Try this experiment. See how easily Tek's small, precise brush-head can sweep behind your front teeth even into this narrowest space. Then see if your old brush can do this. Now you will understand the free action and efficiency of Tek on every tooth surface—and in every crevice. *Your mouth will feel the difference.*

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the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

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YOU can always enjoy the luxury of fresh, clean gloves if you follow these simple directions: For kid gloves—place on hands and rub lightly with a clean Energine-moistened cloth. Spots vanish completely and gloves are ready to wear because Energine dries instantly.

For completely soiled or washable gloves—submerge in a shallow basin of Energine, squeeze lightly, then permit to dry. They are ready in just a minute—delightfully clean, fresh. Energine leaves no odor and no regrets.

Spots and soil from all apparel including suits, dresses, coats, hats, ties, shoes, etc.—are quickly and thoroughly removed with Energine. Just follow the simple directions on the label. A little goes a long way. Get the Energine habit—it saves money and self-respect. Large can 35c. All druggists.

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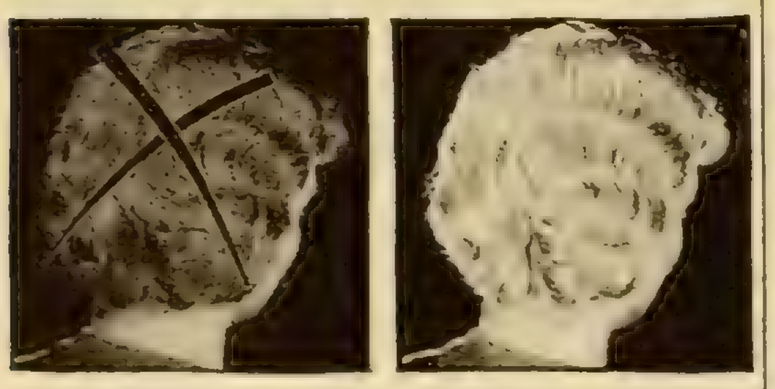

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"HOW much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

CORNS

and tender toes — relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe! *Also sizes for Callouses, Bunions*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

"You Should See My Kid Sister"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

High, to learn the things every youngster learns, but to other schools, to learn the A B C'S of the theater. Nance O'Neil taught her dramatics; dance-master Ernest Belcher taught her the arts of Terpsichore; a noted voice teacher gave her singing lessons . . .

AND in the meantime, Sister Jeanne was tooting Marian's horn. "You ought to see my kid sister!" became her stock phrase on the lots where she worked.

She helped the youngster get extra parts, here and there. One day, on the Warner lot, when both were working the same day, Jeanne talked the still photographer into taking some art portraits of Marian. They were magnificent—Elmer Fryer, the photographer who did it, is recognized as one of Hollywood's best. And somehow—Jeanne won't admit she did this!—somehow, the pictures came to the attention of Jack Warner.

"Good Jehosaphat—she looks like Dolores Costello!" was his reaction. And it was true—Marian, big-eyed, blonde, round-faced, did look like Dolores Costello, who, having just married John Barrymore, was off the screen.

"We'll take a chance." They signed her. And then Warner Bros. studio shut down! Once again, luck seemed to have deserted the sister before Marian could get a real chance.

That brings us to just a few weeks ago—near the end of little Marian's contract. They were looking for somebody to play *Trilby*. Actress after actress had been interviewed, tested, found wanting. John Barrymore, picking his own cast, was mighty particular about *Trilby*—he wanted somebody who looked like the *Trilby* Du Maurier had sketched to illustrate his own book. And more, Barrymore wanted something more—he was looking for a quality he couldn't quite define. And in the midst of it, he fell ill. Executives were desperate. Barrymore ill, flat on his back, costs mounting, and no *Trilby*.

"How about little Marian Marsh?" suggested Jack Warner. "She looks like Dolores Costello. Maybe . . ."

Marian was called to the studio. She wasn't told what was up. "You're going to call on Mr. Barrymore," was all they told her. She was bundled into a car, and to Barrymore's house. Into the sickroom. Terrified, she was. So much had been told of Barrymore's strange ways—she didn't know whether he'd curse her out or eat her up. All he did was ask her a few questions, and look a bit startled at the resemblance between her and Dolores.

Then they took her away.

WELL, that's about all there is to the story. Except that when they told her, seventeen-year-old Marian was so thrilled, she could hardly talk. And it was funny to see her try to remember the poise Nance O'Neil had taught her, and forget she was just a schoolgirl that was living a real-life Cinderella story.

What! No Guns?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

glittered and shot fires of venom around the room. It was terrific. And that part made Edward G. Robinson the king of stage and picture gangsters. A nice pal—like an angry rattlesnake!

Playing *Scarsi* in a Coast production of "The Racket," he was snapped up by Universal for a part in "The Night Ride." And Eddie was off on his career behind a sub-machine gun. He hates, he shoots, he kills! And the astonishing part of it is that Edward G. Robinson, up to the hour he burst upon us in "The Racket," was labelled "a highbrow actor."

He had appeared in some ten plays for the hoity-toity New York Theater Guild, guardian of high and lofty art for the American stage. He was a Master of Arts of Columbia University. He had created suave characters for the best producers on Broadway during his sixteen years in the theater—as well as many good rôles in foreign-language playhouses.

THEN the guns of "The Racket" barked, and he was typed. Now he is *Little Caesar* on and off—the venomous little viper who carries nothing more lethal in his hip pocket than a French linen handkerchief. And Eddie writhes.

"I don't want to be typed!" he says. "I've played, and can play any sort of character. In fact, I'm a creator of character—not a type-player."

And Robinson is right—and I'd almost rather be Robinson than right, considering that new contract. Anyone who saw his magnificent performance as the Italian grape grower in "A Lady to Love," Vilma Banky's talkie, knows his versatility. He'll get new, fresh rôles in Hollywood, but he's labelled. He's *Little Caesar!* Put him under the microscope, and here's the manner of man this adder is:

Born in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1893. In childhood he wanted to be a lawyer, a teacher and an actor, and he compromised on acting. His family came to America and was naturalized when Eddie was a kid.

He's married to Gladys Lloyd, the actress—there was just a flash of her in "Little Caesar." She's a beauty, and blonde, and they're as happy a pair as you could find in a week's march over hill and dale.

I MET Eddie and his Missus on the steps of beautiful St. Thomas's Church, in New York, one Easter Sunday morning, a year or so ago. He was fresh from the fusillades of "The Racket." I hurriedly frisked him, but found nothing more incriminating than a fountain pen.

"We've just been in to look at the flowers," said Eddie. "And how beautiful they are."

I hate to tear the cruel mask from *Little Caesar* this way. There is probably no actor now alive who can portray concentrated cruelty, unlimited ruthlessness, bottled venom and bottomless hatred as can this mild-voiced, wide-mouthed, sparkling-eyed little Roumanian. But here he is—gentle, kindly, intellectual and mild. Not a gat in a carload.

But I don't expect to ever sell the soft-spoken, harmless Eddie Robinson to the kids of the Republic. In a truly remarkable way, the brand of *Little Caesar* is upon him. Though Eddie founds a dozen orphanages with his spare change, he'll still be the merciless killer to the youngsters of the land.

Not since the brave days of Theda Bara herself has a character fastened itself upon a player to this degree. Oh, Eddie Robinson will get all sorts of grand parts to play before he leaves Hollywood to its own devices and vices. But the mark is on him. Often, as he tosses on his downy cot o' nights, he'll think of the last line of that great picture, as *Caesar* lies wounded—

"Mother of Mercy, is this the end of *Rico?*"

And Edward G. Robinson, the man who became *Caesar*, will toss harder, and mutter:

"Good gosh, I hope so!"

How "Trader Horn" Was Made

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

and falling to the ground. Then the camera is moved to a close-up. In the interval a man wearing a wig was substituted.

If the scene is closely watched the lion can be seen dislocating the wig as he paws at the man before being frightened away by watchers behind the camera. While the lion was reputed to be amiable there were, nevertheless, several men with rifles ready if the man should be attacked.

Another instance of clever faking is the scene showing a charging rhinoceros goring and tossing a native. The rhino is real enough and the charge is furious and genuine, but there isn't any native at all. He was drawn on the film after the manner of animated cartoons. On the screen this scene is so brief that the studio work cannot be detected.

Possibly the biggest thrill of the picture is the lions fighting over a kill, fighting hyenas and zebras and killing a deer. These are all made in Mexico, in a corral constructed for the purpose. Caged animals were let loose with the lions, who had been starved and hungered for days in advance. The battles ensued naturally.

Riflemen were stationed at strategic points lest any of the animals escape, and cameras were posted at every conceivable angle.

WHILE many of the tribal gatherings are authentic, taken when the company first reached Africa, a few of the native shots were taken in the studio with Negroes, recruited from the colored section of Los Angeles, playing the parts of natives.

While an anthropologist might easily detect the difference between the American Negro and the African native, the average moviegoer is unable to make the distinction. Likewise with the scenery, and settings. It wasn't Africa, but it was good colorful background.

For more than a year the M-G-M studios worked on sound and continuity and cutting on "Trader Horn." Prolific use was made of the Dunning process, a method that imposes characters photographed at one time against the background of action taken at another time.

All of those labors were expertly and effectively done. In addition to its wide entertainment values, "Trader Horn" is a splendid example of the mechanics of making an effective, dramatic picture.

Dietrich—How She Happened

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Dietrich in some of her photographs and those of Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci's master painting?

That look, too, is the sublimation of European womanhood.

Translated into American, one might say Marlene Dietrich is the girl with the Mona Lisa look and the beautiful legs.

In an age when in America, too, the flapper and the jazz baby have had their day, when hair and skirts are longer, and Florenz Ziegfeld demands rounder revue girls; when, in a word, a more feminine touch is the fashion, Marlene's overwhelming success seems not unnatural. Rather it may be accepted as significant of the trend of the times.

The right ring .. for the left hand

• It's so important—the choice of The Ring. And how most of us hate to make important decisions—how we fuss and fret over alternatives! Yet this most vital matter is altogether fascinating and delightful to settle.

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• Traub rings are radiantly beautiful, correct in design, of fine workmanship. Your jeweler will show them to you—hand-chased or set with selected stones. Ask his advice in deciding other new-home purchases too. He will help make the choice of the Right Ring the easiest, pleasantest task in the world.

• Write for booklet, "Bridal Etiquette," for helpful information about announcements, trousseaus, and the Ceremony. It shows many interesting styles in rings for women and *men*. . . . Traub Mfg. Co., 1933 McGraw Ave., Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. TRADE MARK

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When reading, sewing or office work has left you with tired, aching eyes, simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Almost immediately they'll feel fresh and rested, and will look just as fine as they feel! Also use *Murine* after motoring and other outdoor exposure to soothe away the irritation caused by sun, wind and dust. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it soon!

*Loretta Young

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How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet

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Not all European stars, of course, have been all gentle femininity. Bohemian upbringing and success may have spoiled them. But Marlene is not spoiled—at least, not yet.

FOR the theater and the movie studio is merely one side of her life. In private life she is Mrs. Rudi Sieber, the wife of a German movie producer, and the mother of a charming five-year-old daughter, Maria. She loves her beautiful Berlin home where her mother lives, too, and Paramount was able to lure her to Hollywood only on condition that she could return home to husband and child for a prolonged vacation every year.

Her first vacation from her American triumphs brought her home in time for Christmas. All fashionable Berlin was cavorting at winter sports places in Germany and Switzerland. Marlene stayed at home, banished all professional cares, refused all interviews, accepted few invitations and devoted herself to mother, husband, child—and cooking.

"They won't let me photograph myself with my daughter any more," she explained laughingly when I finally saw her. "They think it's enough if I just mention her. The idea! She's the most wonderful child in the world!"

Just the same, Marlene obeys orders. The photograph of Marlene and her daughter printed here has been obtained from other sources without her knowledge.

But Marlene is not just a German *hausfrau* by any means. She is an accomplished musician, and she loves sport. She likes to speed through the country in an auto, she loves tennis, and she is a good swimmer.

Like many another girl, Marlene came to the stage through the lure of the forbidden.

She was born in Berlin on December 27—never mind the year—as the daughter of patrician parents. Her father was Majro Dietrich of the German army. He died before the war. Her mother, *née* Felsing, comes from a substantial merchant family of Berlin, and Marlene's uncle, Herr Conrad Felsing, is owner of three fashionable jewelry shops in Berlin's three most fashionable shopping streets.

After the death of her first husband, Marlene's mother married Herr Rittmeister von Losch, member of the German nobility and captain of the Death Head Huzzars of Danzig, whose regimental chief was then the German crown prince. Captain von Losch fell on the battlefield during the war.

Through the peace treaty of Versailles, Danzig was detached from Germany and is now a free city under the supervision of the League of Nations, but within the Polish customs union. This change of Danzig's sovereignty possibly accounts for the reports that Marlene Dietrich is not a German.

But she is a Berlin girl. Marlene says it proudly. Her name, incidentally, is a contraction of the names Maria and Helene.

She passed her childhood under the strict regime and in that sheltered manner which was typical in German patrician and especially officer families before the war—rigid family discipline enforced by the father, careful isolation from too much contamination with the world enforced by the mother, submergence of self in worship of the male members of the family, enforced by her own inherited instinct.

WHAT she remembers most of her childhood is that she seemed to be constantly moving from one garrison to another. Garrisons are usually in small towns. Thus, though born in a metropolis, Marlene really grew up a small-town girl.

She didn't attend theaters. Theaters were still considered wicked. They were strictly taboo for girls.

Of course, this merely roused her curiosity, but declamation of school poems was considered the only proper outlet for her desire at self-expression.

Her Uncle Conrad, however, related that Marlene was always an exceptionally bright girl, and precocious at mimicry.

"Her imitations of people and early attempts

Clara—This is Terrible

Clara, since you've asked my opinion, I'll tell you quite subtly that I think these pajamas are terrible.

They're split up to the knees in front. And just why is this?

And they have two trains in the back—one local and one express. And just why is this?

The only thing good about these pajamas, my dear Miss Bow, from a fashion standpoint, is that they are pajamas.

—Seymour

to impersonate literary characters used to provide a lot of amusement for the family," he says.

But even the thought of a stage career would have been heresy. What an "accomplished" girl of a "better" family had to know, of course, was music. So Marlene studied at the College for Music in Berlin under the famous Professor Flesch, and was then sent to a girls' finishing school at Weimar.

Here she learned English and French and continued her music studies, becoming an accomplished violin player. Also, she began to come out of the shell of the small-town girl and develop into that vital personality that one can now feel smoldering below the outward calm. Now that she is famous, school friends recall that she was the leader in many a school prank.

HER actual turn to the theater was largely accidental. Through too much violin practice she strained her hand and was forbidden to touch a violin for six months. During that time, too, she and her mother moved back to Berlin.

Having nothing else to do, she decided to try out for the stage. Her mother didn't think much of her talent, but she argued that either she had some talent or she didn't, and the best man to tell her that would be Max Reinhardt. So to Reinhardt she went.

He accepted her for his stage school at the "Deutsche Theater." After six weeks she had her first engagement—in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

The movies were going big in Germany and, of course, the girls filmed as well. That is, they played extra parts when they got a chance. Joe May gave Marlene her first real chance on the screen in "Tragedy of Love."

Then she played on the stage again for Director Barnowsky in "Rubicon," where she was successful enough to win an engagement at the Prussian State Theater in "Duel on the Lido."

After that she played for Reinhardt in "It's in the Air," a musical comedy. This was her first real success. Then she stopped for a year and a half.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh," she answered, "I had married and I was having a baby, a most wonderful baby, and I didn't have any time for anything else."

She came back to the stage again in "Broadway," which she played both in Berlin and Vienna. Then she really broke into the movies. That, also, was an accident.

ROBERT LAND had seen her in "It's in the Air." He gave her a little part in one of his films and liked her work so well that two weeks later he gave her the leading rôle opposite Harry Liedtke in "I Kiss Your Little Hand, Madame." That was in 1928. It became her first movie success.

After that she changed off between film and stage. First she played with Fritz Kortner in the movie "Three Loves," which ran for six weeks at the "Playhouse" in New York, as well. Then again on the stage for Reinhardt in Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance" in Berlin. Then Maurice Tourneur gave her the leading rôle in the film "The Ship of Lost Souls," and later she played in George Kaiser's revue, "Two Cravats." That proved an extraordinary success and got her a Hollywood contract—again by accident.

For Josef Von Sternberg had just come to Germany to direct "The Blue Angel," Emil Jannings' first all-talking picture, which was to be made both in German and English. Originally he had hoped to use either Gloria Swanson or Phyllis Haver for the leading feminine rôle opposite Jannings, but Miss Swanson refused, and Miss Haver had retired to a happy domestic life as the wife of William Seeman, wealthy executive of Seeman Brothers, big American food corporation.

So he searched for the type he wanted, but with little success. He dropped into the theater where the "Two Cravats" was playing, weary after a long day of vain searching and

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So often a woman loses charm because her nervous system is rundown. Strong nerves and good looks go together. A woman's feminine make-up is strengthened, she regains her fresh, youthful complexion and bright eyes, if she takes a tonic which is sold by every druggist . . .

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

almost at the point of returning to America. He was late and missed part of the first act, but he arrived just in time to hear Marlene cry in English:

"Three cheers for the gentleman who has won the grand prize!"

They were the only English words she spoke in the whole show, but they immediately arrested Von Sternberg's attention. He saw in her just the actress he wanted and sent his card back stage that night, made an appointment for her to see him the following day at the UFA studio, and she was signed for the part in "The Blue Angel."

She scored a pronounced success, and Von Sternberg knew he had made a real discovery, but Marlene objects to the impression in some quarters that it was her success in "The Blue Angel" which won her her Hollywood contract.

"I HAD my contract in my pocket long before that film was finished," she says, "and on the opening night of 'The Blue Angel' I left for Hollywood."

Her fame hasn't turned her head. To hear Marlene tell it it was all just work—and a few lucky accidents. She sincerely believes it and takes her success calmly.

She doesn't even believe that her "type" or her special attractiveness had much to do with it.

She repudiates the "European woman" idea put forth at the beginning of this article.

"Good work will win," she says. "Type? Why, there are many types in Hollywood, and the American girl type is the most successful."

What she says about work she means. Work is part of her life.

She frets at idleness. Also, she doesn't believe that she did it all herself.

"All depends on the director," she says. "It is wonderful to work for a genius like Von Sternberg."

She isn't wedded to the movies for good. She admits the talking pictures give one great opportunities, but she still has a love for the stage.

With a director like Von Sternberg, she feels she could make a hit on the stage again.

Her family adores her.

Her sceptical mother has long since seen the error of her first view regarding her daughter's talent, but she also takes success calmly.

In fact, she accepts it almost as something due a daughter of hers, and doesn't say much about it.

She busies herself presiding over her daughter's home during the latter's absence, and taking care of her granddaughter.

Herr Sieber—he's almost embarrassed at his wife's fame, however proud he may be of it. It keeps him busy warding off innumerable requests for interviews, pictures, invitations and other burdens of fame. For Marlene insists on having her vacations to herself and won't be bothered.

She doesn't understand why the world should be so much interested in her. She feels that everything that can be said about her has already been said, and she shies away from interviews when at home.

THE fact that she had to submit to interviews almost daily while in America she offers as reason enough why she should want to spend her vacation at home without this torture, especially since she will have to go all over it again when she returns to America.

Uncle Conrad is the only one more communicative.

"Of course, the whole family is very, very proud of Marlene and her success," he says.

"But," he adds, musingly, "I wonder whether all that makes people really happy. Marlene is so terribly busy and she is away from her family so much—I wonder!"

But Marlene isn't wondering at all.

Marriage and a career?

Why should they interfere with each other?

"I love both," she says, "and I am going to make a success of both."

COLORLESS as Water yet this Liquid···

Imparts Color to GRAY HAIR

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox

DOCTORS' wives are supposed to be a jealous set, but we have never really believed that they had particular cause to be. We are only half convinced now, but Warner Baxter does have a way with women and Joan Bennett makes us feel her suspicions are justified We are glad to see Victor Varconi again as well as John Sainpolis, both fine actors. Mild entertainment.

THE SINGLE SIN—Tiffany Productions

NOTHING new in the story of a girl who comes back, but the fight she makes is well worth seeing. Kay Johnson handles this character beautifully and Bert Lytell is good as the drunken lover. Mathew Betz is a convincing heavy and Paul Hurst, as Bert's dumb friend, gets the laughs. An excellent picture with drama, comedy, pathos or anything you want.

THE CONQUERING HORDE—Paramount

GIVE Dick Arlen a riding outfit and a horse and a big pistol, and chances are good that he'll give you back a swell Western picture. He's done it again, with the entertaining assistance of adorable Fay Wray, some angry Indians, villainous-looking heavies, and a great lot of cattle that swim rivers and do things like that. Nice entertainment and what more ask you?

THE GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN—(DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN) Sonor Production

AGAIN the Germans crash through with a talkie that's out of the ordinary. This is the unusual combination of grim melodrama with a few songs, and good ones. The story tells of a girl from the bright light district of Hamburg thrown into the dull surroundings of a lighthouse. It has action, and is well made, if a little dour.

HELL BOUND—Cruse-Tiffany Productions

HERE'S another bootleg-racketeering, machine-gunning gang picture—and a good one, if you're not getting too tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays a typical Carrillo rôle—the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and rum baron—and manages to invest it with a sympathetic quality that leaves you feeling pretty badly when he's finally bumped off. As the girl in the case, Lola Lane is completely charming.

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures

WHEELER AND WOOLSEY suffer from a rush of dialogue to the screen. These nut comedians, funny when they're in action, aren't quite so amusing when they take it out in talk—and too much of "Cracked Nuts" is just that. However, you'll laugh, anyway, particularly in the later sequences where motion replaces gabble. Edna May Oliver is funny, as usual, and Dorothy Lee is pretty.

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox

WE don't believe that either girls or boys demand the kind of excitement that is offered in this picture. Its appeal, presumably, is to the younger element, but we don't think it will satisfy, as neither the dialogue nor the acting rings true. A fine cast, Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill, Wil-

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where *he* got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even *knows* that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

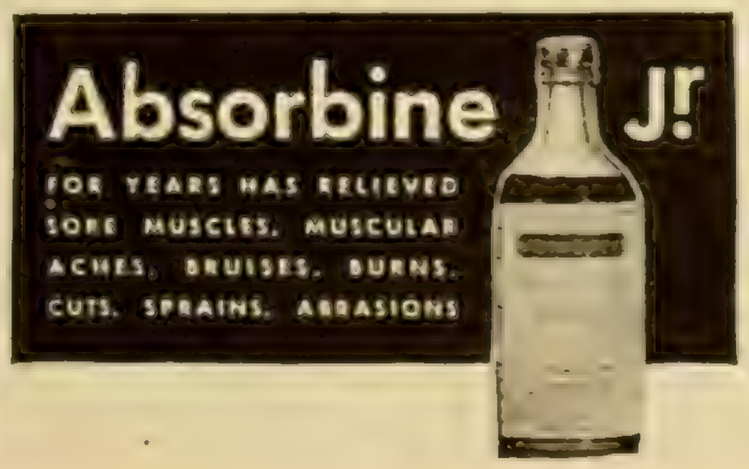
"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it *kills* this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.* If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 176 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



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liam Janney and others, are wasted on a poor story.

THE LITTLE CAFE (LE PETIT CAFE)—Paramount

THIS is the French version, Hollywood-made, of Maurice Chevalier's American picture, "The Playboy of Paris." And it's a beauty. Maurice, of course, expands in his native French, and more songs are included. Yvonne Vallée (Mme. Chevalier) is gay and sprightly opposite her husband. Frances Dee played the part in English. A very blithe and charming picture. If you get a chance, give your French a workout on it.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox

IF you have enjoyed Biggers' detective stories, you will just revel in this, for it is a perfectly grand mystery picture, with all the thrills, coupled with a very plausible romance. Warner Oland is marvelous as *Chan*, and Warren Hymer and Marjorie White get many a laugh as the comedy team. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the lovers, and a very large and able supporting cast unfold a fine romantic drama.

THE LADY REFUSES—Radio Pictures

ROBERT MILTON and Guy Bolton decided to give us our drama in big doses in this, and Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it very realistic. However, the story of a father hiring one woman to win his son from another is too old for us to get excited over, but you may just be longing for a good cry. Here's your chance.

THE RIDIN' FOOL—Tiffany Productions

THIS is a great little Western that will furnish the youngsters plenty of thrills. Riding, gun-pulling, hold-ups, all the necessary ingredients are here, with Bob Steele and Ted Adams sharing honors. The women have little to do, but Florence Turner gives her usual fine performance, while Frances Morris is satisfactory as the girl.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL (NAR ROSORNA SLA UT)—Paramount

THIS Swedish talking picture is reviewed here because Sven Gustafsson, brother of Greta Garbo, makes his American début in it. He's a tall, limp, black-haired boy with a minute moustache, and doesn't bear the faintest resemblance to his famous sister. And he's a punk actor, if this is a sample. The picture tells a light, chatty love story. There's one good actor in the troupe—an ugly gentleman named Uno Henning.

THE LOVE HABIT—British International

THE British conception of a French bedroom farce that limps along heavily from situation to situation. Weak direction makes the whole thing pretty much of a mix-up. The laughter is feeble and infrequent here.

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA

UNLESS you are interested in science, particularly astronomy, you can pass up this German-made picture. It's got a romance of sorts, but what kind of a romance would you expect in a rocket?

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox

TOP-NOTCH entertainment and another proof that he-man Westerns are now hotter than ever. The picture begins with the exciting land rush in the Dakotas, and maintains excitement through three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon make the most of clever dialogue, with Cody winning.

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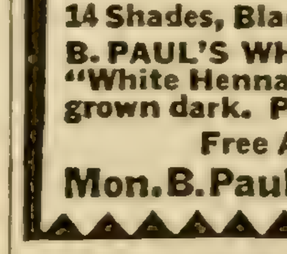

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THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Tiffany Productions

THIS title will confuse you but when we tell you that it refers to a priceless ruby necklace, you will be prepared for what follows. There is a murder in any spot you choose, with a mystery melodrama satisfying to the most bloodthirsty. A good cast includes Warner Oland and June Collyer.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL—Chesterfield Production

ANOTHER formula film. Telegraph operator in love with girl. Villain also in love with her. Train robberies. False accusations. And things like that. But it isn't badly done and Glenn Tryon and Merna Kennedy make a friendly enough pair, with Mary Carr her usual motherly self. The whole thing, even the title, is as familiar as an old tune, but the kids will like it.

Irene's Secret Marriage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

just come to New York from the Chicago Musical College and was staying with friends while job-hunting.

When he asked her to marry him and then announced that his wife couldn't work—she didn't see him any more. She realized he had the old New England inhibition about stage people.

The lead in the eighth road company of "Irene" sent her on the road for forty weeks.

At the end of those forty weeks she returned, more determined than ever that a man should not swerve her from her determined love for her profession.

But back in New York. Ah—Irene Dunne found that she, too, was only a woman. She found work, easily. But she also found she had a heart which could miss beats and never seem to catch them again. After all, what did work matter?

You've seen it happen again and again. A woman in love—Irene Dunne had fallen in love in spite of herself. There was only one thing to do. She became Mrs. Griffin.

Nor has it been easy in Hollywood, either. When the offer came so many commented: "To Hollywood *alone;* into pictures; it will only be a matter of time—"

AND the rumors that always encircle a Hollywood woman. "Who is the lucky suitor? Who's Irene Dunne's boy friend? How did *she* get such a break as 'Cimarron'?—" Irene didn't like them. But she bided her time and said nothing.

Their telephone calls while she was away averaged about seven hundred dollars monthly. Every night they talked across the miles. And after "Cimarron" opened in New York—Irene says:

"He went with a party of twelve. After it was over, he went into a room, *alone*, and telephoned me. When he's excited he doesn't get boisterous or loud. His voice gets deep and throaty.

"It was so deep that night I could scarcely understand what he was saying." Tears came to her eyes.

"Oh, it's grand to be married and grand to be able to talk about it. I'm so grateful to PHOTOPLAY for discovering it. If he hadn't been willing I shouldn't have come to Hollywood."

Strangely enough, we old Hollywood cynics believe in this marriage. We believe it's here to stay and no heights of fame to which the *wife* can go will matter to either the wife or the husband.

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An entirely new kind of sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is New in design. New in material. New and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has *two distinct advantages*—advantages that have never before been offered to women.

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This softness comes because of its totally NEW construction—as well as its rayon cellulose filler—as you will note the moment you see it and compare it with any other pad. You see *at once* why it is preferable.

Once the average woman tries one, she never goes back to old ways. Its name is Veldown. Most stores can now supply you.

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It also has another important feature. *It is absolutely immaculate for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture proof and impenetrable.*

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives COMPLETE SAFETY and protection HOURS LONGER than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And *no other* protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even *slightest danger* of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

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LEMON CREAM

Love Is Expensive

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

be published the day of the wedding! And he's *so* handsome! It's just *too* much, isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it!" murmured Mary Leeds. Madame de Longpré guided her away through the gate.

"After all, my dear, a marriage like this is absolutely the most even *you*, with *your* success, could hope for! The Princess Saranoff! Really doesn't it sound *thrill*ing, my love!"

"Yes—doesn't it!"

Johnny Haversmith watched them cross the drawing room; saw the Prince and a dozen millionaires come, like a little tide, to meet them!

"Sleep baby slee—*eep*," yodeled Columbus raspingly, and hoisted himself into the tree again.

HAVERSMITH arranged his tripod, his plates, and his camera lights. Dorothy Denver arrived—and Mr. Dupont.

And the photograph was made of the celebrated company—*and* the stairs—*and* the ivory Buddha . . .

And then, while the lank Mr. Haversmith was packing his things, he was once more aware of the presence of Mary Leeds!

"I think I dropped a green lace handkerchief," she said. He helped her look for it.

"You were silly to go on another picture, when I made 'Saints and Sinners,'" she said, as they looked for the bit of lace. "I thought you'd come back. Why didn't you?"

She caught the lapels of his coat so he had to look squarely down at her. "Why didn't you?" she demanded. "You're absolutely the best cameraman I ever had! I wanted you to come *back!*"

It was like a pain to him—that fragrance, that softness of her hair so close to his lips!

"You should be able to understand why I didn't come back," he said steadily.

"Well, I *don't* understand," she told him. "I thought you liked me. You *used* to like me! At least you used to give me all the camera breaks. I don't get *any* now . . . I wish you'd come back!"

She wished he'd come back—to give her the camera breaks!

"There's a gypsy here telling fortunes," she said. "Why don't you ask her if you should come back on my picture?" She shivered a little, and was suddenly serious. "I'm frightfully afraid of gypsies!" she said. "I believe everything they say! I think it's true that all your life is written in your hand. I always do exactly what they tell me! Let's go and ask if you shouldn't come back to my picture—and if I should marry the Prince."

In the drawing room, Benny London caught up a woman's spangled train, and wrapped it around his waist—caught another one around his shoulders, and, dragging the pair of shrieking women after him, he minced across the room, imitating a tipsy dowager. Amusement slightly stirred the crowd.

"BENNY'S doing his parlor trick," Mary said, without looking. She stood watching the pool. She had forgotten the handkerchief she had come to find!

"He thinks it's always good," she said. "In a minute Polly Loftus will do a shimmy imitation of *Eliza* crossing the ice and by that time the *frappé* has been around four times and everybody is asking somebody why they shouldn't marry and get headlines! Best buy you can get for the money! A wedding and divorce is good for a year's space and cheaper than any press agent!"

In the ballroom on the second floor, a jazz band started to play. A voice trailed downstairs moaning a senseless rhythm. Mary watched the checkerboard of tuxedos and bare white shoulders begin to sway and weave; men

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Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a ***"counter-irritant"*** because it gets action and is not just a salve.

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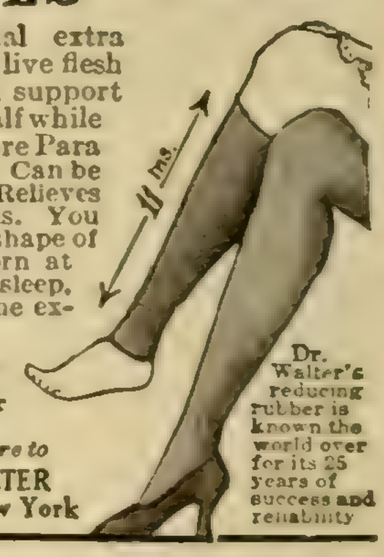

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drawing the women closer, their faces, their lips, closer!

She turned suddenly to Johnny Haversmith.

"You have a car, haven't you? You're leaving, aren't you? Will you take me with you?"

"My car's a Ford," Johnny Haversmith told her . . . "Do you want me to take you—in a Ford?"

"Why *not* in a Ford?" she asked. "Wait for me outside by the gypsy tent—but don't answer! I hear de Longpré's spangles bringing the Prince to find me!"

Little noise like falling rain!

"Mary, my love, where have you *been!* We've been searching the *house* for you!" the spangled hostess fussed a little tearfully. "You're missing seeing Polly Loftus do a simply *screaming* thing about *Elsa!*"

"You are my heart!" the Prince said tenderly, and lifted her fingers to his lips and kissed them. "Life, even for five minutes, cannot go on without you!"

"You don't say!" rasped Columbus. "God save the King!"

* * *

IN a tent on the terraced lawn, in shifting circles of light, a fire smoldering under crane and kettle, Zara waited for palms in which to find fortunes. She sat cross-legged on the ground, old and fat, rumpled braids and cheap beads breathing with her fat, thick breast, her head tied in scarlet, gold rings jangling in her ears.

Across the tent, a pepper tree made an embroidered pattern. Zara smoked a cigar and waited for some one to want a fortune.

Johnny Haversmith crossed the lawn.

"Have they had supper yet?" Zara asked him. "What are they doing? Who is there?"

Her voice was like the parrot's, croaking and rusty. He didn't answer.

"What ails you?" she called at him sharply. "Can't you answer civil questions?"

He stopped and looked at her. Light and shadow streaked his tawny hair and angular face.

"Listen," he said, "a little girl in a white lace dress is going to meet me here! She's

---

April Birthdays

April 1—Wallace Beery
April 1—Harry Green
April 1—Leon Janney
April 1—Dorothy Revier
April 6—Walter Huston
April 6—J. C. Nugent
April 7—Gavin Gordon
April 8—Yola D'Avril
April 8—Mary Pickford
April 9—Thomas Meighan
April 9—Carmel Myers
April 10—George Arliss
April 10—Tim McCoy
April 10—Nick Stuart
April 12—Virginia Cherrill
April 13—Tully Marshall
April 14—Claire Windsor
April 16—Charles Chaplin
April 16—Fifi Dorsay
April 19—Lina Basquette
April 19—Constance Talmadge
April 20—Fred Kohler
April 20—Harold Lloyd
April 24—Marceline Day
April 24—Cyril Maude
April 26—Dorothy Sebastian
April 26—Guinn (Big Boy) Williams
April 27—George K. Arthur
April 28—Lionel Barrymore
April 28—Bryant Washburn
April 30—David Manners

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afraid of gypsy fortunes. She'll believe anything you say! Tell her there is a man who hasn't any money who loves her. Tell her he will—ask her to marry him, and if she says 'Yes,' he will make her happy."

"And I should describe that man to be *you*," the gypsy croaked, and flashed a smile of white teeth and scarlet lips.

He brought his hand out of his pocket and crowded a few crumpled bills into her fingers.

"All right," she said, and lifted her shoulders in that little gesture for which there are no words. "Bring her here and I will make her believe it."

He went on after the Ford. Out through the garden, hung with Chinese lanterns, wound the snake-dance of a laughing hilarious crowd, paper caps, paper whistles, paper streamers hanging out of the trees!

* * *

MARY LEEDS! The sun, moon and stars of Hollywood shining for Mary Leeds! But when love for her had first begun to possess Johnny Haversmith, she had been just the waif in "Jean Valjean"; just the harlot in "Hell's Wilderness," shy, and strange on the lot, coming to stay near his camera while she wasn't working.

And it had begun to be all he wanted of a day—for her to come; her voice to be where he would hear it!

Then overnight her name was suddenly everywhere! The little girl who could make you laugh; could make you cry! Could break your heart, could make you remember or forget! Every company was suddenly trying to buy her! Every exhibitor clamoring for her! Overnight she was a star! Her salary written in thousands instead of in tens!

She was surprised—a little. But in Hollywood there are no surprises. As you walk, without wonder, through the fantastic, impossible by-roads of dreams, so you live the caprices of Hollywood!

Mary became mistress of a mansion in the purple hills; rode in her imported limousine, found herself regarding an array of hearts and bank-books offered on silver salvers! And she never knew that on a street where little pale pink houses, and lavender houses, and yellow houses stood like cup cakes and puddings on a shelf, Johnny Haversmith, while she had still been the waif of "Jean Valjean," had bought a bungalow! She never knew about those little hinged windows, the open patio built around a pair of shaggy, serious, old-men palms! And lean Johnny Haversmith grew a little leaner, tried to avoid her, tried desperately to forget her! The palms grew ragged; the sign "For Sale," a little more limp with every passing wind!

And then at Madame de Longpré's she was near him again! Laughing at him—tucking a flower into his buttonhole again! And he knew he could *never* forget! He knew if there was a way in the world to have her, he would take it, fair or foul!

* * *

HE drove the blue Ford down de Longpré's road along the garden wall. Beyond the terraces he heard the clamorous crowd in the garden. In the pepper grove he saw the light of the gypsy tent.

He left the car and went to find Mary. She came to meet him across the lawn.

"Let me tell the little lady's fortune?" Zara called out to them. "The planets write strange things!"

"Shall we stop?" Mary said.

In the shifting yellow light Zara held Mary's hand palm upward in her own.

"To your house I see happiness," the gypsy told her. "A man who is *tall*. His eyes are—" she studied the hand closely—"they are blue and they are gray! He loves you. He is not handsome. He has no money. But if you want happiness," she flashed the smile of red lips and white teeth—"he is the one you must marry! That is what your Fate reads! You will be with him soon"—she looked closely at the hand in hers—"*very* soon" . . .

So Mary Leeds and just a cameraman drove away from one of the famous dinners of Madame de Longpré—down a wide white boulevard.

"WELL," Mary said, and laughed a little, "my Fate seems to be *you*, Johnny!"

"One thing she said is certainly true," he told her. "I love you. I have loved you since almost the first time I saw you."

"Really," she said, and cuddled her head into the satin depth of her chinchilla. "Fancy that! . . . Where are we going? . . . I'm starving! If you knew what I want you'd laugh at me! I want eggs fried in butter! The kind you can't buy! We could go to *my* house and cook them, only I'm afraid someone will look for me when they find I've left the party. . . . Why can't we go to *your* house?"

"How do you know I have a house?" he asked her.

"Somebody told me," she said. "I don't know who."

"I live there because I don't know what to do with it," he said, "but there's nothing in it."

"There's a stove and a frying pan, isn't there?" she insisted.

They went to Johnny's bungalow. There was little *more* than a stove and a frying pan! Two chairs—a kitchen table, some dishes and Johnny's ties and collars on the mantel. . . .

"I don't suppose you've got a kitchen apron," she said. "Give me a pajama jacket!"

She tied it, by the sleeves, around her lace dress.

She fried eggs in butter, and made toast, and set the kitchen table. She made coffee and burned her hand on the coffee pot. Johnny remembered his grandmother had told him to scrape a raw potato on a burn. He scraped a raw potato on her finger, and wrapped a bandage around it awkwardly.

"This will be an adorable house, Johnny," she said, "when I get to work at it! We'll have a green kitchen, if you don't mind. I've always wanted a green kitchen . . . don't look at me as though *Gabriel* is blowing his horn! I told you I'm afraid of gypsies! I told you I believe what they tell me! And you'll certainly ask me to marry you after what that gypsy said! And I certainly will be afraid to say 'no'!"

So here it was! Little Mary Leeds, whose answer he had bought from a gypsy! Here it was—and he couldn't take it! Who, after all, but a rat will take a pot he has won with an ace in his sleeve!

He loved her! God only knew how much! *Too* much to play a crooked hand.

He had everything to take, and nothing to give. There was no way he could do it and be fair!

He shut his fingers over hers, wrapped in the clumsy bandage.

"Mary, I wouldn't live on money of yours," he said huskily. "And that's what it would be."

"But I wouldn't *have* any money," she told him. "I'd be keeping house! I don't want to work in pictures! It's the hardest work I ever did!"

She looked up at lean, lank Johnny Haversmith, her hair rumpled from the grave concern of fried eggs and toast and coffee. "And the gypsy said I'd be happy! What more do I want than to be *happy*, Johnny!"

"LET me tell you something," Johnny said shortly. "I paid that gypsy ten dollars to say what she did! I thought I could let myself get away with it. But I'm telling you now, I paid her ten dollars to say I was the man you should marry. So forget it!"

The exquisite person in Johnny Haversmith's kitchen caught at her heart with that hand in a raw potato bandage—

"Johnny, you *didn't*," she said weakly—then suddenly she was as lost in his arms as the babes were lost in the woods—"but *I* paid her ten dollars to say the same thing!"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (*Dec.*)

RENEGADES—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (*Jan.*)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (*March.*)

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (*Feb.*)

RIVER'S END—Warners.—A lusty Curwood history, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (*Dec.*)

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (*Oct.*)

ROUGH WATERS—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (*Oct.*)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (*Feb.*)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (*Feb.*)

SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (*Nov.*)

SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (*Oct.*)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (*Feb.*)

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (*Jan.*)

SEA GOD, THE—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (*Nov.*)

SEA LEGS—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (*Jan.*)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (*March.*)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (*Nov.*)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (*March.*)

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (*Jan.*)

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (*Dec.*)

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man *Boris* and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (*Dec.*)

SILVER HORDE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling photoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (*Dec.*)

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SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (*Jan.*)

★ SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (*Jan.*)

SINNERS' HOLIDAY — Warners. — (Reviewed under the title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (*Oct.*)

SIT TIGHT—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (*Dec.*)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (*Oct.*)

SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (*Oct.*)

SOUP TO NUTS—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (*Oct.*)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skilful pantomine makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (*Feb.*)

★ SOUTHERNER, THE—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (*March.*)

★ SPOILERS, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (*Nov.*)

SPURS — Universal. — Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (*Nov.*)

SQUEALER, THE—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (*Nov.*)

STORM, THE—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (*Nov.*)

STORM OVER ASIA—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (*Nov.*)

★ SUNNY—First National.—Singie or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (*Dec.*)

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (*March.*)

SUSPENSE—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (*Jan.*)

★ SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty;* Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (*Nov.*)

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (*Nov.*)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Willis Kent Production. — Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (*Nov.*)

THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (*Jan.*)

THOROUGHBRED, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (*Nov.*)

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (*Nov.*)

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TODAY—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (*Dec.*)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (*Jan.*)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (*Dec.*)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (*March.*)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (*Oct.*)

TWO WORLDS—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (*Feb.*)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (*Feb.*)

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (*Jan.*)

UP THE RIVER—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (*Dec.*)

VIENNESE NIGHTS — Warners. — The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (*Nov.*)

VIRTUOUS SIN, THE—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (*Dec.*)

WAR NURSE—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (*Jan.*)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (*Dec.*)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (*Feb.*)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (*Oct.*)

WHITE THUNDER.—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (*March.*)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (*Oct.*)

WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (*Jan.*)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (*Feb.*)

WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (*Oct.*)

YANKEE DON, THE—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (*Dec.*)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix.. (*Feb.*)

YOUNG WOODLEY—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (*Dec.*)

ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (*Jan.*)

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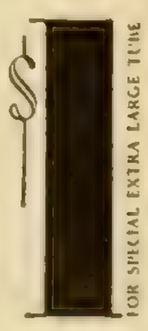

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P P-4

Einstein in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

those who tripped down the line to meet him was Mary.

"I'm so very glad to know you, Professor Einstein," she purred. Einstein bowed gallantly but with the usual bewildered expression.

Immediately afterward, he turned to an interpreter.

"Wer ist dass?" he whispered.

He was told it was Mary Pickford. Einstein's face was still blank as he turned to Frau Einstein.

Frau Einstein came to the rescue. She beamed on Mary.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we came to America in the same stateroom on the *Belgenland* in which your husband traveled."

A FEW of the Hollywoodites never could get the distinction between Einstein and Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director who had left Hollywood just a short while before the German scientist arrived.

Eisenstein it was who left after he and Paramount had failed to come to terms for the Russian to direct Dreiser's "American Tragedy."

And it was at the Universal affair, too, that another beautiful actress—spare the name!—cooed to Einstein:

"Oh, Professor! I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am that you're not going to direct the 'American Tragedy.'"

Naturally, photographers in hordes were about the Universal lot.

News cameramen—nine of them in a row, each with microphones poised—started grinding off footage as Einstein and Laemmle stood talking in German.

Einstein speaks little English. Uncle Carl and he chatted earnestly, while cameras and sound tracks reeled on.

It wasn't until the films were being developed for national distribution that it was learned that the conversation went about like this, in German:

EINSTEIN—But I wish that you would see to it that these pictures are not broadcast.

LAEMMLE—I assure you that they shall not be.

And Universal, frantic that the newsreels in every picture house in America would show Uncle Carl promising Einstein the newsreels wouldn't be shown, had to get the Hays office to help recall the negatives—just in the nick of time!

Innumerable promoters in Hollywood tried to sign Einstein up to a movie contract. They hadn't the slightest idea what he would do in front of a camera—"illustrate your Einstein theory," one of them suggested—but they tried to sign him anyway. To all these, Einstein turned a deaf ear.

But the greatest shock he gave was not his refusal of the movie money, but his refusal to meet all the stars!

IT was funny to see the greatest names in moviedom, hanging about Einstein's heels exactly like a crowd of fans hang around the heels of a film star, waiting for an introduction.

And Einstein, embarrassedly explaining that he couldn't speak English and didn't know much about movies, begging not to have to meet them.

Of course, all this was a vast puzzle to Einstein.

He understood theories about time and space beyond most other mortals' ken, but he didn't understand Hollywood.

While he was being escorted about the Universal lot, for instance, he'd turn now and then to Frau Einstein and whisper:

"Jetzt gehen wir zum nachsten ring!"—(Now we're going to the next ring!)—just like a kid at a three-ring circus.

At Warner Bros.-First National lot, Einstein and his wife got into the circus performance themselves, though.

The Warner lot was visited by the Einstein party on the same day they visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, several days after the Universal affair.

At Warners the publicity lads asked the Professor and his wife to step into a flivver, mounted on a wooden scaffold before a big blue screen.

Einstein, taking off his hat and exposing that fright-wig head of hair, did. So did Frau Einstein.

Then lights were turned on, the car was jiggled madly from beneath, and cameras whirred.

And two hours later, before he left the studio, Professor and Frau Einstein saw themselves on the screen, driving around the streets of Hollywood, Paris and Berlin, in the ancient flivver! Warner technicians had set a record with a trick-process double-exposure shot.

It was on the Warner visit that the battle of Einstein-vs.-Barrymore was staged!

Barrymore, in his frowsy long-whiskered make-up for *Svengali*, was told that Einstein was to be the guest of Jack Warner and studio officials at lunch, and would Barrymore join the party.

Barrymore replied that in view of his make-up and shooting conditions, he was not sure whether he could attend or not. And he sent over to the luncheon room a picture for Einstein to please autograph to him.

IN the meantime, Einstein had arrived and explained that, because of lack of time, he was afraid he could not visit all the stages, and would Mr. Barrymore please come to the luncheon and meet him there?

The message was taken to Barrymore.

Barrymore, famous for his temper and his language, rose to great heights. He said a lot of words about Einstein, to the effect that if Einstein couldn't come to the Barrymore stage, Barrymore would be so-and-so if he'd go to the Einstein lunch.

Then Einstein declined to autograph the Barrymore picture!

Barrymore said more things. Einstein stood pat.

At this juncture, a technician on the Barrymore set hastened over to the lunch room and when Einstein and officials came out, presented his autograph book.

Einstein took it.

Frau Einstein took it out of the professor's hands.

"Nein! Genug heute!" she said—(No! Enough today!)—and handed the book, unautographed, back to the lad. Crestfallen, the boy went back and Barrymore overheard his tale.

Then the Barrymore rage knew no bounds.

"Why, the——!!!" he shouted. "Lock the doors. Lock *all* the doors. Don't let that——on this set!"

And the doors were locked. And Barrymore didn't meet Einstein and said he didn't give a tinker's, and Einstein didn't meet Barrymore and didn't seem to care, either. And Barrymore, who up to then had been an Einstein enthusiast, isn't interested in Einstein theories any more.

EINSTEIN was lured to the M-G-M lot by virtue of the fact that two of his countrymen, working in a picture there, had known him in Germany. He didn't want to turn down their invitation. They were Heinrich George and Paul Morgan, known as the "Will Rogers of Germany."

As a matter of fact, Einstein visited longer on the stage where they were making the German version of "The Big House" than on any other lot in Hollywood. He could speak German at last—and he was always annoyed at the other lots through having to be bothered with interpreters. He swapped German with Morgan and George and the other Germans for several hours. But he didn't understand Director Fejos.

Fejos, "taking it big," was the ultra-director while Einstein watched. He had one scene taken three times over. Afterward Einstein shook his head.

"It looked," he said, "that the first scene was perfect. The second was grand. But he insisted on another one being made. H'm—he's too hard to please, I think!"

AS a matter of fact, throughout all his studioing, Einstein looked bewildered. He plainly was.

Look at his photographs. He seemed to breathe sighs of relief when he finally left each studio.

He had said, even before reaching California, that the only man he wanted to meet was Charlie Chaplin.

He did.

He met Charlie and went with him to that terrific Los Angeles opening of Chaplin's picture, "City Lights."

The mob of 25,000 spectators that night broke all police control, and celebrities were manhandled by the star-worshippers as they entered the theater.

It was all Chaplin and Einstein and their party could do to get into the theater. Through it all, Einstein never said a word.

He just stared in utter amazement at it all. But later, he sighed a bit and confessed to Charlie:

"I have visited the world's famous laboratories. I have looked through the greatest telescopes. I have seen science's wonders. But never have I seen anything like that. And never, I hope, shall I again."

And most startling of all, Einstein was shown something science does not admit—that one body may be in two places at the same instant.

One night, while Einstein was in his Pasadena bungalow, he appeared at a Hollywood party. All the guests met him and he talked a few words to them in German. He left early.

IT wasn't until the next day that it was learned that the host—a moving picture official—had hired a clever make-up artist and a German actor, and that the "Einstein" at the party was only a double for the scientist!

Poor Professor Einstein!

He can understand the most profound things—relativity, the Unified Field theory, mathematical equations that take two years to work out—But he admits, in so many words, that he can't understand Hollywood!

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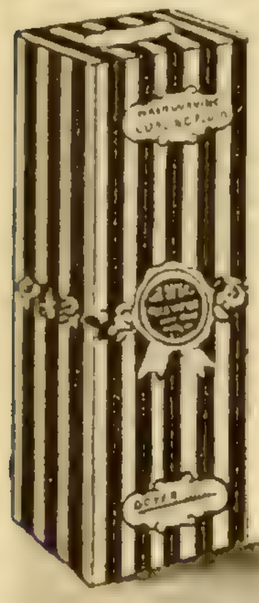

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AMONG THE MARRIED"—M-G-M.—From the play by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Bill*, Adolphe Menjou; *Ethel*, Leila Hyams; *Jack*, Norman Foster; *Helen*, Mary Duncan; *Cally*, Hedda Hopper; *Joe*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Brandt*, Harry Northrup.

"CRACKED NUTS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas MacLean and Al Boasberg. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Wendell Graham*, Bert Wheeler; *Zander Ulysses Parkhurst*, Robert Woolsey; *Betty Harrington*, Dorothy Lee; *Aunt Minnie*, Edna May Oliver; *Carlotta*, Leni Stengel; *General Bogardus*, Stanley Fields; *King Oscar*, Harvey Clark; *Revolutionist*, Boris Karloff.

"BEHIND OFFICE DOORS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story "Private Secretary" by Alan Brener Schultz. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Mary Linden*, Mary Astor; *James Duneen*, Robert Ames; *Ronnie Wales*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dolores Kohan*, Kitty Kelly; *Daisy Presby*, Edna Murphy; *Ellen Robinson*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Ritter*, Charles Sellon; *Robinson*, William Morris.

"BODY AND SOUL"—Fox.—From the play "Squadrons" by Elliott White Springs and A. E. Thomas. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Mal Andrews*, Charles Farrell; *Carla*, Elissa Landi; *Jim Watson*, Humphrey Bogart; *Tap Johnson*, Donald Dillaway; *Alice Lester*, Myrna Loy; *Major Burke*, Crauford Kent; *General Trafford-Jones*, Ian MacLaren; *Lieut. Meggs*, Dennis D'Auburn; *Zane*, Douglas Dray; *Young*, Harold Kinney; *Sam Douglas*, Bruce Warren.

"BY ROCKET TO THE MOON"—UFA.—From the novel "Frau In Mond" by Thea von Harbou. Directed by Fritz Lang. The cast: *Professor George Manfeldt*, Klaus Pohl; *Wolf Helius*, Willy Fritsch; *Hans Windegger*, Gustav V. Wangenheim; *Friede Velten*, Gerda Maurus; *Gustav*, Gustl Starck Gstettenbaur; *Alias Walt Turner*, Fritz Rasp; *Mrs. Hippolt*, Margaret Kupfer; *Grotjan*, Max Maximilian; *A Flower Girl*, Alexa V. Porembska; *Chief of the Helius Hangars*, Gerhard Dammann.

"CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON"—Fox.—From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Philip Klein and Barry Connors. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Mark Kennaway*, John Garrick; *Pamela Potter*, Marguerite Churchill; *Max Minchin*, Warren Hymer; *Sadie Minchin*, Marjorie White; *John Ross*, C. Henry Gordon; *Patrick Tait*, William Holden; *Capt. Ronald Keane*, George Brent; *Inspector Duff*, Peter Gawthorne; *Dr. Lofton*, John T. Murray; *Elmer Benbow*, John Swor; *Mrs. Benbow*, Goodee Montgomery; *Walter Honywood*, Jason Robards; *Inspector Hanley*, Lumsden Hare; *Mrs. Luce*, Zeffie Tillbury; *Sybil Conway*, Betty Francisco; *Kent*, Harry Beresford; *Martin*, John Rogers: *Eben*, J. G. Davis; *Liner Captain*, James Farley.

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein II. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Molly Standing*, Margaret Schilling; *Tommy Melville, Jr.*, Paul Gregory; *Gus Schultz*, Tom Patricola; *Hubert Standing*, Bruce Winston; *Dr. Joe Thompson*, Charles Winninger: *Gertie*, Marion Byron.

"CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A"—Fox.—From the story "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" by Mark Twain. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Hank (Sir Boss)*, Will Rogers; *King Arthur*, William Farnum; *Alisande*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Clarence*, Frank Albertson; *Queen Morgan Le Fay*, Myrna Loy; *Sagramor*, Mitchell Harris; *Merlin*, Brandon Hurst.

"CONQUERING HORDE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Emerson Hough. Adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Dan McMasters*, Richard Arlen; *Tasie Lockhart*, Fay Wray; *Jim Nabours*, Claude Gillingwater; *Marvin Fletcher*, Ian MacLaren; *Stud Grogan*, Frank Rice; *Lumpy Lorrigan*, Arthur Stone; *Cinco Centavos*, George Mendoza; *Mr. Corley*, James Durkin; *John*, Charles Stevens; *Splint Coggin*, Edwin J. Brady; *Digger Hale*, Robert Kortman; *Butch Daggett*, Harry Cording; *White Cloud*, Chief Standing Bear; *Captain Wilkins*, John Elliott; *Mrs. Corley*, Kathrin Clare Ward.

"DOCTORS' WIVES"—Fox.—From the novel by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. Adapted by Maurine Watkins. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dr. Jude Penning*, Warner Baxter; *Nina Wyndram*, Joan Bennett; *Dr. Kane Ruyter*, Victor Varconi; *Vivian Crosby*, Helene Millard; *Dr. Calucci*, Paul Porcasi; *Julia Wyndram*, Nancy Gardner; *Dr. Mark Wyndram*, John Sainpolis; *Aunt Amelia*, Cecelia Loftus; *Dr. Roberts*, George Chandler; *Lou Roberts*, Violet Dunn; *Charlotte*, Ruth Warren; *Mrs. Kent*, Louise Mackintosh; *Rudie*, William Maddox.

"DON'T BET ON WOMEN"—Fox.—From the story "All Women Are Bad" by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Lynn Starling and Leon Gordon. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Roger Fallon*, Edmund Lowe; *Jeanne Drake*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Herbert Drake*, Roland Young; *Tallulah Hope*, Una Merkel; *Chipley Duff*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Doris Brent*, Helene Millard; *Butterfield*, Henry Kolker.

"DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the novel by Harold MacGrath. Continuity by Florence Ryerson. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Boris Karlov*, Warner Oland; *Kitty Conover*, June Collyer; *Prince Nicholas Petroff*, Lloyd Hughes, *General Petroff*, George Fawcett; *Prince Ivan*, Ernest Hilliard; *Prince Gregor*, Wallace MacDonald; *Martin Kent*, Hale Hamilton; *Anya Karlov*, Florence Lake; *Peter*, Mischa Auer; *Aunt Abbie*, Clara Blandick; *Tazie*, Ann Brody.

"EAST LYNNE"—Fox.—From the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood. Screen play by Bradley King and Tom Barry. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Lady Isabel*, Ann Harding; *Robert Carlyle*, Conrad Nagel; *Captain Levison*, Clive Brook; *Cornelia Carlyle*, Cecelia Loftus; *Lord Mount Severn*, O. P. Heggie; *Sir Richard Hale*, David Torrence; *Barbara*, Flora Sheffield; *Joyce*, Beryl Mercer; *Dodson*, J. Gunnis Davis; *William, as a baby*, Ronald Cosbey; *William, later*, Wallie Albright.

"FINN AND HATTIE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the book by Donald Ogden Stewart. Adapted by Sam Mintz. Directed by Norman Taurog and Norman McLeod. The cast: *Finley Pierpont Haddock*, Leon Errol; *Mrs. Hattie Haddock*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mildred Haddock*, Mitzi Green; *Sidney*, Jackie Searl; *The Princess*, Lilyan Tashman; *Collins*, Regis Toomey; *Bollin*, Mack Swain; *Street Cleaner*, Harry Beresford; *Brakeman*, Sid Saylor; *Aunt Letty*, Louis Mackintosh; *Divorcee*, Ethel Sutherland; *Taxi Driver*, Eddie Dunn.

"FIRES OF YOUTH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Monta Bell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Robert Marshall*, Lew Ayres; *Myra Deane*, Genevieve Tobin; *William Winter*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Herk*, Kenneth Thomson; *Collins*, Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Marshall*, Dorothy Peterson; *Robert Marshall (as a boy)*, Freddie Burke Frederick; *Annabelle*, Betty Jane Graham; *Annabelle's Mother*, Aileen Manning; *City Editor*, Frederic Burt; *Colored Woman*, Louise Beavers; *Mrs. Winter*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Miss Winter*, Polly Ann Young.

"GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE" (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—SONOR PRODUCTION.—From the story by Benno Vigny. Directed by Karl Anton. The cast: *Uwe Bull*, Hans Von Schlettow; *Hanna*, Olga Tschekova; *Jens*, Josef Rowensky; *Margot*, Trude Berliner; *Pepilo*, Andre Pilot.

"GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT"—Fox.—From the story by Harlan Thompson. Directed by Seymour Felix. The cast: *Peter Brooks*, John Wayne; *Joan Madison*, Virginia Cherrill; *Miriam*, Marguerite Churchill; *Freddie*, William Janney; *Harriet Mundy*, Martha Sleeper; *Gazella Perkins*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Freshman*, David Rollins; *Simeon*, Ralph Welles; *Margery*, Marion Byron; *Tommy*, Eddie Nugent; *Sheik Nevins*, Terrance Ray; *Mr. Madison*, George Irving; *The Dean*, Winter Hall; *Bobby Cruikshank*, Emerson Treacy; *Sue Street*, Addie McPhail; *Joe*, Jerry Mandy.

"HELL BOUND"—CRUSE-TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story "Platinum" by Edward Dean Sullivan and Adele Comandini. Continuity by Julian Josephson. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Nick Cortelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Platinum Reed*, Lola Lane; *Dr. Sanford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dorgan*, Ralph Ince; *Rosie*, Gertrude Astor; *Gilbert*, Richard Tucker; *Gaspipe*, Harry Strang; *Omaha*, Marty Faust; *Ham*, Babe Lawrence; *Sanford's sister*, Helene Chadwick; *Bat*, Jack Grey.

"HOLE IN THE WALL, THE" (NAR ROSORNA SLA UT)—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Edvin Adolphson. The cast: *Marguerite*, Margita Alven; *Andre*, Uno Henning; *Charlotte*, Karin Swanstrom; *Greven*, Nils Wahlbom; *Anatole*, Sven Garbo; *Jano*, Anna Lisa Baude; *Tradgardsmastaren*, Viking Ringheim; *Kammarjungfrun*, Elso Marie Hansen; *Maskinskriverskan*, Elsa de Castro.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Rodney Martin*, Norman Foster; *Mary Grayson*, Carole Lombard; *Ambrose Peale*, Skeets Gallagher; *Cyrus Martin*, Eugene Pallette; *Andrew Adams*, Lucien Littlefield; *Comtesse de Beaurien*, Helen Johnson; *Thelma Temple*, Louise Brooks; *Donald McChesney*, Morgan Wallace; *Miss Burke*, Marcia Manners; *Perkins*, Tom Kennedy; *Office Boy*, Junior Coghlan; *Johnson*, John Howell; *Window Cleaner*, John Sinclair.

"JUNE MOON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. Adapted by Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Fred Stevens*, Jack Oakie; *Edna Baker*, Frances Dee; *Lucille Sears*, Wynne Gibson; *Maxie Schwartz*, Harry Akst; *Eileen Fletcher*, June MacCloy; *Paul Sears*, Ernest Wood; *Young Goebel*, Harold Waldridge; *Mr. Hart*, Sam Hardy; *Goldie*, Ethel Sutherland; *Window Cleaner*, Frank Darien; *Miss Rixey*, Jean Bary; *Joe McCloskey*, Eddie Dunn.

"KEPT HUSBANDS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Louis Sarecky. Adapted by Alfred Jackson and Forrest Halsey. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dot*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Dick*, Joel McCrea; *Parker*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Parker*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. Post*, Clara Kimball Young; *Mrs. Brunton*, Mary Carr; *Gwen*, Lita Chevret;

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and receive the next issue and eleven issues thereafter.

Hughie, Ned Sparks; *Bates*, Bryant Washburn; *Mr. Post*, Freeman Wood.

"KIKI"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Andre Picard. From the play by David Belasco. Adapted and directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Kiki*, Mary Pickford; *Victor Randall*, Reginald Denny; *Alfred Rapp*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Paulette Vaile*, Margaret Livingston; *Eddie*, Phil Tead; *Bunson*, Fred Walton; *Dr. Smiley*, Edwin Maxwell.

"LADY REFUSES, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Robert Milton and Guy Bolton. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *June Loring*, Betty Compson; *Sir Gerald Courtney*, Gilbert Emery; *Russell Courtney*, John Darrow; *Berthine Waller*, Margaret Livingston; *Nickolai Rabinoff*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Dobbs*, Edgar Norton; *Milly*, Daphne Pollard; *Freddy*, Reginald Sharland.

"LITTLE CAFE, THE" (LE PETIT CAFE)—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Tristan Bernard. Adapted by Vincent Lawrence and Bataille-Henri. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: *Albert Lorifian*, Maurice Chevalier; *Yvonne Philibert*, Yvonne Vallee; *Mlle. Berengere*, Tania Fedor; *Pierce Bourdin*, Andre Berley; *Philibert*, Emile Chautard; *Mlle. Edwige*, Francoise Rosay; *Paul Michel*, George Davis; *M. Cadaeux*, Jaques Jou-Jerville.

"LONELY WIVES"—PATHE.—From the play by Walter De Leon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Mr. Smith*, Edward Everett Horton; *Mrs. Smith*, Esther Ralston; *Diane*, Laura La Plante; *Minter*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Andrews*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Mantel*, Maude Eburne; *Muzette*, Georgette Rhoades.

"LOVE HABIT, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Seymour Hicks and Val Valentine. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Justland Abeland*, Seymour Hicks; *Julie Dubois*, Margot Grahame; *Alphonse Dubois*, Edmund Breon; *Max Quantro*, Walter Armitage; *Rose Pom Pom*, Ursula Jeans; *Mathilde*, Elsa Lancaster; *Santarelli*, Clifford Heatherley.

"MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE"—CHESTERFIELD PRODUCTION.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. The cast: *Gerald Boone*, Glenn Tryon; *Ellen Harboard*, Merna Kennedy; *Dan Paddon*, Tom O'Brien; *Mrs. Boone*, Mary Carr; *George Walton*, Richard Kane; *Billy Boone*, Norman Phillips, Jr.; *Joe*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Mr. Harboard*, Phillips Smalley; *Pete*, Blackie Whitford.

"MOTHER'S MILLIONS" — LIBERTY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Howard McKent Barnes. Adapted by Winifred Dunn. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Harriet Breen*, May Robson; *David Talbot*, James Hall; *Tom Breen*, Lawrence Gray; *Faire Breen*, Frances Dade; *William Remington*, Edmund Breese; *Maria Peppy*, Lillian Harmer; *Mrs. Talbot*, Leah Winslow; *Peggy*, Elinor Flynn; *Detective Burke*, W. L. Thorne.

"NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN"—Fox.—From the novel "Over the Border" by Herman Whitaker. Continuity by Emmett Flynn. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Bull Stanley*, Victor McLaglen; *Lee Carleton*, Fay Wray; *Ace Beaudry*, Lew Cody; *Layne Hunter*, Robert Warwick; *Nelson*, Franklyn Farnum; *Bruce*, David Worth; *Bronco Dawson*, Eddie Gribbon; *Bull's Girl*, Carol Wines; *Ace's Girl*, Joyce Compton; *Bronco's Girl*, Louise Huntington; *Marshall Dunn*, James Farley.

"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH"—M-G-M.—From the play by Charles W. Bell and Mark Swan. Adapted by Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Reginald Irving*, Buster Keaton; *Polly Hathaway*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Jeffrey Haywood*, Reginald Denny; *Bell Hop*, Cliff Edwards; *Angelica Embrey*, Dorothy Christy; *Nita Leslie*, Joan Peers; *Virginia Embrey*, Sally Eilers; *Leila Crofton*, Natalie Moorhead; *Detective*, Edward Brophy; *Frederick Leslie*, Walter Merrill; *Butler*, Sidney Bracy.

"RIDIN' FOOL, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Steve Kendall*, Bob Steele; *Sally Warren*, Frances Morris; *Boston Harry*, Ted Adams; *Bud Warren*, Eddie Featherston; *Juanita*, Josephine Velez; *Miss Scully*, Fern Emmett; *Ma Warren*, Florence Turner; *Col. Butterfield*, Jack Henderson; *Sheriff Anderson*, Gordon De Main; *Nikkos*, A. Bridges.

"SINGLE SIN, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Kate Adams*, Kay Johnson; *Joe Strickland*, Bert Lytell; *Slug*, Paul Hurst; *Frank Bowman*, Mathew Betz; *Roger Van Dorn*, Holmes Herbert; *Marian*, Geneva Mitchell; *French Maid*, Sandra Ravel; *Butler*, Charles McNaughton; *Cook*, Lillian Elliott; *Detective*, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"STOLEN HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dana Burnet. Adapted and directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Mary*, Nancy Carroll; *Joe*, Phillips Holmes; *Steve*, Louis Calhern; *Morgan*, Edward Keane; *Mrs. Woodbridge-Woody*, Joan Carr; *Harvey*, G. Albert Smith; *Dorothea*, Dagmar Oakland; *Police Commissioner*, Guy Kibbee.

"3 GIRLS LOST"—Fox.—From the story by Robert D. Andrews. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Noreen McMann*, Loretta Young; *Gordon Wales*, John Wayne; *William Marriott*, Lew Cody; *Edna Best*, Joyce Compton; *Marcia Tallant*, Joan Marsh; *Mrs. McGee*, Kathrin Clare Ward; *Tony*, Paul Fix; *Andre*, Andre Beranger.

"Chic" Sale—The
Specialist
interviews
Granny White

"THE first hundred years are the hardest," sez Granny White, as she hopped in her yellow roadster to go to the miniature golf course. "After that you are kept smilin' an' happy fer another fifty by folks askin' how you lived a hundred.

"Yesterday I had my picture made usin' an automatic churn an' today I'm to test some roller skates. Tomorrow I'll be tryin' out the steerin' wheel on a new threshin' machine or showin' how easy a portable duck huntin' canoe or a collapsible music rack unfolds.

"All these things add to the length of life, but I wouldn't be here to enjoy 'em if it wasn't fer those little chocolate tablets."

An' she stepped on the gas an' down the road she went.

"Chic" Sale

MILLIONS like "those little chocolate tablets" not only for their delightful flavor—but for the important part they play in keeping them well.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

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The Greatest Actress

in Hollywood, says Von Stroheim, is ZaSu Pitts. But the audience laughs when she appears on the screen

ZaSu Pitts gave a fine performance as Lew Ayres' mother in "All Quiet." But a preview crowd tittered, and she was replaced

Lew Ayres and the mother we saw on the screen, Beryl Mercer, in a scene from "All Quiet." She replaced ZaSu Pitts in the rôle

ERIC VON STROHEIM, whom Hollywood calls its greatest directorial genius (and then makes it hard for him to get a job) says that ZaSu Pitts is the greatest actress of the motion picture and one of its few great tragediennes.

Incidentally, and modestly, PHOTOPLAY proclaimed this ten years ago.

Backing up his judgment with action, Von Stroheim chose ZaSu for important rôles in his masterpieces, "Greed" and "The Wedding March."

But Hollywood persists in typing her as a comic.

Lewis Milestone chose her to play Lew Ayres' mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front." She gave a great performance. But she has played comedy parts so much that when "All Quiet" was previewed in a Los Angeles theater the audience tittered at her most tragic scenes. Panic-stricken, the producers retook all her scenes, using Beryl Mercer, a middle-aged character woman who is another great actress, in the part.

WHEN ZaSu Pitts came to Hollywood she was a funny looking girl who rode a bicycle and ate apples and didn't have any sex appeal. At least, that was the rumor around town.

She lived at the Studio Club and kept the girls there in hysterics whenever she moved those long hands of hers.

And then, one night, she met and danced with Tom Gallery and he thought she had sex appeal. The romance flourished and they were married.

Von Stroheim had never seen ZaSu. He didn't know that in the stereotyped minds of the producers she was a comedienne. But had he known, he would not have cared a Teutonic toot.

The unforgettable beaten bride of "Greed"—the girl who triumphed in the limping "Wedding March" — the trouper who has stolen a hundred pictures from great stars —ZaSu Pitts. It's the sad and wistful face of a true tragedienne, yet audiences remember her comedy—and laugh!

In spite of all the mumblings of the producers—"that ridiculous Von Stroheim again, putting a comic in a dramatic rôle"—ZaSu was given the part of *Trina* in "Greed." It was during the time she worked for him that Von realized her sublimity as an actress.

"But," he said, "you've never seen her on the screen as I saw her. I consider that I've only made one real picture in my life and nobody saw that. Its poor, mangled, mutilated form you saw in a theater one evening and it was called 'Greed.'"

THERE are a handful of men who still speak in hushed tones of a terrific experience that occurred to them in a projection room when the first cut of "Greed" was shown.

It ran for ten hours.

And it was in this picture, Von Stroheim's greatest, the picture you never saw, that ZaSu Pitts did the magnificent work you never saw.

"The average person thinks she is funny looking," says Von Stroheim. "I think she is beautiful, more beautiful than the famous beauties of the screen, for I have seen in her eyes all the vital forces of the universe and I have seen in her sensitive mouth all of the suppressions of humankind. I've seen her lifted to the heights of great acting. Art must weep when ZaSu Pitts plays a comedy rôle.

"She should not be in comedy for she is the greatest of all tragediennes."

A letter from Oklahoma brought me this complexion news

I *do* get the warmest, friendliest, most interesting letters in answer to these Camay articles of mine.

Just this minute one came from Holdenville, Oklahoma. And it's such a *very* nice letter that I want to read snatches of it to all of you. After telling me that she started using Camay on the advice of a friend whose lovely, clear skin she had always envied, the writer says:

"You see, I am indoors and outdoors, in the sun and the dry prairie wind, and in the steamy kitchen. So it is a real problem to find a soap that will keep my skin clean and not dry it out too much.

"I don't care for 'perfume-y' soaps, but the delicate flowerscent of Camay is really most pleasing. I like Camay because it is pure and mild, and because it gives that delightful, dainty cleanliness that I love. In fact, I *like* Camay!"

And she adds: "Our whole family like Camay as well as I do. It is free-lathering, but hard-milled, so it is economical for the children (who belong to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Soap-Soakers) to use."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered about Camay is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of feminine complexions.

If you've read my earlier Camay articles, you'll remember that these physicians gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild soap—the right kind for even the most delicate complexions.

Those of us who have made our own discovery that Camay is the perfect soap for our complexions are highly pleased, I know, to have such authorities agree with us!

And those of you who have yet to make this important complexion discovery can feel equally important when you join *your* enthusiasm to the first scientific approval any soap ever had in all history!

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-41, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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